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JULY 1994 • $4.95
RONALD REAGAN'S RENEGADE DAUGHTER PATTI DAVIS
MICHAEL MORIARTY TAKES ON JANET RENO
A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE WOMEN WHO RUN WITH WOLVES
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE SUPERMAN OF SOFTWARE BILL GATES
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PLAYBILL

IT'S JULY. Get comfortable, chill out and slip into PLAYBOY. You'll find new rules for dating, tips for grilling, cool drinks, spicy visuals, even the right sandals. Our **Patti Davis** feature, *The First Daughter*, will knock those sandals right off. Freedom of expression was never as big with the GOP as it is with Patti. For years she has fought to be her own woman, and in these photos she shows just how far she's come (text by **Michael Angeli,** photography by **Arny Freytag**). Patti also weighs in with *Safe Sex*, a racy meditation about eroticism. In order to smooth the way from dating to sex, you'll need to know that the protocol has changed. For help with the new etiquette, see **Tracey Pepper's** *Finally—The Rules of Dating*, with illustration by **Paul Zwolak.** Once you have the dating and sex stuff sorted out, the hard work begins. You're going to have to communicate better with your mate. **Clarissa Pinkola Estés** has looked at this issue with such insight and candor that her book *Women Who Run With the Wolves* grabbed female readers by the millions. In *Clarissa Explains It All*, Estés has a message for men. Writer **Gene Stone** took it down.

Now that your social life is in gear, allow us to feed your brain. Contributing Editors **David Rensin** and **Warren Kalbacker** have what you need. Rensin sits down with Microsoft's billion-dollar man, **Bill Gates,** for a *Playboy Interview*. Gates is rich, he's happy, he still likes what he does and he may be the most visionary thinker of our time. Kalbacker conducts a stinging *20 Questions* with actor **Michael Moriarty,** who is so steamed at Attorney General Janet Reno that he has left one of our favorite TV dramas, *Law & Order*, as a gesture of his rage. Moriarty thinks the government should stay out of the censorship business. And so do we.

Some public debates, such as those on abortion and gun control, seem to bring out the worst in Americans. But not in Contributing Editor **Robert Scheer,** who caused a firestorm with our readers when he wrote about gun control in March. He reconsiders in this month's *Reporter's Notebook*. As he puts it, "I was all for banning guns until the data got in the way."

Sometimes, such debates turn lethal. Did anti-abortionists provoke the murder of Pensacola doctor David Gunn? Many later praised the killer's motives. **Craig Vetter** went to Pensacola to cover the murder trial and to talk with anti-abortion activists. If *Death at the Clinic Door* doesn't scare you, you've been out in the sun too long.

It may be safer these days to do your traveling from your armchair. Take an amusing trip with **Joe Queenan** to the world of infomercials in *The New, Improved, Fully Actualized Me*, illustrated by **Gene Greif.** *Men* columnist **Asa Baber** shows off his twisted sense of humor in the fictional *A Day at the Races*, illustrated by **Mark Ulriksen.** In his story *Prudence in Hollywood*, **Ralph Cissne's** protagonist finds himself at the gynecologist's for an exam. Is that sex in the Nineties?

We've been getting such positive mail on our *Playmate Revisited* series that this month we say hello again to **Shannon Long,** Miss October 1988. Our first-time greetings go out to Playmate **Traci Adell,** a Southern delicacy right from the Delta.

What else is cooking in July? **John Oldcastle's** *In the Grill of the Night* will help you serve up a great barbecue, and **F. Paul Pacult** mixes summer drinks in the *Drink* column, while **Richard Carleton Hacker** takes a look at sexy cigar boxes. Just in time for the World Cup, photographer **Wayne Stambler** shoots soccer sportswear for the fan in all of us.

Celebrate Independence Day and exercise your First Amendment rights. Read PLAYBOY and pursue happiness.

DAVIS

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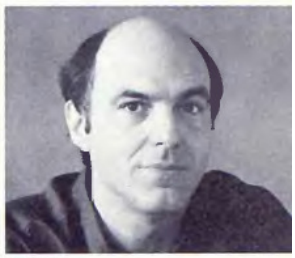
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PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

Ron and Nancy, get ready for a big surprise. America's renegade first daughter, Patti Davis, shows off her sexy, sculptured hardbody to the world. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for Patti's hair and makeup, Gill Montee of West Hollywood's Tattoo Mania and model-bodybuilder Lawrence Gonsolves. Our strong-armed Rabbit flexes his muscles.

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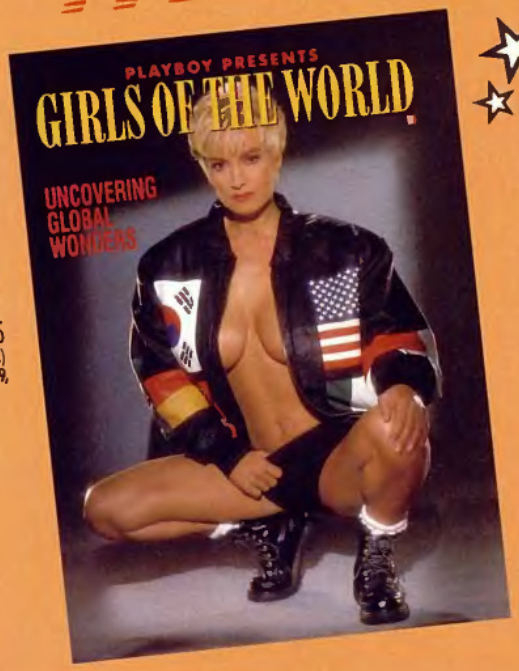

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THE GIRLS OF HOOTERS

What better way to bring in spring than with a feature on Hooters (*The Girls of Hooters*, April)? I've eaten at a local Hooters. I have a T-shirt. I'd like to have Heidi Mark's autograph. As for the people who think Hooters exploits women, get a life. If you don't like it, then don't eat there.

Peter Lukas Jr.
Milford, Connecticut

The Hooters pictorial is wonderful, and Michelle Armstrong is drop-dead gorgeous. A Playmate possibility? She has my vote.

Scott Baccus
North Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

You can call off your Playmate of the Year search. Michelle Armstrong is on a par with the classic Playmate choices you've made in the past. I'd chat longer, but I don't want to miss my flight to Jacksonville to catch up with Michelle.

Ace Barron
Tucson, Arizona

STERN BURN

The selective persecution of Howard Stern (*Playboy Interview*, April) is proof of how much the politically correct have fucked up my country. Stern's First Amendment rights ought to extend to his doody jokes. The censorship of Stern has all the makings of a witch-hunt by the same government that loaded people up with radiation to see what it might do to us.

Christopher Girgenti
Brooklyn, New York

I'm 77 years old, a father, a grandfather and a subscriber since 1963. At the age of five I found I could get a lot of attention by using verboten words. After getting my mouth washed out with soap, I learned to express myself without lurid language. It's too bad Howard's mother didn't use the soap treatment on him. I'm sure he would have learned to express his brilliant insights and sharp humor less abrasively.

Frank D. Hammer
Groveland, California

You people really hit the bottom of the barrel. Howard Stern's humor is sophomoric at best. As for what he said about Don Imus, he couldn't even shine Imus' shoes.

Russell McCarthy
Little Ferry, New Jersey

How to describe Howard Stern? Odious, disgusting, loathsome, gross, arrogant? Words don't seem adequate.

Charles O'Mahony
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Upon receiving my fucking copy of the April PLAYBOY, I glanced at who the fuck was being interviewed this month. Howard Stern! Never heard of him, but after reading the fucking captions under the fucking pictures and noticing him calling Rush Limbaugh a "big, fat, uninventive jerk," I figured this fucking interview showed some fucking promise. Well, was I fucking disappointed. This fucking idiot cannot say two fucking words without using the word fuck. Well, if you allow me, I would like to ask a serious question: Who the fuck is he?

Fucking regards,
Jacques Barsalo
Lorraine, Quebec

Howard Stern is the king of all media. Everything he touches turns to gold—except for his penis, I hope.

Michael West
Elizabethtown, Kentucky

I don't share the view that Stern is a great contemporary commentator. I am saddened that someone who speaks the richest language in the world has so

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limited himself. He seems like a 40-year-old man caught in a serious time warp.

John Gold
New Britain, Connecticut

I've laughed at Howard Stern and welcomed his brash and irreverent humor. He's a marketing genius, but after you get past the style, there is little substance. Does he have a heart? Sure he could best Jay Leno, but as for David Letterman, stay in the shallow end, Howard. You're out of your depth.

Stanley Zurawski Jr.
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

LUST ONLINE

I enjoyed Matthew Childs' article *Lust Online* (April) and want to let you know about Throbnet—one of the largest amateur adult Nets in North America. It's available on many bulletin-board services and is usually free.

David Mahoney
as088@freenet.carleton.ca

Good job, Matthew Childs. Are there ways to take advantage of cybersex via the college Net system?

Jonathan Barron
New York, New York

Check out all the alt.sex news groups and the Internet relay chat from your server.

MANTRACK

With rights come responsibilities. Regarding *Don't Men Deserve a Choice?* by Fredric Hayward (April), we need to raise healthy children or our society will crumble. Women and children fill the ranks of the poor. We ought to think more about our responsibilities while we still have rights.

Peter Morris
Eden, New York

There is no point in belaboring the argument regarding a woman's right to choose. The solution is obvious. Men need to have available a reliable, reversible, nonsurgical method of birth control. So where is that male birth control pill? With it, reproduction truly becomes a mutual choice. Then the burden to make this decision won't be placed on women alone.

Paul Dieter
Sherman Oaks, California

It's time to readjust our ideas about parenting. Without reasonable options, good dads are turned into deadbeats. I will support any family rights organization that seeks fairness to both parents. I hope my son has better luck and will never have to go through what I did, lacking alternatives in an unplanned pregnancy or facing legal obstacles when trying to establish what a proper role in parenthood should be.

Tom Kraus
Quincy, California

MARIANNE GRAVATTE

Thanks so much for the Marianne Gravatte pictorial (*Playmate Revisited: Marianne Gravatte*, April). Women get more beautiful with age. She could easily be a Playmate in the Nineties. I hope you'll do *Playmate Revisited* regularly.

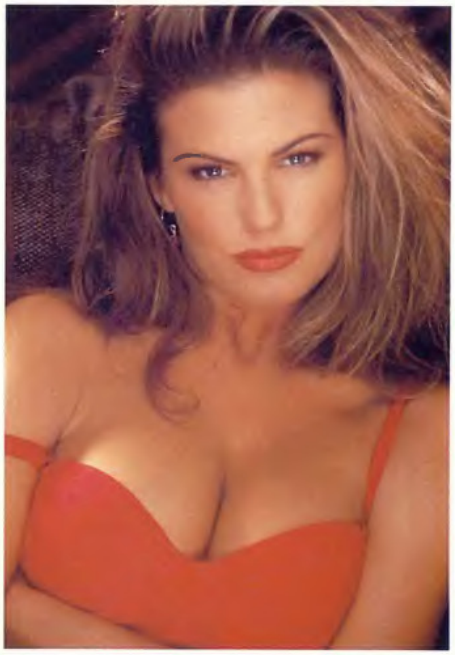
Gary Meyer
Morgan Hill, California

I opened my April issue and there, like a wonderful old friend, was Marianne Gravatte. She's proof that beauty is not diminished by time or motherhood.

Don DeWitt
St. Louis, Missouri

For years I thought that Miss October 1982 had passed into PLAYBOY history. It was a nice surprise to discover her again. She is a reminder of my youth.

John Griffiths
Sussex, New Brunswick



BECKY DELOSSANTOS

Playmate Becky DelosSantos is captivating (*The Player*, April). I'd gladly wear out my Sinatra CD collection for an evening of making her laugh.

Dale J. Cruse
Portage, Indiana

Becky DelosSantos rules!

Phil Brooks
Charleston, West Virginia

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

My concern is so great that I must reply to Robert Scheer's column *The Great Implant Lie* (April). There are several kinds of breast implants, and the polyurethane foam-covered ones are particularly dangerous. They contain a carcinogen that was banned from use in hair dye in 1972 but not from breast implants. All silicone implants bleed into the surrounding breast tissue. Up-to-date research is available, and the researchers are not hard to contact. I am currently in one of these studies, and I'm scared. Scheer needs to read further and talk with women who have implants. Then maybe he'll come away with a different perspective.

Paula Gregoire
Orange, California

Robert Scheer does not recognize the seriousness of breast-implant-related health problems. For useful information and support, contact Command Trust Network, P.O. Box 17082, Covington, Kentucky 41017.

Mary Jane Shipley, R.N.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Kudos to Robert Scheer for weighing in against the FDA's handling of the hysteria over silicone implants. I hope his views and those of other rational thinkers will filter down to media outlets that reach large numbers of women.

Grace Lucas
State College, Pennsylvania

You should apologize to the women who are suffering from breast-implant and immune disorders. The silicone issue is real. My wife had breast implants following cancer surgery ten years ago. She recently had them removed after one ruptured. The doctors had to suction silicone from around her ribs.

Leo Young
Florence, Oregon

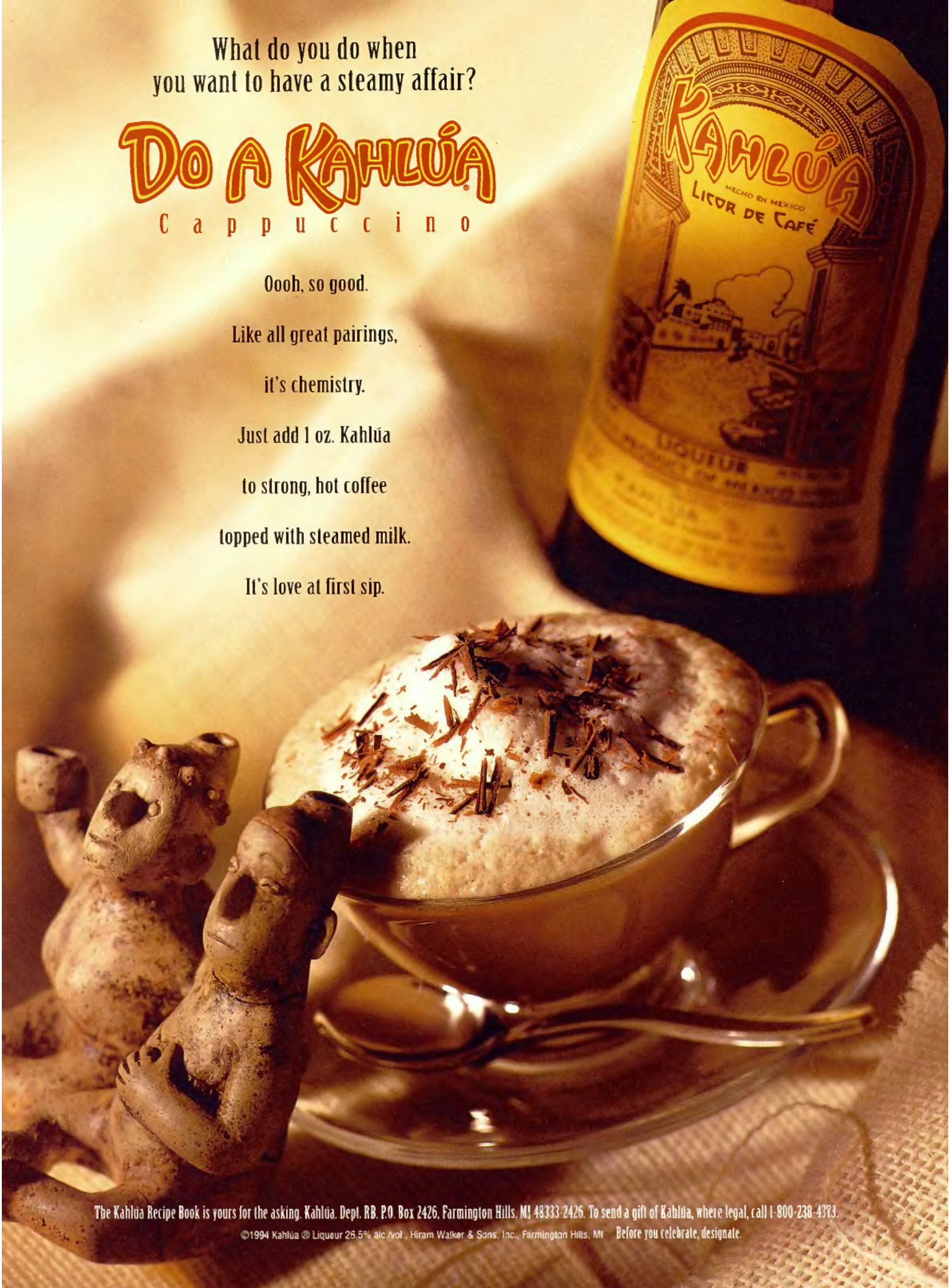
Robert Scheer never talked to me or the thousands of other women who have had multiple surgeries to replace ruptured silicone implants. He didn't talk to men who had penile implants and who now have silicone poisoning. Maybe he pored over the wrong records.

Lillie Fox
Scottsdale, Arizona

THE SOUND AND THE FURIES

Dave Marsh (*The Sound and the Furies*, April), please get a reality check. Who was Snoop Doggy Dogg before he appeared in Dr. Dre's video? Support from MTV and every white suburban wannabe gangster gave Snoop his big break. And what did the important voice of his generation have to say? "Bow-wow-wow-yippie-yo-yippie-yay." Eddie Vedder is another incredibly overrated performer. No one seems to notice there is a band behind him playing music he didn't write. I have never seen a picture of Vedder smiling. He's always pissed off. It's the "important voices" quote that gets me. These are just the guys who got the most minutes on MTV.

James Carney
Minneapolis, Minnesota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to strong, hot coffee
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

A RABBIT STEW

The Terminator versus the Playboy Bunny: Arnold Schwarzenegger set fur flying while shooting his new action-adventure film, *True Lies*, in the environmentally sensitive Florida Keys. The film's script called for Arnold's trademark violence and mayhem, including exploding buildings and car crashes. Local residents protested the pyrotechnics, charging that serious harm would come to such endangered species as the Lower Keys marsh rabbit, scientifically named *Sylvilagus Palustris Hefneri* in honor of PLAYBOY founder Hugh M. Hefner. Plans to build and destroy a bridge required clearing an access path through the wascally wabbit's habitat. But activist Si Stern and land-use consultant Sullins Stuart came to the rabbits' rescue, hammering out an agreement with the film company that sent it to a site free of Playboy Bunnies. Arnold spread more goodwill by inviting winners of a controversy-inspired student essay contest to have dinner with him and co-star Jamie Lee Curtis on the set. We're told that no hasenpfeffer was served.

•

Know him? You probably voted for him. Best hindsight of the month: a bumper sticker spotted in Tucson that read I KNOW JACK SHIT.

A MAN FOR ALL EONS

At last, educational theater. We caught Rob Becker's one-man show in Chicago, *Defending the Caveman*, and learned a few things from the Cro-Magnon comic. According to Becker, studies show most women utter 7000 words a day, while men use only 2000. So here's our advice: If your mate accuses you of being uncommunicative, tell her you've used up your daily allowance. Also, Becker has noticed that men and women approach sex differently. Women move slowly and deliberately, while men tend to go for it. For example, Becker says when a woman gives a man a back rub—no matter how enjoyable—he's probably thinking, You're about three feet away from where I really want to be touched—and you're not even on the correct side.

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH HIM

Peter Eastman Jr. of Carpinteria, California celebrated his graduation from high school by legally changing his name to Trout Fishing in America, after author Richard Brautigan's novella of the same name. "I really liked the book," explained America (or, presumably, Trout to his friends). His father paid the name-change filing fee, perhaps regretting that his son wasn't enamored with, say, *Elmer Gantry* or *Beau Geste*—but relieved that Trout hadn't read and loved *Sex and the Single Girl* or one of our favorites, Taro Gomi's *Everyone Poops*.

RIGHT-WING RxTREMISTS

Two reasons we're wary of any health plan developed by the GOP: When a Senate candidate collapsed during her speech at a recent California State Republican Convention, the crowd responded by reciting the Lord's Prayer. At the same convention, the most popular button read LORENA BOBBITT FOR SURGEON GENERAL.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

CAPON KEEPING ON

For 90 years, the name of the University of South Carolina football team has been the Gamecocks—and in all that time fans have rarely resisted the urge to shorten the moniker. Recently, however, subtle changes have taken place. The phrase GO COCKS is no longer printed on the underpants of female cheerleaders, and the IRON COCKS sign was removed from the team's weight room. The athletic director denies there's a full-blown effort to purge the revered nickname. But for now, it appears that the cocks are whipped.

A REAL RING STINGER

Lynn Peters of Albuquerque, New Mexico has devised an appropriate bash for reborn singles looking to celebrate their divorces. Peters operates Freedom Rings: Jewelry for the Divorced. For $100 to $600, divorced men and women eagerly hoist a sledgehammer and wreak havoc on once-sacred symbols of fidelity and passion—their wedding rings. Peters then fashions the shards into new pieces of custom jewelry. The bashing is usually followed by a champagne toast for the newly divorced and guests—a sort of wedding in reverse that brings the whole mess full circle.

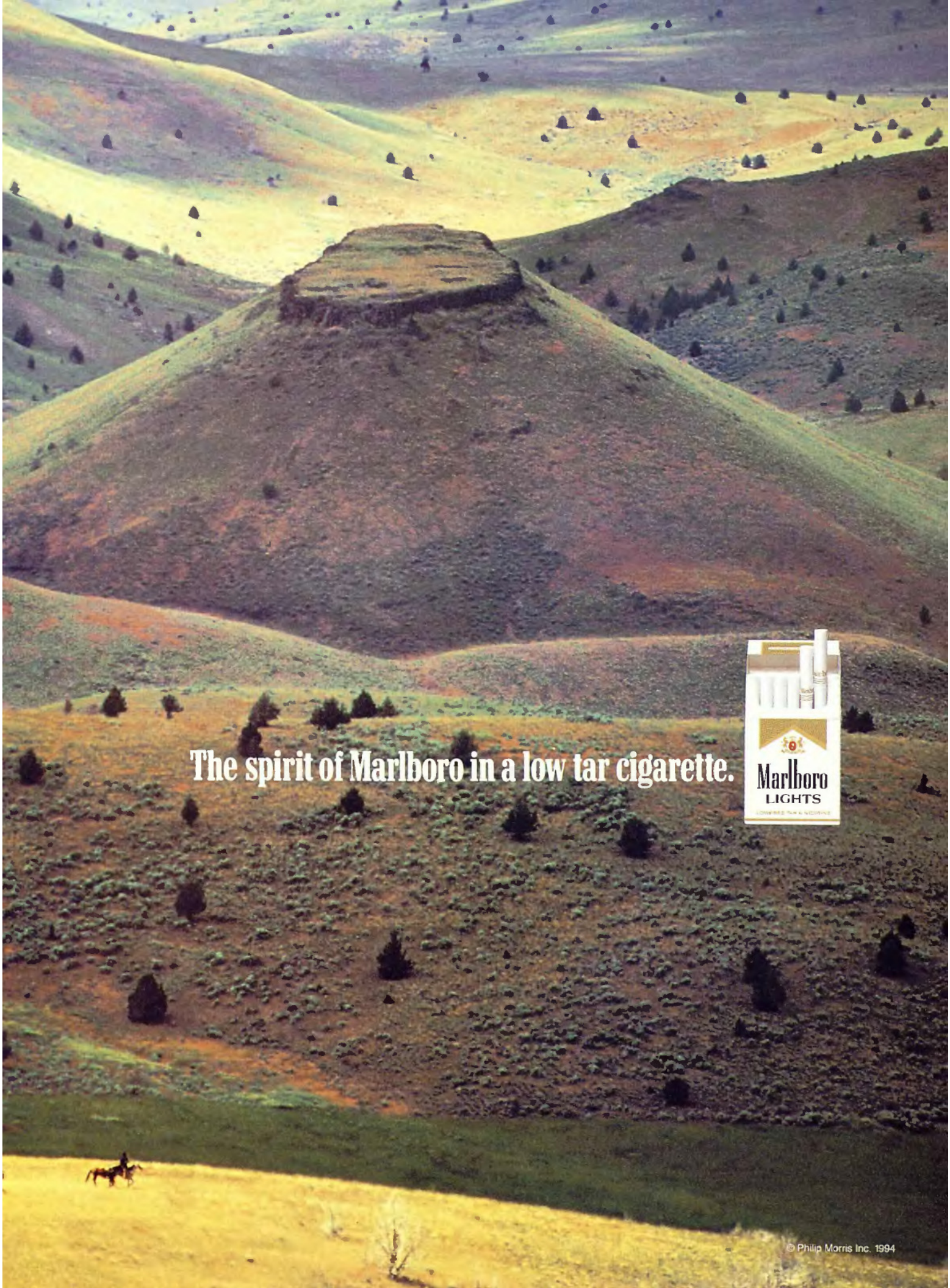
•

Makeshift sign on the only service counter in the Wynantskill, New York post office: WARNING: YESTERDAY, THIS PARTICULAR POSTAL EMPLOYEE CAME DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO BECOMING DISGRUNTLED.

THE HALLS OF HEMP

The majority of tourists visit Amsterdam either for its museums or for its drugs. Now these attractions are combined in the world's first gallery dedicated to marijuana, the Hash Information Museum, which displays products made from hemp. Because pot and hash are not legal in Holland—only tolerated in

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.


The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
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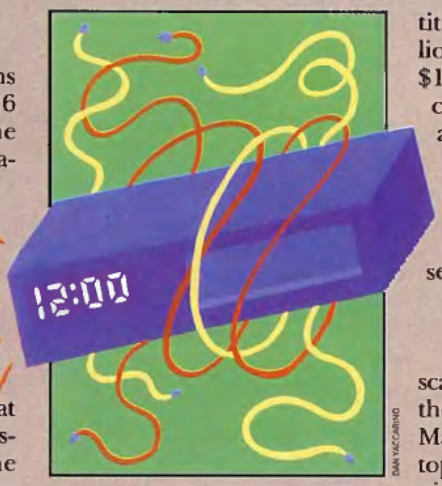
RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Of all Americans who own VCRs, 16 percent say that the clocks on their machines have always blinked 12:00.



QUOTE

"Don't you know that when those men hear that word, their first association is not the way you want them to be thinking?"—SUPREME COURT JUSTICE RUTH BADER GINSBURG ON WHY SHE USES "GENDER" INSTEAD OF "SEX" WHEN REFERRING TO DISCRIMINATION CASES

BAD BREAKS

According to government data obtained through the Freedom of Information Act by the Condom Resource Center, number of foreign condom brand lots that failed random FDA tests during 1992: 11 of 80; of U.S. lots: 8 of 56. Of U.S. failures, number of companies involved: 1.

THE BOOK ON RELIGION

Percentage of Catholics who told researchers they go to church weekly: 51; percentage of Protestants: 45. Percentage of Catholics who actually attend weekly: 28; percentage of Protestants: 20. Percentage of Lutherans who say they chose their church after driving by it: 29.

FOOT UP

Number of replicas of female feet sold annually, at $75 a pair, to foot fetishists by Fantasies Unlimited of Jupiter, Florida: 1800; number of pairs of shoes worn by Fantasies' catalog models and then sold for $40: 250. Number of women who audition their feet for owner Gary Richards each year: 500; number he hires: 36.

GREAT SEX, SAFE DANES

Amount residents of Denmark spent last year on sexual services: $368 million; amount spent on prostitution: $166 million; on phone sex: $103 million. Percentage increase in amount spent on prostitution from 1992 to 1993: 0; percentage increase for phone sex: 27.

BUY A HAIR

Price of a can of scalp paint sold by the maker of Veg-o-Matic: $39; price of top-of-the-line hairpiece: $4500; price of a hair transplant: $20,000. Estimated annual sales of Rogaine: $160 million; of hairpieces: $350 million; of hair transplants: $250 million.

SAGGING VALUES

According to Consumers Union, weight of coffee now sold in a can of Maxwell House that traditionally held one pound: 13 ounces. Number of recent reductions in size of individual Bounty paper towels: 6. Original weight of a package of Velamints: 0.85 ounce; weight of "new, improved" Velamints: 0.71 ounce.

ROAD SIGNS

Number of Club antitheft devices sold in 1992: 3.1 million; number of cars stolen in 1992: 1.5 million.

LOVE, INK

According to recent studies, percentage of men who placed personal ads who said looks are important: 57; percentage of women who said this: 26. Percentage of women who wanted someone humorous: 41; of men: 21. Percentage of men looking for someone slim or petite: 33; percentage of women looking for someone lean: 2.

BLACK IS BACK

According to a Roper poll, percentage of black Americans who prefer the term black: 42; percentage who prefer African American: 30. Percentage of whites who prefer the term black: 62; percentage who prefer African American: 14. —CHIP ROWE

certain areas—the museum also sells a directory to the right cafés. Appropriately enough, it's called the *Mellow Pages*.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Apparently, the joke was a pisser for Tops Appliance City, a New Jersey–based electronics chain. In a recent lawsuit, rival chain the Wiz accused Tops of trademark infringement, libel and a host of other legal terms for playing dirty. Seems that the Wiz logo was plastered on a hard-to-miss spot in Tops' restroom urinals.

PAPAL BULL

It has long been rumored that the world's largest collection of erotica is in a secret Vatican library—the theory being that the Church needed to acquire materials in order to evaluate and then ban them. However, the prefect of the Vatican library in charge of putting its catalog on a computer network has concluded his probe for porn. He says he searched for the collection, "And to my great disappointment, there isn't one."

STAGE FRIGHTS

According to a recent announcement, the Department of Performance Studies at New York University is accepting résumés for a tenure-track assistant professor to teach either Hispanic and American Indian performance or "gendered performance: drag, transvestite performance and queer theories."

THE ART OF THE SPIEL

New York State Governor Mario Cuomo is well-known for his oratorical skills—and he knows it. That, perhaps, is a partial explanation for his statements after a trip to Washington, where he asked Representative Charles Rangel what he, the governor, could do in the battle over health care. When a reporter asked what Rangel said, Cuomo responded, "I sought his advice as to what I should do. I didn't seek his advice as to what he should do. He knows what he should do and he didn't seek my advice as to what he should do. So the subject of what he should do remains very much with him. I asked him what I should do." So what exactly did Rangel say Cuomo should do? "He said, 'Keep doing what you're doing,'" Cuomo replied to the second question. "Which is what I'm doing."

•

Such was the ancient Greeks' love for a woman's backside—much more so than for her breasts—that, according to *History Laid Bare* (HarperCollins), a new sexual compendium by Richard Zacks, our democratic forebears even had a temple dedicated to the butt: Aphrodite Kallipygiea, which translates to Aphrodite of the Great Ass.

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DRINK

By F. PAUL PACULT

THE GHOST OF Carry Nation must be doing somersaults. Not only have distilled spirits staged a vigorous comeback in the Nineties after years of low sales, but recent studies reported in *The New England Journal of Medicine* show that moderate alcohol consumption can reduce the risk of heart disease. We knew a couple of drinks a day couldn't be bad for you.

While white wine remains a favorite bar call in this age of moderation, a new generation of drinkers is discovering the appeal of single-malt scotches, small-batch bourbons, XO cognacs and other brandies, plus a slew of premium rums, tequilas and vodkas.

DANDY BRANDY

Gone are the days that required that cognac be served after dinner from a snifter the size of a fishbowl. In fact, one of the most popular new drinks is the Hennessy martini, in which two ounces of Hennessy V.S are stirred with the juice of one lemon wedge in a shaker filled with ice, then strained and served straight up in a martini glass.

For those who prefer their brandy neat, boutique producers in California and Oregon, including Germain-Robin, Bonny Doon, Carneros Alambic, Domaine Charbay and Clear Creek, are distilling exceptional grape and fruit bottlings that rival the top offerings of Europe.

Even Italian grappa is experiencing a surge of consumer interest. Gone are the days when opening a bottle required the presence of a fire extinguisher. Today's grappas are notably more drinkable compared with those of the past. Ones of particular note and stylishness include Antonella Bocchino's AB Collection of flower, grape and berry grappas, Angelo Gaja's Costa Russi Nebbiolo grappa, Banfi Grappa di Brunello, Tenuta Il Poggione Grappa di Brunello and Marchesi di Gresy Martinenga grappa.

THE WHISKEY REBELLION

Single-malt scotches—unblended barley whiskeys that come from only one distillery—started the whiskey revival in the Eighties.The trend has taken on a down-home flavor with the introduction of small-batch and single-barrel bourbons—expensive, domestic whiskeys in which aroma, color and flavor determine when the contents of a barrel are ready for the bottle. Wild Turkey Rare Breed, Blanton's, Rock Hill Farms, Baker's, Knob Creek, Booker's and Maker's Mark are just some of the brands to try straight or with ice and/or branch water. (Booker Noe, Jim Beam's grandson, enjoys a drink he calls Kentucky tea. To make it, mix three parts cold mineral water with one part Booker's bourbon—Noe's unfiltered, straight-from-the-barrel, 120-plus-proof whiskey—in a tall glass and stir gently. Kentucky tea is served right through a meal in whiskey country.)

DOUG SMOCK

A tall call on the lawn.

From small-batch bourbon to ice beer, here's to the sips of summer.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

White spirits have been perceived as tasteless, odorless beverages that are best when mixed with juice or tonic in a tall glass. All that is changing as flavored vodkas (Absolut Kurant and Stolichnaya Limonnaya), spiced and fruited light rums (Captain Morgan and Strummers) and citrus-flavored gins (Somers) gain popularity.

Some bars are concocting their own fruit infusions. Here's how it's done: A premium vodka, such as Stolichnaya Cristall, Finlandia, Ketel One, Tanqueray Sterling or Absolut, is poured into a glass jar filled with various kinds of fresh fruit. The vodka is allowed time to mingle with the fruit (usually about two days in the refrigerator) before being tapped through a spigot. Apricot, orange, cinnamon stick and vanilla bean, or exotic combinations such as kiwi and lime, are excellent on the rocks.

As an alternative to the ubiquitous margarita, try mixing a top brand of tequila, such as Herradura Añejo, Sauza Hornitos or Cuervo 1800, with Alizé, a passion-fruit-and-cognac cordial from France. Another tequila and Alizé drink that is exceptionally smooth, the passionate margarita, calls for one and a half ounces Alizé, one ounce premium tequila, one ounce freshly squeezed lime juice and ice, stirred and strained into a margarita glass. Garnish with lime peel.

While not a white spirit, premium oak-aged rums are terrific served on the rocks with a slice of lime or in a tall glass of tonic. (Try Brugal Añejo Gran Reserva Familiar, Cockspur VSOR, Flor de Caña Grand Reserve or Bacardi Gold Reserve.)

SINFUL LIQUEURS

Godiva Liqueur, produced by the famed *chocolatier*, and Sheridan's Original Double Liqueur from Ireland are two delicious cordials. Instead of drinking Godiva straight, mix it with Captain Morgan coconut rum or combine it with Frangelico, Italy's hazelnut liqueur, to create two drinks that taste like popular candy bars.

Coffee liqueurs are also being mixed into concoctions more exotic than the black russian. To make a Kamora Mayan lemonade, for example, add six ounces pink lemonade to two ounces Kamora liqueur from Mexico and blend with half a banana, one tablespoon maraschino cherry juice and ice cubes. Another coffee-flavored drink combines two liqueurs, Kahlúa and licorice-flavored Opal Nera sambuca. While you have the Kahlúa bottle open, try another summer refresher, the Colorado bulldog, which calls for one and a half ounces of Kahlúa and four ounces of cream soda over ice in a tall glass.

THE ICE MAN COMETH

The new entry in the brew market is ice beer. Say what? Beer with ice? No, ice beer is brewed at lower than normal temperatures—so low, in fact, that ice crystals form during the process, hence the moniker.

Ice brewing is hardly new—the Germans have been using this technique for years. In their version, called *eisbock*, high-gravity lager is allowed to freeze partially. Since water freezes faster than beer, what's left behind is concentrated, higher-alcohol beer with lots of malt overtones. German ice beers frequently have alcohol levels equivalent to those of wine (eight to eleven percent).

North American brewers have kept the alcohol level lower. Molson Ice from Canada is advertised as being "bolder," meaning its alcohol content is 5.6 percent. Miller Icehouse and Miller Lite Ice come in at approximately 5.5 percent. Anheuser-Busch's Ice Draft's content is five percent, the same as its flagship brand, Budweiser. When it comes to cold beer, ice is one of the hottest types of new brew on the market.

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THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

TRIBUTE ALBUMS have become essential marketing devices. They usually focus on the safely manageable past. And, even if a sum is donated to a worthy cause, it's taken out of royalties, while corporate profits continue to accrue.

All Men Are Brothers: A Tribute to Curtis Mayfield (Warner Bros.) symbolizes Warner's stuffy corporate style: There's not a white star here younger than Bruce Springsteen, and when gospel fervor is needed, Elton John sits down at the piano. Yet thanks to the greatness of Mayfield's songs, the album is thrilling in spots anyway. When black youth does appear, in the form of Lenny Kravitz doing *Billy Jack*, you can hear how Mayfield's songs, for all their unyielding positivity, also had enough darkness of vision to lay the groundwork for the Geto Boys. As time passes, there may be greater tributes than this one to Mayfield, but this isn't a bad start.

Rhythm, Country & Blues (MCA) celebrates Southern music, black and white, by pairing country singers, young and old, with soul stars, all veterans. It works only sporadically. Trisha Yearwood's duet with Aaron Neville establishes her as more tedious than Linda Ronstadt. On this album, the glories belong to the codgers: Sam Moore and Conway Twitty's majestic *Rainy Night in Georgia* offers the only true musical dialogue. Finally, B.B. King takes over *Patches* for a sentimental sermon that somehow makes his duet with George Jones all the more perfect.

FAST CUTS: ***Bosnia: Echoes From an Endangered World*** (Smithsonian Folkways): Recorded before the region's latest war, these Muslim songs contain enough mourning for the past 500 years of murderous strife.

NELSON GEORGE

After selling 15 million albums, swinging with Madonna and suffering a brutal backlash, Vanilla Ice returns with ***Mind Blowin'*** (SBK/ERG). Has there been a more vilified figure in the short, contentious history of rap than this hip-hop teen idol? The kid deserves credit for even attempting a second album. Unlike his *To the Extreme*, this 17-track collection makes some attempts to establish street credibility. Musically, this is a smart, crisply produced effort. There's a real snap on *Hit 'Em Hard*, on which he disses white rap competitors.

But Ice is still awkward and more chunky than funky. Even he admits "my lyrics may be simplistic." Still, the production is often so compelling you're almost willing to forgive Ice's limitations. Almost.

All Men Are Brothers: A lyrical love letter.

A tribute to the great Curtis Mayfield and a celebration of rhythm, country and blues.

FAST CUTS: Bobby Womack is one of the true soul survivors. His career dates back to the Fifties, though his heyday was the mid-Seventies. The retrospective ***Midnight Mover*** (EMI) includes *Lookin' for a Love*, *Harry Hippie* and the amazing *I Can Understand It*.

Boz Scaggs' first album of the Nineties, ***Some Change*** (Virgin), is an ultrasmooth collection of blues, R&B and adult-contemporary love songs. The bluesy *You Got My Letter* is fine and the atmospheric *Sierra* is pretty, but *Lost It*, a baby-boomer ballad, will be playing on VH-1 for months to come.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

A phenomenon in the Northeast with a horde of loyal fans who follow the group faithfully, Phish ranks among the most successful of the post–Grateful Dead, do-it-yourself neo-hippie bands. Its fifth album overall and second for a major label, ***Hoist*** (Elektra) reveals all the virtues of having a bunch of guys play together a whole lot. Phish is, like Led Zeppelin, tight but loose—able to play with precision and to kick out the jams. Stylistically, it casts an impressively wide net. In its capacity to make spectacular shifts of texture, Phish is more reminiscent of the Beatles than it is of the Dead. Lyrically, Phish is hindered by its commitment to unrelieved happiness. Even when this band is complaining that God doesn't listen (as in *Lifeboy*), it still sounds upbeat. The opening cut *Julius* makes the best use of horns I've heard in a rock song in years, and the closing cut *Demand* has a terrifically hypnotic jam. In between there are lots of musical surprises and an occasional laugh. But if you need your ecstasy leavened with angst, stick with Nirvana.

FAST CUTS: ***Panic On*** (Atlantic) by Madder Rose: Semi-folkie, semi-psychedelic, semi-punk outfit with a sexy, breathy vocalist, Mary Lorson, and some good songs. Harder and less precious than 10,000 Maniacs, softer and less excessive than Jefferson Airplane.

Live Snakes (Mouthpiece) by the Hoopsnakes: Virtuoso blues band from Minnesota contrasts acoustic piano with classic stinging electric guitar. Guaranteed to cure anything that ails you.

Bird Nest on the Ground (Antone's Records) by Doyle Bramhall: A legend in the Texas blues rock scene, Bramhall has the seasoned vocal cords and phrasing that make roadhouses romantic. Instrumentation ranges from big band to one guitar, but it's always raw.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Rock and roll fosters idealistic fools who believe they create the world anew. But at its root, this music is more derivative than other arts and crafts—especially since the advent of the rap sample. These days, there are young wiseasses who borrow known stuff, treat it as if it belongs to them and mean to make you love it.

On ***Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain*** (Matador) and ***Mellow Gold*** (DGC), Pavement and Beck exploit this process as sarcastically, gleefully and impressively as any newcomers in memory. Pavement is made up of hermetic cellar-dwellers out of Stockton, California. Beck is a garrulous folkie punk from Los Angeles. Pavement is long on sarcasm, Beck is long on glee. Pavement obscures its lyrics à la Mick Jagger, while Beck spills them out à la Bobby D. Pavement's music is immersed in the rock canon, and Beck's favors ethnic touches—slide guitar, Afro-choruses, even hip-hop moves. Both provide hooks and beats galore.

Neither act shows any desire to compete with Eddie Vedder in the tragic-soul department, and no doubt both will seem too smarty-pants for some. But

close to the surface of their virtuosic sound collages flows a melodic lyricism guaranteed to touch any heart connected to a brain. These records won't just be noticed. They'll be remembered.

FAST CUTS: The tough young R&B of Little Willie John, who originated *Fever*, and the soulful doo-wop and rock guitar of the Five Royales, who originated *Dedicated to the One I Love*, are only the cream of Rhino's new ***King Masters*** series, which also features the smooth suffering of Roy Brown and the slick swagger of Wynonie Harris.

VIC GARBARINI

Tim Hardin, whose songs combine raw honesty with music of otherworldly beauty, should be a role model for confessional songwriters in the Nineties. It's a shock to realize that this man, who distinctively blended folk, blues and jazz elements in 1980, recorded his best work in the mid-Sixties. Rod Stewart resurrected his *Reason to Believe*, but most people know Hardin only through pop covers of *If I Were a Carpenter* and *Hang On to a Dream*. The release of ***Hang On to a Dream: The Verve Recordings*** (Polygram) proves that his music has aged gracefully, and it should establish him as a songwriter of the caliber of—dare I say it?—Dylan and Lennon. Songs like *Never Too Far* and *Part of the Wind* are as emotionally and melodically mesmerizing now as they were three decades ago. Hardin battled heroin addiction, but he never romanticized his pain. Instead, his songs touched the beauty he sensed beyond his travails. This two-disc treasure proves that he wasn't just ahead of his time. He was in many ways ahead of our time.

FAST CUTS: Hats off to the folks at Polydor/Chronicles, this time for remastering and releasing on compact disc an expanded version of Derek and the Dominos' almost forgotten *In Concert* album, now titled ***Live at the Fillmore***. Eric Clapton, in his last incarnation as an aggressive young bluesman, plays snaking leads on selections from *Layla* and early solo work. There are also five previously unreleased tracks.

Sausage, ***Riddles Are Abound Tonight*** (Prawn Song/Interscope): Funk-punkster Les Claypool, the most innovative bassist since Jaco Pastorius, reunites the original members of Primus. The result is a groove-oriented version of his slaphappy, Zappa-meets-Hendrix, Generation X-rated loonathon.

The London Suede, ***Stay Together*** (Columbia): Formerly known as just Suede, they don't shed their rigid Bowie, Morrissey and Clash influences. But they finally integrate them and find their own voice on this stirring EP.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Tim Hardin *Hang On to a Dream*	5	10	7	3	8
All Men Are Brothers: A Tribute to Curtis Mayfield	7	7	8	7	8
Pavement *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain*	9	8	6	4	7
Phish *Hoist*	4	6	6	5	8
Vanilla Ice *Mind Blowin'*	3	4	3	5	5

WHATTA SPEECH DEPARTMENT: **4 Non Blondes' Linda Perry's** acceptance speech at the Bay Area Music Awards was short: "I'm just a big dyke and I love to play music." *Bigger, Better, Faster, More!* went platinum on the charts, so Perry can say anything she wants.

REELING AND ROCKING: Actor **Tim Reid** is developing two movies, an action film titled *Out of Sync* for **LL Cool J** and *Stormy Weather: The Lena Horne Story*. *Sync*, directed by **Debbie Allen**, will be offered pay-per-view through Black Entertainment TV. . . . *Salmonberries*, a movie **k.d. lang** made three years ago, is just now getting a release. Lang plays a half-Eskimo working in an Alaskan zinc mine. Look for a nude scene. Says lang, "It was hard, especially if you don't have the body of Kim Basinger." . . . **Marky Mark** will costar with **Mickey Rourke** (now there's a twosome) in *Bullet*, a movie about an ex-con drug dealer. . . . **Michael Stipe** and **Oliver Stone** are planning to coproduce *Desperation Angels*, an Eighties road movie.

NEWSBREAKS: *She Said, She Said: Women Writing About Rock, Pop and Rap* will be published next year. Some of the familiar authors include **Chrissie Hynde, Patti Smith, Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon** and **Pamela Des Barres.** . . . Two hundred previously unreleased **Marvin Gaye** tracks have been found in Motown's vaults and some of them will be out this year along with a TV special planned for October. . . . **Billy Joel** and **Elton John** kick off the Piano Men tour in Philadelphia this month. John's latest album will be released in time for the tour. . . . If you send 25 words or less about a perfectly good guitar you have known to *John Hiatt Is Cool*, 1426 N. LaBrea Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90028, **John Hiatt** is offering you a chance to win a perfectly good guitar. . . . The new **Soup Dragons** album, *Hydrophonic*, will be in stores any day and features guest spots by **Bootsy Collins** and **Mickey Finn,** formerly of **T. Rex.** . . . **Salt-N-Pepa** are touring, so are the **Eagles** and **Pink Floyd,** and the **Stones** will be out soon. . . . **Evan Dando** and **Melissa Ferrick** did a Tower to Tower tour last spring playing free shows in a bunch of West Coast Tower Records stores. We think that's pretty cool. . . . All these big summer tours—not the ones at Tower—have concert promoters both elated and nervous. The good news? Record box office. The bad news is that ticket prices will be higher, which may cause some tour casualties. Even **Roger Daltrey** is taking his Carnegie Hall show *Daltrey Sings Townshend* on the road. . . . The lineup for the annual *Monterey Jazz Festival* includes **Sonny Rollins, Ornette Coleman, Shirley Horn** and **Max Roach.** Mark your calendar for September 16 to 18. . . . **Ted Nugent,** bless his heart, was praised as "a great American" on the floor of the Senate in March. Wyoming's **Senator Malcolm Wallop** delivered this tribute to Nugent for his work with kids, his leadership in the antidrug movement and his prohunting stance. Nugent launched Wyoming's Hunters for the Hungry, which has donated thousands of pounds of game to needy families. . . . Finally, the Sunset Marquis, rock and roll's favorite Hollywood hotel, has built a recording studio on the premises. You can order room service and cut a record at the same place. Of course, reservations must be made in advance and preference will be given to hotel guests. Ah, the rock life—seedy motels, cheesy recording sessions and greasy burgers. —BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A LESBIAN society in which women meet, make out, mate or move on is the subject of ***Go Fish*** (Samuel Goldwyn), a romantic comedy that's probably not for everyone. Director Rose Troche undoubtedly aims to please gay audiences in spelling out the love story of Max (Guinevere Turner, also Troche's co-author and co-producer) and Ely (V.S. Brodie). Plain, lanky Ely is declared "homely" by Max at first sight, but their initial casual encounter blossoms as mutual friends promote a merger. Shot in elementary black-and-white, with a soundtrack that tends to go fuzzy, *Go Fish* was a hot ticket at this year's Sundance Festival, and comes out wearing a carefree smile. ¥¥

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It's impossible to watch ***The Crow*** (Miramax) without recalling the death of Brandon Lee, accidentally shot and killed during one of the film's many action sequences. With his vivid presence in the title role, Bruce Lee's handsome son—dying young like his father—compounds the irony of another promising career cut short. He dashingly portrays James O'Barr's comic-book character who rises from the dead to exact vengeance after he and his bride-to-be are brutally murdered by a gang of thugs. Against a dark background of futuristic urban squalor, *Crow* is a stylish saga of vigilante justice involving a very young girl (Rochelle Davis), a sympathetic cop (Ernie Hudson) and a sneering villain called Top Dollar (Michael Wincott). Director Alex Proyas, having honed his skills on TV commercials and music videos, makes his feature-film debut a triumph of fast-paced pizzazz over some intrinsically depressing raw material. ¥¥½

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Strangers until they are locked in a museum overnight—perhaps by accident, perhaps not—a man and a woman warily circle each other and flirt before having sex, finally, three times. Later she goes to court, charging him with rape and calling it psychological rather than physical coercion. Says Claire Nebout, as Sandra, the plaintiff: "He had a force of character which drives a woman to sexuality even if she doesn't want it." Arrogantly insisting that "women want to be compelled," the accused Lorenzo (Vittorio Mezzogiorno) shrugs it off as a simple case of seduction. Thus, ***The Conviction*** (International Film Circuit), an Italian courtroom drama directed by Marco Bellocchio, plugs into the continuing debate about sexual harassment. Cocksure Lorenzo doesn't stand a chance against a fervent public prosecutor (Andrzej Seweryn) whose dissatisfied wife can't have an orgasm and shows up in the cheering section at Lorenzo's trial. It is not surprising that Bellocchio shares credit for the screenplay with his analyst. One way or another, *The Conviction* appears certain to offend both sexes in a coolly calculated polemic that poses tricky new questions. ¥¥½

Michael Wincott and friend eat *Crow*.

On gay life, growing pains, sex on trial, ribbing rappers and getting pregnant.

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Author and inventor Roland Schütt's autobiographical novel, ***The Slingshot*** (Sony Classics), is a low-key subtitled comedy about coming of age in Stockholm in the Twenties. Writer-director Åke Sandgren dwells on the dogged eccentricity of young Roland (played by Jesper Salén), a half-Jewish lad coping with sex, anti-Semitism and a sibling who likes to punch him in the nose. Roland learns that a teenage prostitute in the park will let him peek up her skirt for a price. He also excites his schoolmates by inventing a slingshot made of the condoms (condoms were illegal in Sweden at the time) normally sold under the counter in his mother's tobacco shop. From such shenanigans, *Slingshot* gets both its title and the easygoing charm that infuses a familiar genre with new life. ¥¥¥

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Characters called Tone-Def (Mark Christopher Lawrence), Tasty-Taste (Larry B. Scott) and Ice Cold (Rusty Cundieff) dominate ***Fear of a Black Hat*** (Samuel Goldwyn), a lewd, laugh-out-loud spoof of rap music. Besides heading the trio of performers, Cundieff also wrote and directed this zany "mockumentary," which slows down in spots but compares favorably to Rob Reiner's 1984 rock parody, *This Is Spinal Tap*. *Black Hat* pretends to track a year in the life of three louts who call themselves N.W.H. (for Niggaz With Hats). They are apt to bump off their managers, beat up on rivals, wield deadly weapons and stomp through songs with titles that include *Kill Whitey* and *Grab Yo Stuff*. Such lines as "Don't shoot until you see the whites" and misogynistic references in their lyrics ("yo, bitch" and "ho") are justified with politically correct jabberwocky. They tell an interviewer that the black man was the first sensitive man, even "before Alan Alda." Then along comes a music video titled *Come Pet the P.U.S.S.Y.* Cundieff co-authored (with John Bautista and Larry Robinson) most of the featured songs, and he obviously wears his four hats as composer, star, writer and director with plenty of panache. While his rude, crude, hilarious parody may be rough going for the prudish, *Black Hat* has Cundieff headed for future projects with Eddie Murphy and Spike Lee. ¥¥¥

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Writer-director Henry Jaglom habitually makes movies inspired by the woman in his life. Thus ***Babyfever*** (Rainbow) stars his wife and co-author, Victoria Foyt. Like most Jaglom films, it happens in California—this time at a baby shower full of women whose biological clocks are ticking like mad. Foyt plays Gena, who has a former lover (Eric Roberts) and a current flame (Matt Salinger) vying to satisfy her need to breed. In real life, Foyt has already given birth to one little Jaglom. Another featured actress, Frances Fisher, frustrated on film over her lover's reluctance to impregnate her, has since had a child with Clint Eastwood. Something must be working here, yet the babble—cogent and quite revealing at times—may make the average man wish he were at home watching a ball game. ¥¥½

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Part two in a *Three Colors* trilogy (after *Blue*) linked to the French flag and liberty, equality, fraternity, ***White*** (Miramax) is director Krzysztof Kieslowski's take on equality. It plays more like revenge, say, or getting even. Julie Delpy plays gorgeous Dominique, who divorces her Polish hairdresser husband (Zbigniew Zamachowski) in Paris when their

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Russo: From here to *Extremities*.

OFF CAMERA

He has recently been heating up big screens around the country as Madonna's leading man in *Dangerous Game*, followed by *Bad Girls* with Madeleine Stowe and Drew Barrymore. "In that," says **James Russo,** 37, "I play Kid Jarrett. I'm the romantic villain, an 1860s outlaw with a 12-inch twang. It's my 27th film." While *Game* got a cool reception from critics, Russo says, "Madonna was great. We have a very similar sense of humor."

An unabashed maverick, Russo got his biggest break off-Broadway more than a decade ago as a would-be rapist doing hand-to-hand combat with Susan Sarandon in *Extremities*, followed by the movie version with Farrah Fawcett. He thinks the movie missed. "They didn't go the distance, and using Fawcett made it look more like TV." *Extremities* was his first and only time on the stage. "I had a beer and a joint before I went in to read. When they asked me what I had done, I said: 'Fuck you.' Then they called my agent."

Needing to recharge, and "fed up with all these Hollywood monsters in suits," Russo decamped to make movies in Italy. "Also, I had a hard-on for this Italian model." Once booted out of school "for general insanity," he took years of NYU film courses and won an award for writing and acting in a student short.

He cites John Garfield, James Cagney and Robert Mitchum as role models, "guys who went into acting to get laid. I can't stand Method actors who have to push pins in their asses to feel an emotion. It's a job. Nowadays I look at a script and ask myself, 'How much?' and 'Will I make an ass of myself?'" Newly committed to movies, the volatile former art student adds, "I'm pro-Hollywood now, out here in fucking Quakeville. The cracks in my walls are incredible. I want to paint them."

marriage is still unconsummated after six months. The hairdresser goes home to Warsaw, gets rich and manages to disappear and play dead, making his ex-wife look like a murderer. When last seen, she is behind bars. Its convoluted logic doesn't always add up, but Kieslowski's opaque, offbeat *White* is brain-teasing, tasteful and quintessentially French. ¥¥

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Four Harvard seniors sharing a house in Cambridge begin to learn about life when they offer shelter to a homeless man—well, homeless after authorities eject him from the basement of Widener Library. In ***With Honors*** (Warner Bros.), Joe Pesci plays the derelict Simon, a folksy philosopher who offers a short course in humanity to his benefactors—especially Monty (Brendan Fraser), a bookish, ambitious scholarship student on his way to graduating summa cum laude. Their destinies are linked when Monty's lost senior thesis drops through a sidewalk grate into Simon's possession. The rest is heartwarming and occasionally schmaltzy, with a few wry fringe benefits, including Gore Vidal in a cameo as an acerbic Nobel Prize–winning professor. Also, William Mastrosimone's screenplay has some of the bite you'd expect from the author of *Extremities*, and director Alek Keshishian handles it with the knowing skill and intelligence that he brought to Madonna's *Truth or Dare*. ¥¥¥

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If Spike Lee, Hal Hartley and Whit Stillman can make an independent movie on a penny-ante budget and become famous overnight, why can't we? That's about all there is to ***My Life's in Turnaround*** (Arrow Entertainment), an amateur, indulgent and oddly disarming comedy by Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward. Together as Splick and Jason, they are the thirtyish, ambitious co-stars who also produce, direct and concoct their own showcase—a cocky, seemingly improvised tale of two guys without a script, a star or even a clear concept to launch their movie careers. "No one knows who the fuck you are," groans their agent (Lisa Gerstein). While their formless movie-within-a-movie takes shape before our eyes, they meet women, take meetings, suffer frequent rejection and finally persuade such people as Phoebe Cates, John Sayles and Martha Plimpton to accept roles in the project. Not long ago, in fact, Schaeffer was a New York cab driver who enlisted the services of Cates and Plimpton after picking them up in his taxi. The entire movie is like that: a bouncy, unpredictable ride on the wild side with a pair of brash young jokers who play it dumb but seem to know exactly where they are going. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Babyfever (See review) Fertility rites observed by director Jaglom. ¥¥½
Backbeat (Reviewed 4/94) The romantic early years of Beatlemania. ¥¥¥
Bitter Moon (3/94) Sex chronicles at sea, courtesy of Roman Polanski. ¥¥
Clean Slate (6/94) Dana Carvey as a private eye with zero recall. ¥¥½
The Conviction (See review) Sexual harassment, Italian style. ¥¥½
Cronos (6/94) Down Mexico way, some vampires suck up stylishly. ¥¥
Crooklyn (6/94) Spike Lee's benign view of a borough childhood. ¥¥½
The Crow (See review) Brandon Lee's final flight to stardom. ¥¥½
Fear of a Black Hat (See review) A wry tip of the cap to rap music. ¥¥¥
Four Weddings and a Funeral (5/94) Here come the brides, grooms and a slew of fine British farceurs. ¥¥¥
Go Fish (See review) A light look at being young, gay and female. ¥¥
The Hudsucker Proxy (5/94) The Coen brothers tackle a Capraesque spoof of big business, with Tim Robbins. ¥¥¥
Kika (6/94) Almodóvar's mad satire from Spain is somewhat below par. ¥¥
Les Visiteurs (4/94) Modern France revisited by a medieval knight. ¥¥½
My Life's in Turnaround (See review) Movie nuts getting it together. ¥¥
Naked in New York (6/94) How to succeed—as a bright Harvard grad. ¥¥¥
The Paper (5/94) Hot-off-the-presses comedy with Keaton and Close. ¥¥¥½
Schindler's List (3/94) Brilliant Spielberg Oscar-winner re-creates the Holocaust in a new way. ¥¥¥¥
Serial Mom (5/94) Kathleen Turner is knocking 'em dead—and there goes the neighborhood. ¥¥¥
Sirens (5/94) Women liberated in an erotic gem from down under. ¥¥¥¥
The Slingshot (See review) A boy's life in Stockholm decades ago. ¥¥¥
Sunday's Children (6/94) Father-son drama by Bergmans *père* and *fils*. ¥¥¥
A Tale of Winter (5/94) True love triumphs in Eric Rohmer's fable. ¥¥¥
That's Entertainment! III (6/94) Back to MGM's musical cornucopia. ¥¥¥½
Threesome (5/94) Coed likes guy who prefers his male roommate. ¥¥½
When a Man Loves a Woman (6/94) Ryan and Garcia and a bottle. ¥¥¥
White (See review) *C'est* revenge. ¥¥
With Honors (See review) Homeless sage teaches Harvard bunch. ¥¥¥
The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl (6/94) Even behind the camera, her star power sizzles. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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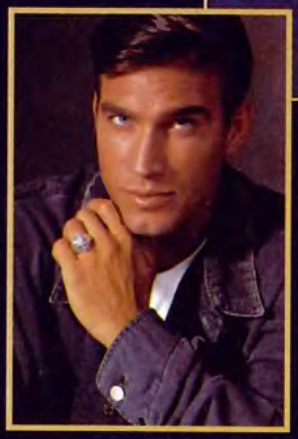

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"*Like Water for Chocolate* and *Reservoir Dogs*," says Brooklyn homegirl and 1994 Oscar nominee (for *Fearless*) **Rosie Perez** about her favorite recent flicks on tape. "They're two extremes: love you, hate you. Oh, and *True Romance*. I liked that one a lot, too. But, God, there were so many good movies last year." Perez doesn't fawn over current releases alone. "I love Barbara Stanwyck movies," she says. "Especially the one where she plays the invalid woman stuck in bed, and Burt Lancaster is her husband—*Sorry, Wrong Number*. I also like *Dial M for Murder*. Oooh, and musicals, like *Meet Me in St. Louis*. And Fred Astaire's films. My favorites are *Top Hat* and *Easter Parade*." What, no *Tree Grows in Brooklyn*? —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Just when you thought the late-night wars were settling down, *heeere's Johnny!*—again. Buena Vista's ***Johnny Carson: His Favorite Moments From "The Tonight Show"*** is a four-volume collection of sketches, bloopers and TV magic from Carson's 30-year reign as king of the night. Crammed with clips selected by Carson himself (including Robin Williams' debut, Tiny Tim's wedding and Ed Ames' perfectly placed tomahawk toss), the boxed set tracks the show decade by decade, with the last tape dedicated entirely to *The Final Show: America Says Farewell*. Not forever, apparently.

ROMS WITH A VIEW

PC users with a penchant for cataloging everything can now add home-viewing libraries to their list. Thanks to the newest wave of video guides on disk, selecting the perfect living room feature is as easy as A–B–CD-ROM. Some recent releases:

Cinemania (Microsoft; $79.95): The best of the lot—with 19,000-plus reviews, 1500 actors' portraits, 500 movie stills (100 with stereo dialogue) and an extensive glossary of film terms. Great graphics and it's easy to access.

Movie Select (Paramount Interactive, $59.95): Runner-up. With a little personal data from you, it creates rental selections designed for your taste from more than 44,000 reviews. Excellent screen graphics with full previews of a dozen titles.

VideoHound Multimedia (Visible Ink Software, $79.95): Biggest disappointment. An animated dog rates flicks on a four-bone scale; 52,000 reviews, but no clips or dialogue. Still, the categories are fun, such as "Alien Beings—Benign" and "Alien Beings—Vicious."

Interactive Adult Movie Almanac (New Machine Publishing, $129.95): With 750 reviews, 250 star bios and 1000 photos, you'll never lose track of *Buttman* sequels again. Includes previews. Expensive.

The Complete Guide to Special Interest Videos (Quanta Press, $49.95): Catalog of more than 9000 how-to titles. Sparse info, no graphics, no help. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDEO REBELS

What's the matter with kids today? Judging by these films, the same thing that's been bugging them for years.

Rebel Without a Cause (1955): James Dean is the quintessential troubled youth in the granddaddy of rebel pics. Co-stars Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo.

The Wild One (1953): Biker Brando and gang square off against psycho rival Lee Marvin. So what is Brando rebelling against? "Whaddya got?"

To Sir, With Love (1966): Sidney Poitier teaches Brit youths about self-respect and salad. Good, in spite of a theme song that's sung a jillion times.

Angels With Dirty Faces (1938): Gangster James Cagney and priest Pat O'Brien battle for loyalty of Dead End Kids. Brutal, with a great ending.

High School Confidential (1958): Russ Tamblyn, Mamie Van Doren, Jerry Lee Lewis—hot rods and a drug ring in the 'burbs. Camp at its best.

Quadrophenia (1979): Mods on mopeds versus rockers on cycles. Tedium on wheels; pulsing soundtrack by the Who.

The Blackboard Jungle (1955): Concerned New York high school teacher Glenn Ford finally gets through to sensitive rebel Sidney Poitier.

Stand and Deliver (1988): Concerned Los Angeles high school teacher finally gets through to intelligent rebel Lou Diamond Phillips—then teaches him calculus.

Lean on Me (1989): Concerned New Jersey high school principal finally gets through to rowdy rebel students—with a baseball bat. —REED KIRK RAHLMANN

LASER FARE

In honor of its 70th anniversary, MGM/UA is offering a new three-disc ***Our Gang Comedies*** package—crammed with six hours of vintage Stymie, Spanky, Alfalfa and Darla action—for just under $100. Also available: a 35th-anniversary edition of William Wyler's ***Ben-Hur*** ($99.98) in CAV, complete with a making-of documentary that zooms in on the famed chariot race. . . . Disc fans on a budget will be delighted with two $34.95 classics from Columbia TriStar: a remastered and restored version of ***The Wild One*** (see "Video Rebels") and a letterboxed version of Stanley Kubrick's ***Dr. Strangelove or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb.*** Both benefit from digital transfers and include original theatrical trailers. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
STAR TURN	***Mrs. Doubtfire*** (divorcé Robin Williams dons Hazel-like drag to be near his kids; not quite *Tootsie*, but Robin soars), ***Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit*** (the formula stays the same, but Whoopi somehow makes it funny all over again).
SLEEPER	***Short Cuts*** (Altman's multivignette homage to Raymond Carver's L.A. goes from brash to brilliant), ***A Dangerous Woman*** (simpleton Winger versus the world in offbeat love story; Barbara Hershey and Gabriel Byrne co-star).
DRAMA	***The Remains of the Day*** (butler Hopkins and housekeeper Thompson dodge love in English mansion; more Merchant–Ivory gold), ***Six Degrees of Separation*** (socialites duped by con who says he's Sidney Poitier's son; sharp).
FAMILY	***Addams Family Values*** (sneaky nanny Joan Cusack schemes to get Addams' millions in tart sequel; a guilty pleasure), ***What's Eating Gilbert Grape*** (dysfunctional Iowa kin keep Depp down on farm; Juliette Lewis helps to free him).
X-RATED	***Virtual Sex*** (hot electronics in futuristic technosex fantosy; good enough to hold you until real thing comes along), ***Who Killed Holly Hollywood?*** (spiced-up whodunit on set of X-rated costume drama; film noir goes bleu).

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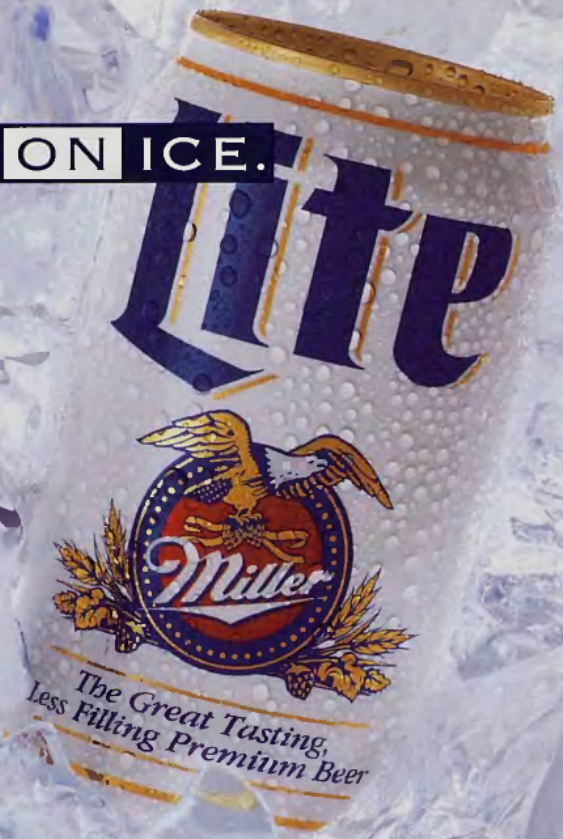

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STEVE BOSNICK

for quarterly financial updates to $2300 per year for weekly ones. If you're going to spend that kind of money, go big-time and watch your investments grow with programs such as Managing Your Money ($80) or Microsoft Money 3.0 ($70). Both dial into an on-line data base and automatically download the current prices of stocks in your portfolio.

WHAT'S UP WITH HDTV?

As you may have read, the Federal Communications Commission declared the Grand Alliance team the winner over Japan in the battle to set the standard for high-definition television. That means seven organizations working together—AT&T, Zenith, General Instrument, MIT, Philips, Thomson Consumer Electronics and the David Sarnoff Research Center—plan to deliver a wide (16x9 ratio), crystal-clear picture to your TV via a digital signal as early as 1996. The Atlanta summer Olympics of that year has been targeted as the debut event for HDTV. However, television manufacturers will not go into full production of HDTV sets until 1995, when the FCC is expected to give final approval to the Grand Alliance's standards—and then it will take several years for the $2500 to $4000 sets to become widely available.

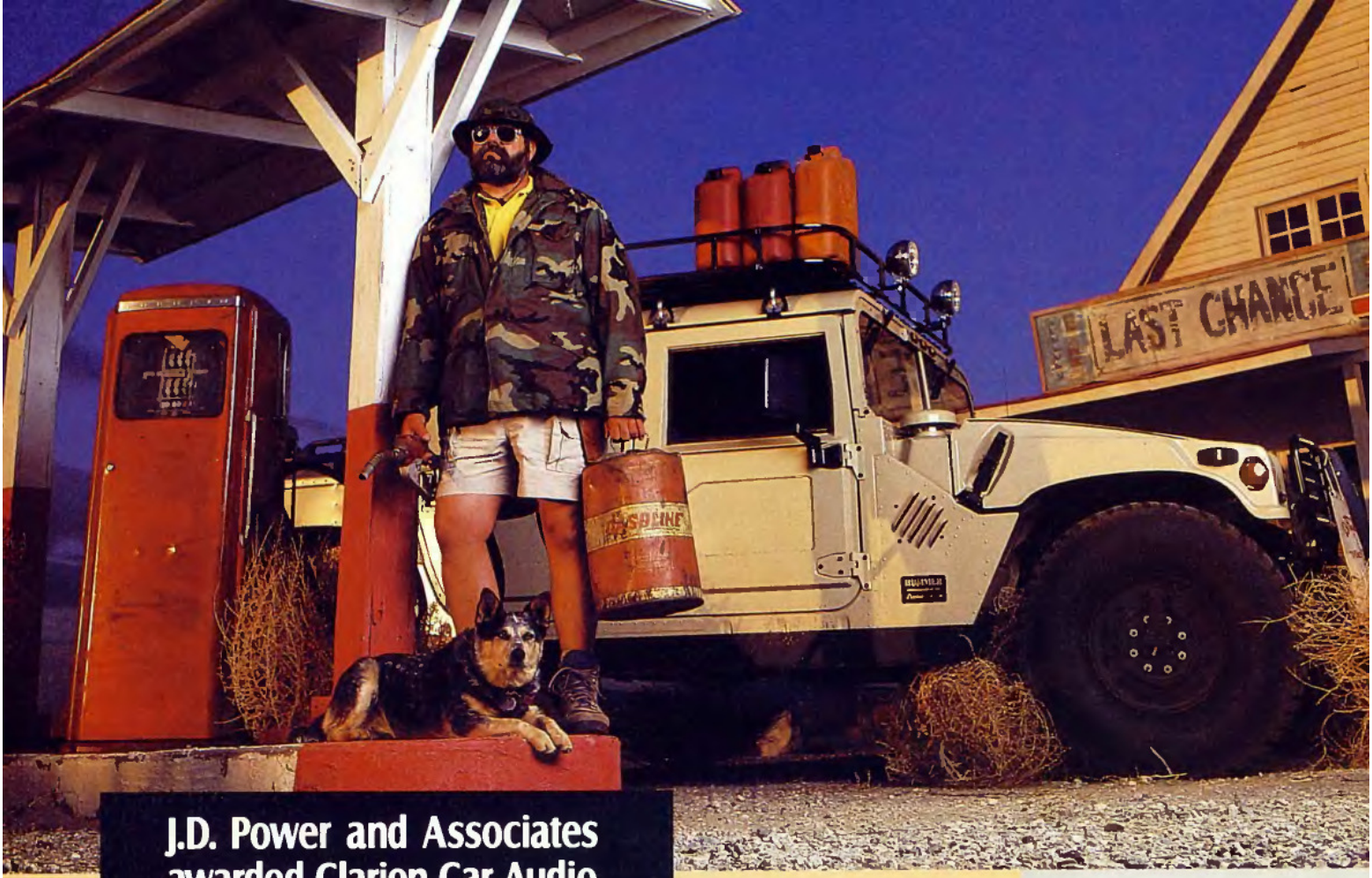
CD-ROM ROCK ON A ROLL

If you think you'll be able to just sit back and enjoy the music, forget it. The success and acclaim of Peter Gabriel's groundbreaking *Xplora 1* interactive Macintosh CD, which debuted last December, has record companies and musicians clamoring to put their own artistic spin on CD-ROM technology. Late this summer, a Windows version of *Xplora 1* is expected to be out with all the stunning visuals of the first edition. Aside from being able to watch full-motion videos from the five-time Grammy winner's *Us* album, you can listen to clips from past solo recordings such as *So* (pictured here), go backstage at a Gabriel concert, visit his studio to remix a song, check out photographs from his personal scrapbook and more. According to Interplay, the company that distributes *Xplora 1*, Gabriel plans to release several more discs under its label. He is also working on a CD-I, *All About Us*, with Philips Media, which is working on a full-motion video biography of Bob Marley. Later this year, a Mac/Windows interactive retrospective CD of the rock opera *Tommy* (created in part by Pete Townshend) will debut. Plus, the Grateful Dead, Prince, U2 and Mick Jagger are reportedly working on discs of their own. And, yes, Elvis is alive on CD-ROM. *Virtual Graceland* should hit stores this fall, allowing you to take in the King's tunes while touring some of the rooms in the Memphis mansion. Sorry, the bathroom is off-limits.

WILD THINGS

When it comes to the minioturization of electronics, Sony has outdone itself with the NT-1 Scoopmon digital microrecorder. Pictured below with o 120-minute tape (both actual size), the NT-1 weighs a mere 5.5 ounces and runs for up to seven hours on a single AA bottery. Becouse it records digitally, you get top-quality playbock without the distracting hiss common to analog tape. The price: about $1000 for the recorder and between $10 and $20 for the tapes. • With Sega's new Genesis CDX game machine, you con take your 16-bit Genesis cartridges, Sega CDs ond audio CDs on the road. About the size of a portable compact disc player, the $400 all-in-one system hooks up to any TV and comes with a six-button arcade pad and three Sego CD titles, including Sonic CD. • If you want to buck the phone company's fees for installing lines, pick up the Wireless Phone Jack System from RCA. For about $100 you get a base and an extension unit that con turn any electricol outlet into an additional phone line. Reception is clear and you can add on os many extension units as you like for about $50 each.

Where & How to Buy on page 145.



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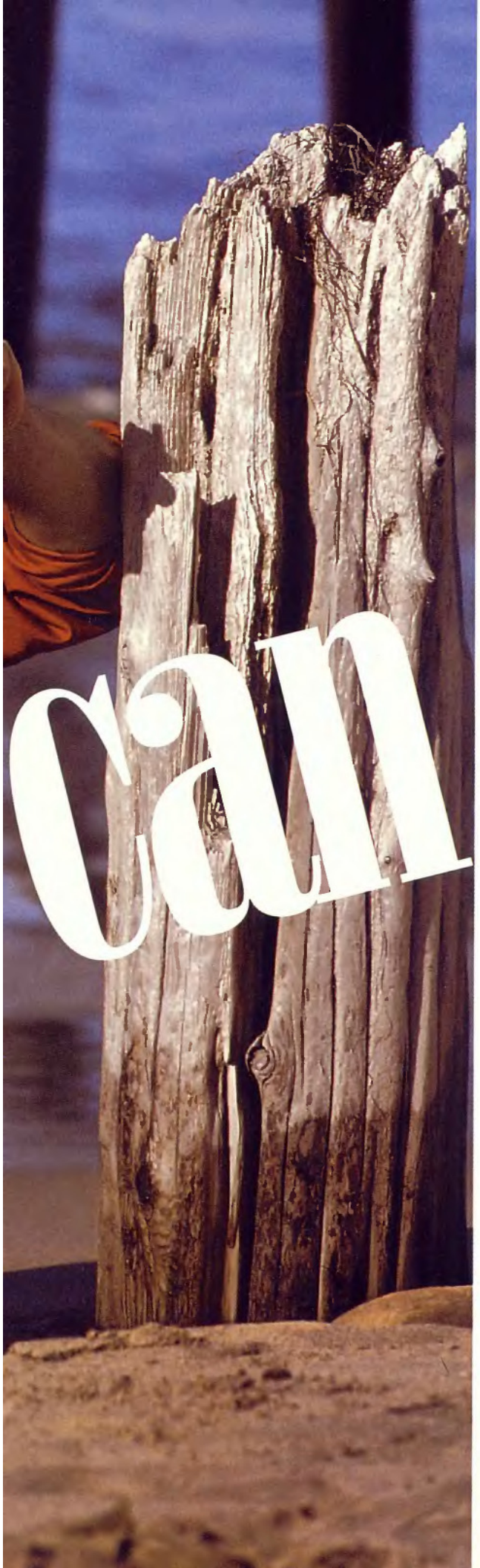

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DIVE TIME

With the recent boom in sports-inspired fashions, dive watches have become the timepiece to wear in and out of the water. Today's styles feature cases that work like submarine pressure hatches with self-locking crowns, just as the first submersible watch—a Rolex—did when it was introduced in 1926. This watertight design enables the watches to keep ticking at depths of 300 feet and more. Among our favorite styles are Pulsar's sport watch, at top ($275), with an extralong strap to fit around the outside of your wetsuit. Below to the right is Citizen's Aqualand II ($595) with a memory depth display. To the left is Breitling's rugged Colt Quartz ($850), which functions in water as deep as 1000 feet. For serious undersea explorers, Rolex' stainless-steel Sea-Dweller ($3100) is pressure-proof to 4000 feet, and Oceanic offers the Data Trans GDI$_2$ ($849), a wrist computer that can do everything but dive itself. If you want the style of a dive watch but don't need the special functions, there's Timex' Atlantis 100 series—great looks and great prices at $37 to $43 each.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Although a tie should stop just above your belt, the standard 56-inch length tends to be either too long or too short for all but average-size guys. Undoubtedly, that's why Malik Sealy, the 6'8" forward for the Indiana Pacers, introduced his own tie collection. Measuring 62 inches in length, the silk woven and Jacquard sports-themed and traditional styles are designed for men who are 6'2" or taller and range in price from $42 to $70. Oscar de la Renta offers 62-inch ties that feature neoclassical medallions ($23 to $35), while the Bolgheri collection, designed in Italy, features ties with architectural patterns and overscaled shapes such as diamonds and paisleys ($60 to $85). Italian designer Tino Cosma lets you custom-order his handfinished silk ties ($55 to $95) in longer lengths. For men with shorter torsos, Robert Talbott offers 52-inch ties—the standard length in Japan ($48 to $150). And Ferrell Reed goes both ways: Its handmade woven silk ties and geometric printed styles ($40 to $80) come in both 61- and 52-inch lengths.

HOT SHOPPING: BALTIMORE

You can walk or take a water taxi to Fells Point, but this bayside Baltimore neighborhood—with its cobblestone streets, historic homes, novel shopping and great Fourth of July fireworks—is well worth the boat ride or hike. The Big Iguana (1633 Thames St.): Wild imports from around the world, including Guatemalan dog collars and "Chia Garcia" plants. • Chat St. (623-25 S. Broadway): Hip skateboard threads (e.g., baggy shirts, shorts, jeans and Doc Martens). • Reptilian Records (403 S. Broadway): A wide selection of comics, underground music and videos, including films by Baltimore's own John Waters. • John's Art and Antiques (1733 Eastern Ave.): Stocks items as diverse as European paintings and kitschy wild West lunch boxes. • Cat's Eye Pub (1730 Thames St.): A waterfront hangout with live music nightly.

CLOTHES LINE

How does **Brent Spiner** differ from Data, the android he plays on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*? Data dresses in a form-fitting starship Enterprise uniform, while Spiner prefers a more comfortable dress code: "I love this designer called Levi. He does great work." With that in mind, Spiner pairs his blue jeans and a black leather jacket by Donna Karan with either a black T-shirt ("It says me, it says Brando") or 90265 sweatshirts from Theodore Beach in Malibu. At home, the self-proclaimed world-class sleeper wakes up and slips into a pair of white Jockeys. "I pop on those briefs and feel cool instantly."

TAN OF THE YEAR

Sure, tanned skin looks great. But if you'd rather not bask in the sun to achieve the effect, try getting your FDA-approved golden glow from a bottle. Ralph Lauren's Polo Sport Weatherproof Self Tanner ($15) does double duty as a sunscreen with a sun protection factor of 4, and Nautica's Self-Tanner lotion ($15) offers an SPF of 6. Aramis Lab Series Sunless Tanning Spray ($12) skips the SPF, as does Lancaster Sun Cosmetics, which makes a tinted self-tan cream for the face and neck ($18) that offers instant color followed by a more permanent tan with repeated applications. Finally, with two shades of Glow Sunless Tanning lotion or spray ($10 each), Neutrogena lets you deepen your color as the summer progresses. Just remember to spread on the above products evenly to achieve a true all-over George Hamil-tan.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SUNGLASSES	IN	OUT
STYLES	Small frames in oval and rectangular shapes; aviator styles; black wraparounds	Overdesigned sports frames; geeky Buddy Holly frames; futuristic shapes
MATERIALS	Metal frames in silver and burnished bronze; black plastic; tortaiseshell and metal combos	Cheap plastics, especially in neon; thick, supershiny metals
LENSES	Amber, gray and green with matching frames; 100 percent UV protection; clip-ons	Blinding mirrors; pale Sixties colors; lenses that change from dark to light; big lagas

Where & How to Buy on page 145.

THE 1953 BUICK SKYLARK

Shown smaller than actual size.
Replica measures 8¾" in length.

Photos depict our incredibly detailed replica—not the actual car!

A Meticulously Engineered Die-Cast Metal Replica of One of America's Greatest Cars.

As it purred its way along the boulevards of America, the 1953 Buick Skylark convertible made an unforgettable statement. This luxurious, limited-edition beauty was brought out in honor of Buick's fiftieth anniversary, making this stunning car an immediate collector's item. From its distinctive "smiling" grille and beautiful, 40-spoke wire wheels, to its "double-bubble" taillights, the '53 Skylark set a new standard of sporty good looks for American cars.

Movie stars loved the glitz and glamour of the 1953 Buick Skylark convertible. Its awe-inspiring looks turned heads not only in Hollywood, but also all over the country. Inside, it was upholstered with butter-soft leather and boasted power brakes, power steering and power windows. Music boomed from its fancy new foot-controlled Selectronic radio. Today, it is highly coveted by collectors. Now, you can acquire a remarkably detailed replica of this Fabulous '50s classic.

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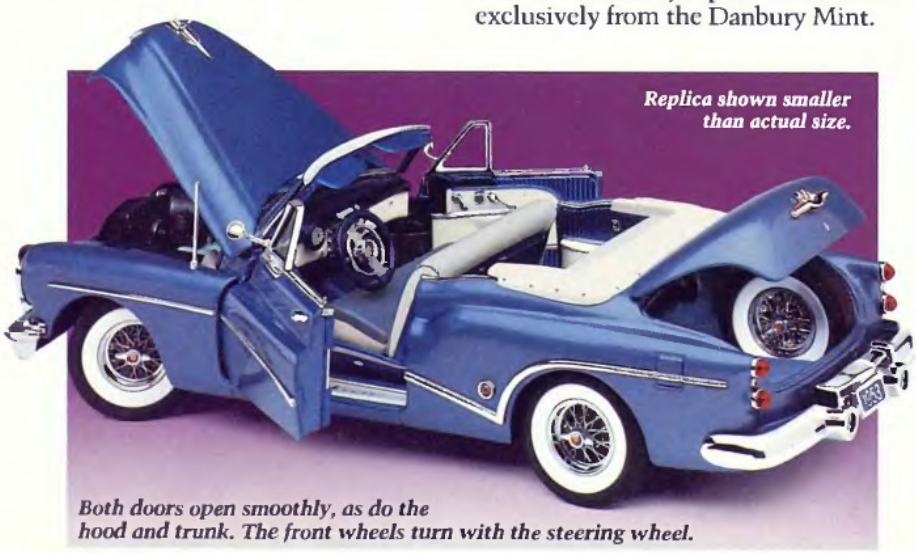

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Both doors open smoothly, as do the hood and trunk. The front wheels turn with the steering wheel.

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THE 1953 BUICK SKYLARK

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

BRILLIANT historical re-creations have set novelist E.L. Doctorow apart from his peers. In *The Book of Daniel*, *Ragtime*, *World's Fair* and *Billy Bathgate*, real lives were reimagined. This time, in ***The Waterworks*** (Random House), the most vivid character isn't Harry Houdini or Dutch Schultz, it's New York City in 1871.

William "Boss" Tweed plays only a minor role. Doctorow hasn't given up on famous scoundrels completely, but it's Tweed's machine politics that are most significant. Corrupt power in control of industry is at the heart of this story.

The tour guide for this saga is an editor of the daily *Telegram*, who becomes concerned when a freelance contributor disappears. Martin Pemberton, the missing writer, is the son of a wealthy and powerful man who is presumed dead. The mystery is compounded by Martin's claim, right before he vanishes, that he has seen his father riding along Broadway in a horse-drawn omnibus.

The editor and the police captain's search for Pemberton drives the novel through the drawing rooms, saloons, orphanages, graveyards, factories and mills of old New York. The plot is too complex to reveal more. Better you walk the streets with editor McIlvaine and police captain Donne. *The Waterworks* is a troubling vision of an era with many parallels to our own. It is a captivating mystery, too.

A different dark vision of American life is explored by Mikal Gilmore in ***Shot in the Heart*** (Doubleday). Gilmore, the writer brother of executed killer Gary Gilmore, has been struggling with this memoir for some time. As the one productive member of a dysfunctional family, Mikal Gilmore's job is to explain the family craziness to the rest of us. He does a remarkable job.

Gary Gilmore was the focus of national attention in the late Seventies when he sought his own death after murdering two men in Utah. Norman Mailer wrote his story in *The Executioner's Song*, and Gary was romanticized in a made-for-TV movie, as outlaws often are. But brother Mikal takes us to the origins of the family violence. It's an ugly picture. Father Frank was a criminal, a drunk, and a wife and child beater. He abandoned his family, then came back, only to abandon them again. Each act of violence was terrifying, and it sent Gary down the road to reform school, jail and death row. Mikal Gilmore writes with a brother's pain and a writer's eye. He doesn't flinch.

It is not such grim work reading about fictional crimes, and this month, three of the best mystery writers have new books: Robert Parker's ***Walking Shadow*** (Putnam), Sara Paretsky's ***Tunnel Vision*** (Delacorte) and Walter Mosley's ***Black Betty*** (W.W. Norton). This time, when Spenser investigates an onstage shooting at a Massachusetts waterfront theater, he finds himself the target of a Chinese gang. Parker's cocky dialogue sparkles; no one creates a hard-boiled ambience more economically. In her eighth outing, V.I. Warshawski goes up against the bankers, bureaucrats and politicos of Chicago to help the homeless. And in *Black Betty*, Easy Rawlins continues to weave his way through the history of black Los Angeles. This one takes place in 1961, when Easy has to find a lady with a talent for trouble.

ANDRE LUCERO

The Waterworks: New York in 1871.

E.L. Doctorow weaves his spell and Mikal Gilmore takes us to the heart of darkness.

David J. Garrow's ***Liberty and Sexuality*** (Macmillan) surveys the legal battles surrounding the right to sexual privacy. Garrow, the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Bearing the Cross*, begins with a Twenties birth control law and ends with *Roe vs. Wade* and current sodomy laws. The early cases led to the Supreme Court's decision that people have a fundamental right to privacy. Ever since, through *Roe* and beyond, Americans have grappled with this concern.

BOOK BAG

The Burglar Who Traded Ted Williams (Dutton), by Lawrence Block: We've missed antiquarian bookseller and burglar Bernie Rhodenbarr; Block hasn't written a Bernie mystery in a while. In this one, Rhodenbarr fends off a rent hike on his bookstore by going back to burglary. A valuable baseball card collection, a couple of dead bodies, a love interest who's into poetry therapy and a running gag about fellow mystery writer Sue Grafton make Bernie's return a beach book extraordinaire.

Three Squirt Dog (St. Martin's Press), by Rick Ridgway: The Beavis and Butthead version of *The Graduate* in a rowdy first novel about slacker romance.

Night of the Avenging Blowfish: A Novel of Covert Operations, Love and Luncheon Meat (Algonquin Books), by John Welter: The hero of this cockeyed look at life in Washington is a Secret Service agent who isn't getting any sex or respect. It's a love story with automatic weapons.

The Electric Geisha: Exploring Japanese Popular Culture (Kodansha International), edited by Atsushi Ueda: Japan's top social commentators illuminate some of their country's cultural mysteries in 25 essays. Highlights include chapters on hot tubs, geisha girls, karaoke and sex.

The NPR Guide to Building a Classical CD Collection (Workman), by Ted Libbey: An extensive guide and perfect companion to the basic classical repertory, plus lists of the best recordings of those works on CD. Ideal for the uninitiated consumer.

Dali's Mustache (Flammarion), by Salvador Dali and Philippe Halsman: A faithful reproduction of the 1954 photographic interview that has become a collector's item.

Going Up Country: Travel Essays by Peace Corps Writers (Scribners), edited by John Coyne: Thirteen writers—including Bob Shacochis—recount their traveler's tales in this rich anthology.

Tuscaloosa (Morrow), by W. Glasgow Phillips: A coming-of-age novel about weird sex and strange love, written in the Southern tradition.

Essential Substances: A Cultural History of Intoxicants in Society (Kodansha International), by Richard Rudgley: A look at the uses and abuses of mind-altering drugs—from opium in Stone Age caves to crack on our own streets—and how the age-old quest for altered states has shaped our culture.

Just Do It: The Nike Spirit in the Corporate World (Random House), by Donald Katz: Did you know that nearly 200 pairs of Nike sneakers are sold every minute of every day? Award-winning author Katz traces the rise of Nike and the collective mythic role of sports.

Little Girl Fly Away (Simon & Schuster), by Gene Stone: A compelling true-life thriller about a Kansas woman who is harassed and terrorized by a man from her past. Or so she thinks. The plot twist is a stunner.

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FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

DAVE CALVER

MYSTERIES OF THE PROSTATE

The prostate gland is a small, mysterious organ. It sits beneath a man's bladder. It's about the size of a golf ball and has the consistency of putty. All men are born with one, though medical science is unable to explain why. One of its functions is the creation of a major component of ejaculatory fluid. The obscure prostate doesn't seem to do much else—except cause trouble.

For reasons that remain unclear, the prostate is unusually susceptible to cancer, and lately the disease has been showing up with unprecedented frequency. Musician Frank Zappa recently died of it, as did Time Warner boss Steve Ross and actors Telly Savalas, Bill Bixby and Don Ameche. But while these famous names make the news, they represent only a tiny percentage of those afflicted with prostate cancer.

"The number of American men diagnosed with cancer of the prostate has increased at a frightening rate," says Dr. Gerald Chodak, director of the Prostate and Urology Center at Weiss Memorial Hospital in Chicago. "Three or four years ago there were 100,000 cases diagnosed annually. In 1993 there were 165,000 diagnoses in this country, and this year we expect that number to rise to 200,000." Right now, cancer cells are quietly multiplying within the prostate tissues of approximately 11 million Americans, most of whom aren't even aware of it (which isn't necessarily as bad as it sounds).

The ubiquity of prostate cancer is alarming, in any case. Although it's primarily a disease of middle and old age, data from autopsies suggest that 15 percent to 20 percent of men between the ages of 20 and 40 already have microscopic carcinomas growing in their prostates. By the time men reach the age of 50, the ratio jumps to one third; at 80 years approximately 50 percent have prostate cancer. Indeed, virtually all of us can look forward to eventually having the disease if some other affliction doesn't kill us first. But luckily, I guess, some other affliction probably will.

Because prostate cancer is usually slow-growing and without obvious symptoms in its early stages, it's hard to detect. The primary method is a manual examination—a doctor inserts a rubber-gloved finger into the rectum and feels for lumps in the adjacent prostate. Upon contemplating the prospect of this exam and its attendant humiliations, it's not surprising that nine out of ten of us, according to government estimates, are not examined.

Half the men with cancer of the prostate don't discover the malignancy until it has reached an advanced stage and has metastasized, by which point it's generally too late to do much about it. Treatments exist for advanced prostate cancer, but their efficacy is debatable.

For still-localized cancers, radiation is called for and/or the prostate itself is removed. This surgery often causes impotence and incontinence, though recent breakthroughs in surgical techniques have decreased their frequency. However, it typically cures the cancer.

The digital exam is by no means the sole method of detection. The newest is the prostate-specific antigen test. The PSA test—a cheap, simple procedure introduced a decade ago—measures a protein that is released into the bloodstream when something is out of whack in the prostate. The test is problematic because minor unrelated abnormalities can also cause a high PSA reading. And even when the PSA test correctly detects cancer, it can't distinguish between a relatively harmless, slow-growing carcinoma and a deadly malignancy.

So, you may well ask, faced with this grim information, what can a man do to stack the odds in his favor?

If you're under the age of 40, damn near nothing. After your 40th birthday, the American Cancer Society recommends an annual digital exam. Past 50 you should have both an exam and a PSA test every year. Beyond that, you might as well quit worrying about it. Whether—or, more accurately, when—prostate cancer strikes is pretty much out of your hands.

The age at which prostate cancer strikes, and its severity when it does, seems to be determined mostly by genes. If prostate cancer runs in your family, you are at considerably greater risk and should have more frequent examinations. For unknown reasons, black Americans are more likely to get prostate cancer than white Americans. And whatever your race, genetic idiosyncrasies or nationality, a high-fat diet may well increase your susceptibility.

In regard to sexual behaviors that might put you at risk, Dr. Chodak says, "As far as getting prostate cancer is concerned, some data suggests more sexual activity as you get older might be good, and starting sexual activity at an early age might be bad. But nobody really knows for sure."

Likewise, vasectomies, anal sex, a superabundance of testosterone in the bloodstream and certain sexually transmitted diseases were once thought to increase the risk of developing prostate cancer. But according to Dr. Janet Stanford, an epidemiologist at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle, "The latest evidence is unclear. Some studies show that some of these things increase risk, while just as many other studies show the opposite."

There is one thing researchers agree on, however: Men who spend more time in strong sunlight get less prostate cancer. "People who live in northern latitudes like Scandinavia have twice the incidence as people who live in sunny southern places," says Dr. Russell Scott Jr. of the Baylor College of Medicine. The best preventive measure you can take, in other words, may be to hit the beach. Of course, you'll still have to worry about getting skin cancer. There is no free lunch.

PLAYBOY

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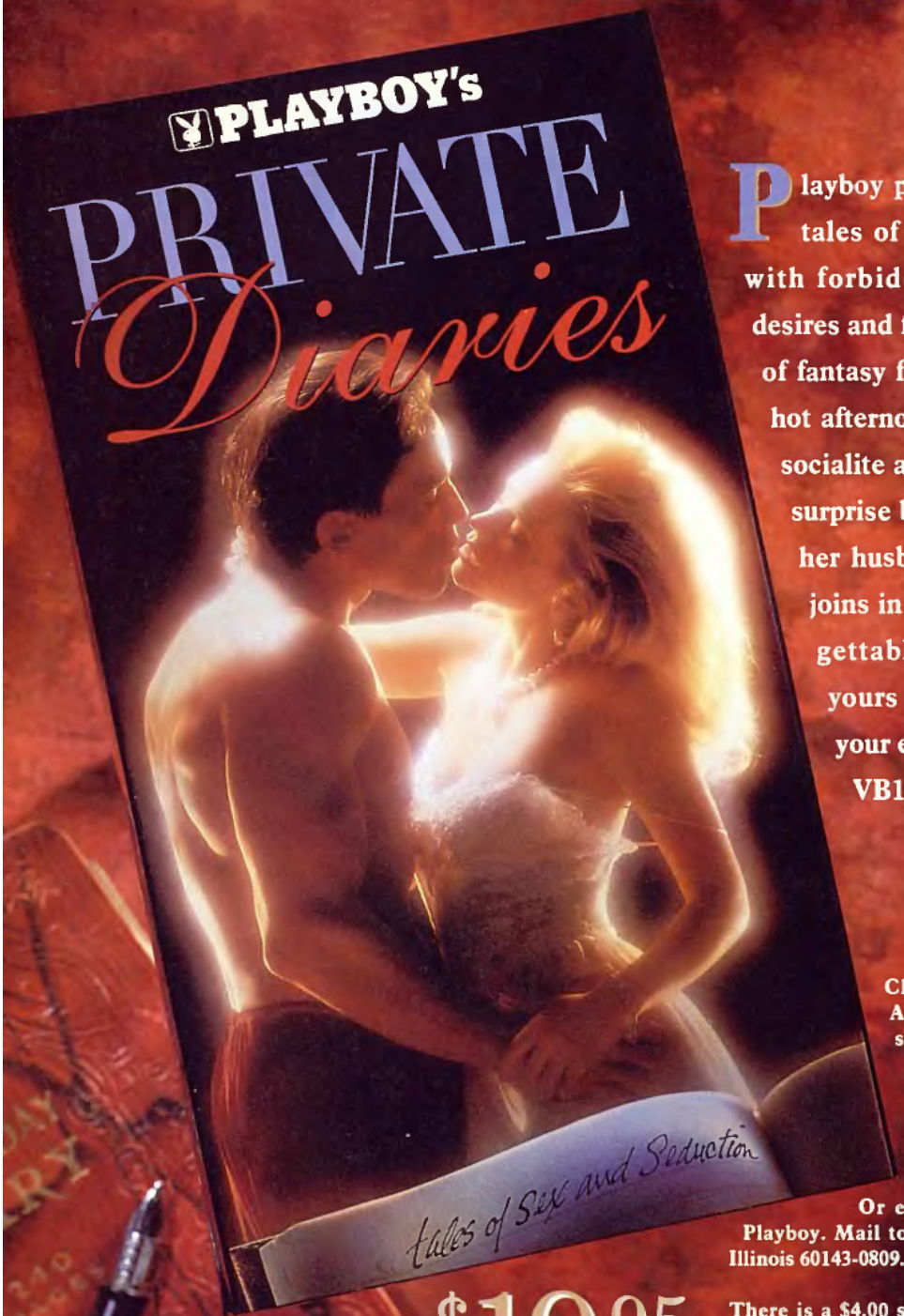

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MEN

By ASA BABER

RULES FOR GYM RATS

As a lifelong gym rat, I know that my health club is the only place where I can totally relax. I am not socially graceful, I hate corporate politics and office procedures, I stay away from meetings and conventions and other contemporary functions and I have never dressed for success. In other words, I am a Cro-Magnon misfit. But my club? My club is the place where I can shine in all my delinquent joy and where I get to be the slob I really am.

I work out regularly at a sports club in downtown Chicago. It is a fine place with a great mix of guys—firemen, policemen, lawyers, doctors, commodities brokers and other assorted riffraff like yours truly.

But listen to me talk, would you? I may call it my club, but I don't own it. I pay to belong to it, and I could conceivably get kicked out of it. Still, like most gym rats, I see it as my club, my home away from home, my place of safety and escape. Whether I'm running on the treadmill or getting a massage or shooting baskets, I operate under the illusion that in some secret way I own part of the action.

There are several unspoken rules on the men's side of any old-fashioned health club, rules every gym rat should know. Here are some of them:

(1) No honorable gym rat ever enrolls in a health club that looks like a fern bar. If a club seems too spiffy, if it glistens like an ad, if it has more hair driers than free weights or more business suits than bare butts, it is no place for true gym rats (who are rebellious by nature and distrust all exaggerated efforts at elegance). We luxuriate in more modest climates, and unless the paint is chipped on the handball courts and the carpeting is frayed in the locker room, we cannot really relax.

(2) There are rookie gym rats and there are old-timers—and all rookies must serve their time before they can become old-timers. By definition, every rookie gym rat will remain unacknowledged by some of the old-timers for approximately the first ten years of his membership. The rookie must accept this ostracism without protest. If he objects, it's 20 years.

(3) The sauna and steam rooms are to remain at maximum temperature at all times, and any gym rat who tries to lower the thermostat will be killed immediately. This is a brutal but efficient rule, and it makes for good sweating, which is what real gym rats live for anyway. Life is full of risks, and being accidentally boiled alive as you try to endure ten more minutes of heat is one of them.

(4) The smart gym rat knows that the real power in any good club resides not with the owner or the clients but with the staff. Homage must be paid to the staff, because the staff can ruin your day. Want to lose your laundry twice a week, discover that your locker is often jammed, miss important phone calls, find itching powder in your jockstrap or end up with towels that always seem to be coated with slime? Then fuck with the staff. Go ahead, make their day. (On the other hand, if you want some good laughs and good treatment, get to know the staff. The guys who work at health clubs are usually aspiring stand-up comics and genuine rogues, and they are fun to be around.)

(5) There are few gym rat rituals, but farting, belching and hawking big gray lugies into the sink are all mandatory behavior. So is ball-scratching and loud grunting while lifting weights. And speaking of weights, the rule is that they are to be dropped on the deck from a height of at least three feet. Why is this? Because gym rats believe they were born to be seen, smelled and heard. They also know that life is short, and those of us without any real talent or originality need to be obnoxious to be noticed.

(6) The total acceptance of personal heckling and dirty jokes is required in the locker room, and any gym rat who takes himself too seriously will be locked in the sauna for an hour. Once again, this may sound like a ruthless way to handle the prissy and the puritanical, but that's gym rats for you: Prudes really piss us off.

(7) Lying about your weight is OK. So is lying about your age—unless you have money on it. Then you tell the truth. Gym rats do not lie when money is involved. Not ever. The rest of the time they lie about everything, from their grades in school to their credit records, like the dirty rotten rats they really are.

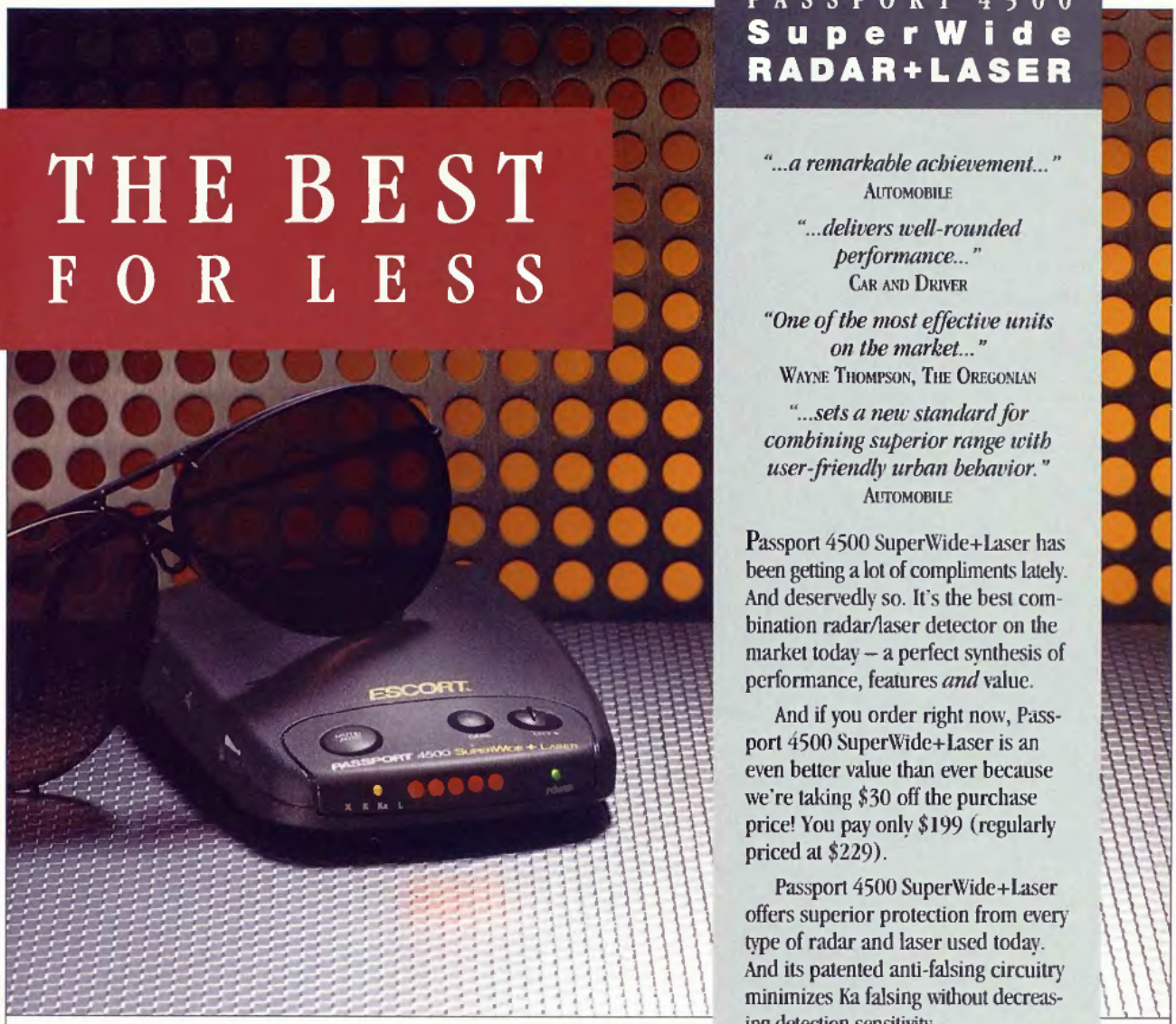
(8) Having said that, let me tell you that gym rats never gamble, never bet on athletic contests and never participate in any games of chance. This is because all gym rats live on a green hill above a river near a forest in a monastery where they have taken vows of silence, chastity, reverence and obedience.

(9) A minimum of two TV sets are to be on in the locker room at all times. Each set must be tuned to a different program, and each set must be played at top volume. The reason for this is simple: Gym rats are inherently schizoid men who have been hearing contradictory voices and seeing conflicting visions all their lives. They work out in an attempt to stay sane, but silence frightens them because they have never experienced it in their own minds.

(10) Gym rats are God's own troublemakers. We were sent to this earth to lower the level of politeness of any organization we become associated with. We like to flip pats of butter onto dining room ceilings. We like to look at bodacious women in colorful leotards. We pretend we work out to stay in shape, but that too is a lie. We work out to hang around in a space that does not ask much of us, a space that opens its arms to us and says, "Hey, guys, come on in. You may be assholes, but as long as you pay your dues, you're our assholes. Be jerks, make some noise, have some fun."

That's true love in gym rat terms.

THE BEST FOR LESS



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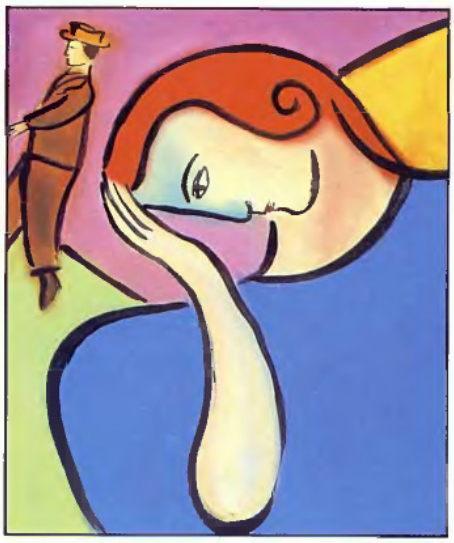


JANE MCGILPRESS

THE CHICKEN GOES HOME TO ROOST

Just brace yourself," my sister told me. It was about our father. I was as braced as I could get. Sick with dread, rigid with fear, but braced. I watched the bleak winter landscape of Pennsylvania whiz by, the landscape of my childhood. I felt my grown-up persona ebbing. I became more infantile by the mile.

"I am way too scared," I said to my friend Jay. My sister had told me that our father's mind had just plain gone. That he would look at a cup and try to unscrew it from the table. My father is 73. Doctors think that he had a series of undetected strokes that atrophied his brain.

"Yeah, I'd be scared too," said Jay, who is an unreconstructed-hippie version of the Rock of Gibraltar, "but it's really important to do this."

"I have to say goodbye," I said. Visions of my father were crowding my brain. When Kennedy was president, everyone thought Dad looked just like him. Later he looked so much like Jimmy Carter, people did triple takes. My pharmacist dad was so tickled, he would get special presidential haircuts.

"But, Dad, your nose is much fatter," my sister and I would crow, egging him on to do his special trick. My father could make his nose skinnier at will, without moving the rest of his face at all.

Jay and I arrived at the VA hospital to a locked floor. Old soldiers were careening through the halls—one wearing a hockey helmet and drooling, one emitting rhythmic, piercing shrieks, one doing fantastically realistic birdcalls. It was a cuckoo's nest. My dad, who had played airplane with me to get me to eat and always made me wear a sweater, was here somewhere. A giant guy with tattooed arms led us to a cheery visitors' room. "I'll bring Bernie right out," he said.

Jay and I waited. I counted the chairs. I was jumping out of my skin.

And then there he was. My dad. He looked just like my dad. Walking by himself. Skinnier. He took one look at us and marched out of the room. A comforting woman named Pat brought him back and said, "Your daughter has come 3000 miles to see you, Bernie. Don't you want to visit with her?" My dad looked terrified and refused eye contact.

"Hiya, Dad," I said. "I'm glad to see you." My dad. Always busy, always trying to pay off a new house, another sports car, always dressed in ultimate tweediness with a full head of presidential hair, now in sweatpants and a tie-dyed shirt, hair shorn, blue eyes enormous behind magnification glasses. He turned his face away. I got right into it and stayed, making his eyes look at me.

"Don't you remember your daughter, Bernie?" asked Pat. Finally his blue eyes locked with mine and he smiled. "Now I do," he said. I tried to hug him. He remained rigid. Then he sat down and took his shoes off. He didn't remember Jay and was afraid to look at him.

"Do you like it here, Dad?"

"I would, but I've got to go down to the borok and catch that thing before it teecox lembo. . . ." He drifted off and his face became fixed.

"Are you happy or unhappy?"

"Unhappy. I have to check the time, it's late, the guys are off flaging gollar. . . ."

I looked at Jay and he patted my hand. Tears were streaming down my face. I kept up the chatter. "Remember Chipper?"

"Now there's a good dog. He was here today." My beloved schnauzer Chipper died in 1970. For a fleeting second I envied my dad his time with Chipper. But no. The man was so agitated. It didn't matter that all his sentences trailed into gibberish—he had to get somewhere to do something, he had to save everyone, he was late, he was needed, he was responsible.

When Dad first started going strange, his young second wife just split. He was alone and terrified. He knew what was happening to him, but he couldn't call us—his daughters were his responsibility, not vice versa. Finally, he turned up on my mother's doorstep "just to say hello." He went downhill fast after that.

I kept saying, "Daddy, it's OK, you can relax. You don't have to worry. We're fine." This is what becomes of too many men. They spend their lives shouldering the entire burden of financial care for their families. Even their wives become glorified children. So now, after rational thought is gone, my father is still the essence of anxiety and responsibility.

I fed him. "Here comes the airplane," I said, and he opened his mouth like a bird. Eventually, he took the spoon and started shoveling in chicken and noodles and applesauce. Jay and I noticed that when we talked together, Dad relaxed. He liked being out of the action.

An old guy waltzed into the room bellowing, "Donna! Donna!"

Pat pulled him away. "Joe, your daughter is fine and living in New York."

"Then how come she's dead?" Joe asked plaintively.

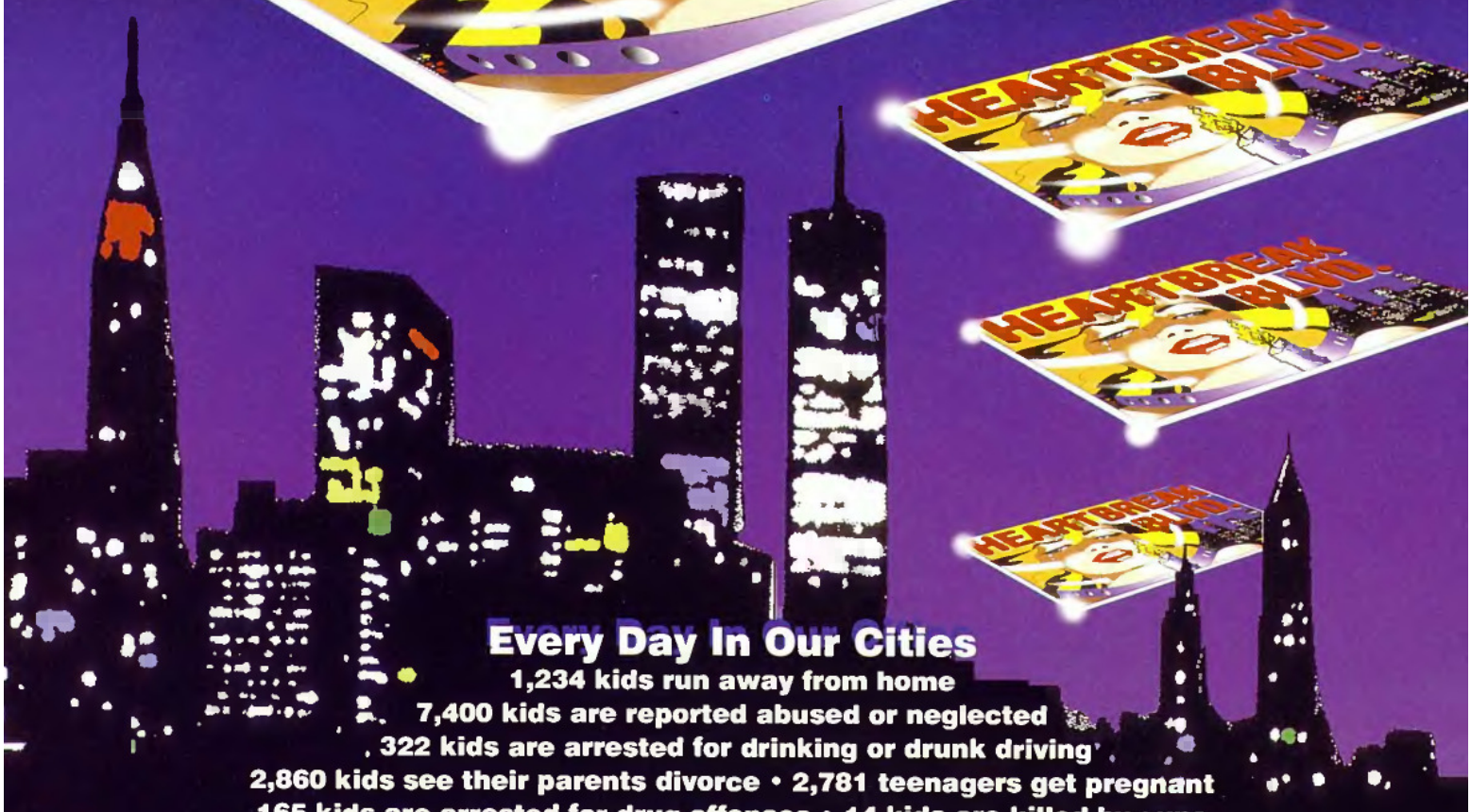
Pat ruffled Dad's hair and kissed his cheek. He kissed her right back.

I gave him a neck and back massage. He visibly relaxed. He started calling me honey and baby and telling me how beautiful I was, the only way my dad knew to compliment his girls. "How's your sister?" he even asked. His speech was reduced to familiar endearments, but the emotions were alive and kicking. So it wasn't goodbye at all. We were closer than we'd been since the chasm of my teenhood had opened up and left us fighting constantly for control of my life.

What if my mother had been a stronger woman? Even a feminist? What if she had worked, taken on at least part of his lonely burdens? Would he have had those tiny, tragic strokes?

I hugged him and kissed him goodbye. He hugged and kissed me back. Then he summoned his manly civility to say to Jay, "Good to see you. I'm sorry I didn't remember you before." And to me: "Take care of yourself, baby."

"IT'S YOUR LIFE...IT'S YOUR CALL"



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

One day when I was alone in my new girlfriend's apartment, I discovered a strap-on dildo in her dresser drawer. At first I was surprised, but that quickly turned to delight as I pondered the possibility of fulfilling my greatest fantasy: to make love to two women at the same time. Since then I have hinted at the idea of a threesome, but my girlfriend dismisses the idea, saying it would harm our relationship. I haven't told her that I'm aware of her toy because I don't want to ruin a great relationship. But I have to find out if she goes both ways. How should I do this? Should I forget it and let her tell me if and when she feels like it?—B. A., Oxford, Ohio.

No offense, but your sexual horizon needs expanding. Just because your girlfriend has a strap-on dildo doesn't mean she's been with other women. She may be using it on herself (see Patti Davis' compelling short story in this issue). Or she may have used it with a previous male partner. We even suggest—clear your head now—that she may want to use it on you. Whatever her preferences, don't tell her you invaded her privacy and found it. That will end any chance of interesting experimentation.

My 23-year-old girlfriend is bright and beautiful, but she has the most bizarre fetish. Once a month she drives us out to a secluded country road and becomes an aggressive driver. Nothing, and I mean nothing, turns her on more than burning rubber in her Camaro. She perspires profusely and quivers to the brink of orgasm just from the smell of burnt rubber. Once she's finished her session and while the tires are still smoking, we jump into the backseat and fuck until she exhausts herself. I love wild sex, but is it normal for a person to erupt in ecstasy from the sound of squealing tires?—C. D., Vernon, British Columbia.

The road to arousal is littered with shoes, leatherwear, latex and underwear. Now add skid marks. As long as her path is clear, we say, "Go, speed racer, go."

During a recent holiday in Hawaii, my wife decided to surprise me by slipping two squares of chocolate into her vagina. The idea was for me to remove them with my tongue. This would have been great, because I love chocolate, but the candy melted before I could retrieve it. Consequently, my wife had discomfort for the rest of the day and night. My questions are: Could chocolate cause problems in the vagina? Do you know of any chocolate products that would not melt quickly?—P. S., Butte, Montana.

Chocolate isn't toxic so it shouldn't pose any serious health risk, but it can be irritating. Another product you might try is Tom and Sally's Chocolate Body Paint. According to the label's directions: "Heat to 98.6 degrees, apply liberally and let your imagination run free." To order, call Tom and Sally's Confectionery in Vermont at 800-827-0800.

I'm the recently divorced father of a cute and good-natured three-year-old girl. I never had a problem dating before I was married, but my work and lifestyle prevent me from socializing the way I used to. Lately, I've noticed that when I'm out running errands with my daughter, many attractive women will notice us, smile warmly and compliment her. While I see this as a good opportunity, I don't know how to respond. I've never been overly bold or quick with a line. How can I let someone know that Dad is interested and available?—A. R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

You can't make it all the way into the bedroom with your opening line, so relax a little. If a woman approaches you, talk about your child. In such a situation, no adult worth knowing will expect the undivided attention that characterizes real flirtation. Your goal is to let the new acquaintance know that this child has divorced parents. That's not all that difficult. If the situation is promising, it will develop its own energy.

I recently bought a hair clipper. One evening I took it into the bedroom and asked my wife if I could trim her pubic hair. She was all for it and had an orgasm soon after I began. I have been trimming her ever since, and our sex life has improved. The problem is that my wife now wants to give me a trim. I gang shower after work every day. How would I explain my clipped pubic hair to my buddies? She says if she can't do it to me, I can't do it to her anymore.—C. B., Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Go ahead. She's not asking to shave you bald. The advantage of a neat trim is that it will make your penis look larger. So anyone who might comment will be intimidated into silence. We doubt your co-workers will notice a minor trim anyway, but if they do, just say, "Hey, what are you looking at?"

Please help my co-worker and me settle an argument. We each wear a suit and tie to the office. I maintain that it is proper to wear an undershirt. He believes nothing looks worse than a visible white undershirt. I think nothing looks worse than underarm stains. Who's right?—T. L., New York, New York.

We here at fashion police headquarters eschew undershirts beneath dress shirts, especially white shirts. The geek factor works against looking sharp. Save T-shirts for weekends to wear under strong fabrics such as denim and chambray.

My girlfriend and I are in our early 20s and have great sex and a nice relationship. My problem is I can't accept that I'm not the first guy in her life. When she told me she wasn't a virgin, I was OK with it. But when she described her sexual experience, I felt differently toward her. She says it's beyond my control and to let it go. But I am especially reminded of it when we make love. I love her very much but can't accept her past. What should I do about this hang-up?—R. J., Trenton, New Jersey.

Loving her means that you need to accept her past. At least you recognize that this is your problem, not hers. It is likely that you have great sex because she wasn't a virgin when she met you. If you don't want to limit your sex life to virgins, you'll need to lighten up. After all, it's her past.

A friend tells me that there are men on the sets of porn movies whose job is to keep the female stars hot. He says they are called fluffers. Is this true? If so, how would one get a job like that? Sounds like great work to me.—A. M., Morgantown, West Virginia.

Put away your résumé—your friend has it exactly wrong. This probably would not qualify as your dream job. Fluffers are female groupies, more or less, whose considerable skills at fellatio enable actors to maintain erections for their scenes.

One of my former girlfriends recently died under mysterious medical circumstances. Rumor has it that she may have contracted AIDS. The last time

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

I made love with her was about seven or eight years ago, unprotected. Should I worry? Should I be tested for HIV, or has enough time passed?—B. P., Brooklyn, New York.

What's easier, confirming the rumor that she died of AIDS by prying into her medical history or getting tested? The choice is yours. The odds that you contracted the virus from her are remote, but knowing will decrease your anxiety. You owe it to your current partners to find out.

Where would one dispose of unwanted or used sex toys? Certainly not at the Salvation Army.—B. W., Waterford, Michigan.

Wash them carefully and then throw them in the trash. We haven't heard of any vibrating landfills yet.

I take after my Irish father and Italian mother, who are both extremely hairy. My new lover had an awesome, excited first reaction to my winter growth of pubic hair. It is not only extremely long but also goes up to my navel and down the front of my thighs. Last summer he talked me into wearing a bikini to the beach, even though my hair shows. Because of his fixation, he will not allow me to trim myself. I love the attention, but at times I feel gross and wish I could trim it. The choice is between having to endure the stares and risking the loss of my lover. Now he's flying me down to a resort where he owns a villa, and I'm afraid that will be more of the same. Do you think I am overreacting?—K. W., Boston, Massachusetts.

Bring along a shaving brush, soap and a razor. Ask him to give you a complete trim. Then we'll talk about awesome reactions.

Last weekend when my girlfriend and I were driving to the beach, some dolt rear-ended us in a traffic jam. He couldn't have been doing more than five miles per hour, but it caused $600 in damage to my bumper. His insurance paid, but if I ever hit somebody, I'd like to think I could get away with a five-mph mistake. Aren't bumpers designed to prevent this kind of low-speed damage?—G. T., San Francisco, California.

Not all bumpers grind alike, especially since the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration relaxed bumper standards in 1982 from 5 mph to 2.5 mph—the minimum speed at which bumpers must escape unscathed in crash tests. The reasoning was that lighter, weaker bumpers would save gas. Automakers who lobbied for the change knew they would also be cheaper to produce. And while some cars have stronger bumpers than others, only three states—California, Hawaii and New York—require automakers to reveal what their bumpers can withstand. Be warned: More expensive models don't necessarily have more protection. In five-mph crash tests of nine 1993 cars conducted by insurers, the most expensive, the Toyota Camry, performed worst. Repair costs were usually in the hundreds of dollars. But anyone who has traveled America's highways knows that most people ignore damaged bumpers until the damned things fall off.

I am an 18-year-old female college student who has always thought of herself as straight. (My sexual experience has been limited to a few clumsy attempts at fellatio and cunnilingus). I recently met a woman at a club, and she was flirtatious with me. I thought it was just an act, but as we stepped off the dance floor, she pulled me into a corner and started kissing me. I was in kind of a haze, but I enjoyed the kiss. She suggested going to her place, where it got really hot. We have since gone our separate ways, but I find myself fantasizing about women, not men. Could I be gay without ever having had sex with a guy?—Y. N., Gainesville, Florida.

Your experience with this woman left you with strong memories. The sex was vivid; heat is heat. Although you could be gay, a single episode usually does not determine your sexual preference. Right now, your sexual fantasies are living off what you know. (It's a no-brainer—do you dwell on clumsy sex or incredible sex?) Keep experimenting. You'll know it when you find it.

Does cologne go stale as it gets older?—S. K., Santee, California.

Once a bottle of fragrance has been opened, its character begins to alter slightly. Exposure to direct sunlight and heat can also cause changes. If you don't use cologne often, buy a small bottle and make sure it's tightly capped to help the fragrance maintain its original scent. Keep it in the refrigerator where it's dark and cool.

How can I get my wife to go without wearing underwear once in a while? Sometimes she'll sit in a position that enables me to see halfway up her dress, knowing it turns me on. How can I persuade her to loosen up?—T. R., Hanover Park, Illinois.

Couple the request with something romantic or semiprivate, like a candlelight dinner in your living room. If she sees the terrific power that has for you, the possibilities should increase from there. If she's afraid of that simple sexual step, your problems have little to do with underwear.

My girlfriend and I have been dating for some time. We are not having intercourse. She says she doesn't want to lose her virginity until she's married, which I can respect. But she has a roommate who, through plenty of horror stories, has disgusted my girlfriend completely with the thought of fellatio. My girlfriend goes to great lengths to get me to perform oral sex on her, but she will not go near my penis with her mouth. What should I do?—B. D., Norman, Oklahoma.

Does the term "move on" mean anything to you? The words horror and oral sex do not belong in the same sentence. Given her unwillingness to reciprocate, coupled with virginity in a long-term commitment, you have a clear message to work on a new relationship.

I am curious about how circumcision affects the length of time it takes a man to reach orgasm. Is it true that exposure of the head of the penis results in decreased sensitivity? Does it take longer for a circumcised man to come than one with a foreskin? Have any studies been done?—C. K., Lincoln, Nebraska.

According to "The Kinsey Institute New Report on Sex," circumcised men believe they might last longer with the foreskin intact. An equal number of noncircumcised men believe they might last longer without the foreskin. Unfortunately, there is no medical proof that either condition improves endurance. We are all excitable boys.

What is the proper shape for a champagne glass these days?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

For many years, the saucer-shaped glass was synonymous with champagne. Indeed, the shape gave rise to the description of champagne breasts. Now, if you used the phrase to praise a woman, you'd be in serious trouble—the shape has changed. Today, connoisseurs debate the merits of the tall, narrow flute versus the tulip-shaped glass. Some even use a white-wine glass in emergencies rather than settle for a saucer-shaped glass. Find a style you like and enjoy.

My pharmacy carries the usual selection of condoms—one size fits all. But all men are not created equal. Standard-sized condoms do not offer me the best protection. I have called a few pharmacies and they said that only one size is made for the U.S. market. Where can a less-endowed person buy condoms?—A. S., Seattle, Washington.

Two brands designed for "smaller" men are Exotica Snugger Fit (from Europe) and Beyond Seven. If you can't find these locally, call the toll-free number for Condomania (800-9-CONDOM). This company operates several condom stores nationwide and does a busy mail-order business. Good luck.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

LAWYERS: A MODEST PROPOSAL

solving the problem of american justice

By GEOFFREY NORMAN

Clearly, America has a problem with its legal system: By the year 2000, we will have a million lawyers. Most people agree there are too many lawyers. In one poll published by the *National Law Journal*, 73 percent of those asked said as much.

So how do we go about cutting back? You cannot shame people into not practicing law. No matter how many lawyer jokes the rest of us tell, the law schools are still packed with people whose goal is to make a lot of money or to find a way into politics or, God forgive, both.

How many of them decide to become lawyers for the bucks? For the sake of argument, let's just say lots—maybe most.

Obviously, then, the way to reduce the number of attorneys is to take the big money out of lawyering. Economists call this reducing the incentives, though you don't have to be an economist to understand why it works.

Lawyers might stomp their feet and stick their fingers in the air and insist that it's illegal, unconstitutional, unfair and downright chickenshit to deny anyone in America the opportunity to sell his or her services to the highest bidder. The response to that is, "Yeah, it might be. But you clowns do it all the time."

The lawyers in Congress, led by the first lawyer of the land—Hillary Rodham Clinton—are busy putting together a package of laws that will tell doctors, pharmaceutical companies and insurance firms how much money they are allowed to make. If the lawyers in Congress can tell doctors what they are allowed to charge for appendectomies and triple bypasses, then there is no moral reason why there shouldn't be a fee schedule covering everything from an uncontested divorce to a hostile takeover.

But a simple fee schedule would not work with lawyers. Not in a million years. Not even if Joseph Stalin himself came back to life to enforce the rules. These are lawyers, remember. It is the way they are trained. Divorce lawyers in New York are actually fighting a reform in the ethics code that would require them not to have sex with their clients.

Lawyers depend on the legal system for their jobs and their fees. But the legal system is not a business in the sense that Chrysler is a business.

The legal system needs jurors and witnesses. If you are called to serve jury duty, you have no choice. Likewise, if you are called as a witness, you must appear. Jurors and witnesses may be paid, but they cannot say, "No thanks, you keep the money. I have better things to do."

Lawyers could not do their jobs without the help of conscripted labor—yours and mine. They also depend on a vast civil service apparatus—clerks, stenographers, bailiffs, police officers, prison wardens and so forth—to keep the system working. The wages of these people come from taxes, which are not optional. Then there is the physical plant that lawyers require—the courthouses and courtrooms and jails. All of these are built and maintained at public expense. Lawyers, then, do not do their work in a free market. Maintaining a nation of laws is expensive, and everyone should share the costs. Why should one class of legal experts—priests almost—make itself rich and powerful by manipulating this common trust?

The answer to America's problem is simple: Cap lawyers' incomes. The chief justice of the Supreme Court has a salary in the low six figures. No one should be allowed to earn more from the practice of law than the chief justice. The IRS would audit the returns of all members of the bar.

The benefits would be enormous. Trials would be shorter. Some lawyers would earn the maximum allowed in a week or two, then take the rest of the year off. They might even look for socially useful work. When the high contingency fees vanish, insurance rates would plummet, diving boards would reappear at municipal swimming pools, the price of ski-lift tickets would be slashed and, while flowers might not bloom spontaneously across the slums of the land, you could plant one without worrying about being slapped with an injunction. Enrollments in law schools would shrink as bright kids with money lust decided to become Hollywood agents or lobbyists for the phone company. With fewer lawyers around, more people who have done honest work would be elected to Congress. The U.S. might slowly become, again, a nation of laws rather than a nation of lawyers.

Only lawyers would suffer, and then only in their wallets. But they wouldn't have to listen to any more jokes at their expense.

READER

CORNUCOPIA

As attorney for the seven artists whose *Pornimagery* exhibit was dismantled by University of Michigan law students in October 1992 ("Dangerous Art," *The Playboy Forum*, March), I'd like to add a few sobering thoughts about the implications of this censorship episode. Ted Fishman reported that student interference forced curator Carol Jacobsen to take down the show, which the students had commissioned, largely because of fears expressed by speakers at a simultaneous symposium on prostitution. These fears were that the artwork contained "pornography," which would get men in the audience "pumped" and thus lead to sexual harassment and possible assaults. The real reason for the students' action, as some of them later admitted to the media, was that several speakers refused to continue with the symposium unless their censorship demands were met. These speakers were some of the same people who had insisted that they would not participate in the symposium if opposing views on the prostitution issue were heard. The students allowed themselves to be manipulated twice by these latter-day proponents of thought control—first by agreeing to sponsor a one-sided symposium, and then by acquiescing to the censorship demands. The latter act gagged the one opposing viewpoint that did make its way onto campus: the *Pornimagery* exhibit. Unfortunately, these students are not atypical. The question is why they, and other young people, are so contemptuous of free speech and so easily seduced by Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin's highly charged rhetoric, which blames sexual imagery for misogyny and sex discrimination and refuses to hear the voices of women who explore sexuality in their work. After the censorship, a deafening silence descended on the University of Michigan. In the face of this apathy—and of a law school administration that refused to acknowledge the wrong that was done—it was no small victory when the artists won a settlement of all their legal claims, including an agreement to reinstall the show. Credit for this victory is due not only to the persistent and principled curator, Carol Jacobsen, but to the many feminist and free-speech groups that helped publicize the incident and sent letters of protest.

Marjorie Heins
ACLU Arts Censorship Project

Ted Fishman's analysis of the free speech battle at the University of Michigan Law School was of particular interest to me since I am the artist whose use of sexually explicit imagery seemed to trigger the controversy. I am thankful that Fishman devoted so much space in his article to descriptions of my work, but I am not surprised. My video *Portrait of a Sexual Evolutionary* was the sexiest of the five videos that were censored, and being a former porn star still into glamour and makeup (a "fucking feminist," if you will), I was one whose image is most easily understood in terms of *The Playboy Philosophy*. But what I feel was not so readily understood nor described in the piece was the tremendous role that curator Carol Jacobsen played in this year-long battle. There would have been no reinstallation of the exhibit, no opportunity for 1000 people to see the show, no national alert and unification of free-speech groups and prostitutes' rights groups on this issue if Jacobsen had not stood her ground and encouraged all of us artists to stand with her. It has been said that the best publicity an artist can have these days is to be censored. But until the incident at Michigan, I did not realize that the statement is only partially true. Unless the artist fights back, the art is lost, at the very least for that moment. Fighting back takes courage and perseverance and rage, all of which Jacobsen has in abundance. In the article, Fishman describes her in purely physical terms and leaves the spiritual untouched. Jacobsen comes from the no-frills world of art and academe, but she delivered karate chops to the law dean and the good-old-boys network that were worthy of Emma Peel at her most vicious. She organized us, her sister artists and prostitutes' rights activists, with the passionate determination of Miss Mona standing up for her rights and those of her girls. Carol Jacobsen may dress in a casual shirt and slacks, but she stands tall for the naked truth with a grace and elegance to which all of us should aspire.

Veronica Vera
New York, New York

FOR THE RECORD

DON'T STOP

"Close your eyes for a moment and remember the last time you had an orgasm. At the moment of climax, how many of you were thinking about a lovely walk on the beach, or a bouquet of balloons? Be honest. Beach walking is a really nice romantic fantasy, and so are sunsets, dinners for two and a bearskin rug in front of a blazing fireplace. But as erotic fantasies that get us off, they don't often come up. The highest levels of arousal are reached with thoughts that frighten us, anger us, overwhelm us. What is awful, what is forbidden, what is taboo, what is dreaded, is exactly what is erotic—up to a point."

—SUSIE BRIGHT, FROM *Herotica 3: A Collection of Women's Erotic Fiction*

RESPONSE

Let me see if I understand Catharine MacKinnon's reasoning: Pornography bypasses the intellect and its only purpose is to elicit erotic arousal, so it should be banned by law. But that can't be right, because penises don't read magazines or watch videotapes. MacKinnon continues, "Having sex is antithetical to thinking." I don't see how that relates to banning pornography. Maybe we should ban sex. But if we do, then shouldn't we also ban the other things in life antithetical to thinking? Didn't anyone ever tell MacKinnon that the brain is the most powerful sex organ?

Tony Powell
New York, New York

I am proud to be a graduate of the University of Michigan, but I am ashamed of Catharine MacKinnon and her students. Censorship is censorship, regardless of the motives behind it. To me, true feminists are for freedom of speech and expression. Who would trust a woman who agrees with anything the Moral Majority does? MacKinnon's theories reduce men to unthinking animals and women to helpless children. She and Dworkin are no different from the Victorians who thought women had no sexual feelings and should undertake the task of keeping evil men in line. I am a feminist, but I think these women give feminism a bad name. Feminism will succeed only if it recognizes that women and men have both sexual and intellectual sides.

Sarah Hauck
Muncie, Indiana

We are writing in response to James Petersen's article "Tale of Two Studies" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Petersen portrays Wendy Stock as a puritan who is antisex, antisensuality and against the sexual empowerment of women. This is a gross misrepresentation of what Stock stands for. Stock opposes the depiction of women in ways that cause them harm. Depictions of women being raped, mutilated, humiliated or denigrated in any way are not what Stock would consider to be empowering. She is not antagonistic toward sexually explicit material that portrays a mutual relationship between love partners and would surely applaud the sense of empowerment experienced by the stunning blonde woman Petersen refers to in his article. Petersen's representation of the pornography workshop as antithetical to the erotica workshop simply does not make sense. Erotica is the apple and pornography is the lemon—they cannot be compared. Petersen seems incapable of advancing his argument in favor of pornography without resorting to the language of propaganda. His inflammatory description of the young men in the *20/20* segment implies that any male interested in women as anything other than objects must be a "pointy-headed, wet-behind-the-scrotum" boy not even capable of masturbating. This kind of emasculation of men for their ideas is a powerful form of persuasion but has no real substance. If there is an argument that supports the degradation of women in any form, and PLAYBOY wishes to put it forth, one would hope for a more intelligent presentation than that offered. There is, however, one point on which we do agree—"No wonder America is fucked."

KEVIN POPE

Shirley Fuller
Sheilah Siegel
Janelle White
Laura Monschau
Maitri O'Brien
San Jose, California

Petersen responds: Gee, you wouldn't be students of the misrepresented Dr. Stock, would you? You claim that erotica is the apple and pornography is the lemon—that they cannot be compared. Wrong. When Stock did her study, she simply asked about "the acts depicted in pornographic pictures, movies or books." You know, the kind you see in the videos you rent or in magazines such as PLAYBOY, *"Future Sex" and "On Our Backs." In short, the same images used by the people who presented the erotica workshop that left the stunning blonde turning labia into multicolored butterflies.*

What we are really debating is the role of sexual images as sex education. Stock's position (as expressed by her loyal students) seems to be this: Any image that empowers men is porn, and any image that empowers women is erotica. You can wave the persuasive image of "women being raped, mutilated, humiliated or denigrated in any way," but that's not what most people see in porn. Do acts of intercourse or of oral or anal sex demean or harm women? Those of us who have had sex in the real world with free-thinking, fully consenting partners would say no. What have we seen in porn? We've seen enthusiastic sex, silent sex, teasing sex and improvisational sex. We've seen men surrender to skilled and aggressive women. We've seen men (and, on occasion, women) climax. We've seen leather, latex, feathers and riding crops. We've seen group sex, solo sex and sex with various foods. Are these images, many of which are produced by women, rape-sanctioning material? Nope. Masturbation-sanctioning material? Absolutely. Hot-sex-with-a-partner-sanctioning material? Say "Amen," somebody.

Have any of these images piqued our curiosity and led to experimentation? You bet. And indeed, Stock found much the same thing. Although her questionnaire sought to find and label possible harmful depictions of women, some 66 percent of the women in her study said they were curious about porn, 46 percent were amused and 33 percent were intrigued. Only 19 percent said they discovered new sexual behaviors—so we guess that 81 percent already knew about riding crops and dildos made of ice.

As for your defense of those pointy-headed, wet-behind-the-scrotum boys at Duke, you deserve each other. What bothered us most about the "20/20" segment is the notion of academics with a clearly antisexual agenda brainwashing sexual amateurs.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

THE POLITICS OF DESIRE

PART TWO

just when you think you understand sex, culture intervenes

By Pepper Schwartz

Sex has always fascinated me, in all its forms and freedoms. Our maleness and femaleness come from varied sources. We are creatures of both our culture and our DNA. I have studied homosexuality, bisexuality and heterosexuality for many of the same reasons some of my colleagues study other complex topics: There were unanswered—or unposed—questions. Examining sexuality is a moral imperative: Social injustices can occur because of faulty data.

Gay men have found a unique place on the continuum of desire that they claim is authentic. The sexual scripts they create offer a good way of looking at how desire is constructed. Traditionally, writers have described gay and lesbian sexuality either as a choice or as a genetic property. But many researchers who have studied homosexuality both before and after the start of the AIDS epidemic have changed their views of homosexual behavior. Male-male sexual contacts that were once viewed as models of male potential have become, at least in the research community, models of compulsive behavior. Homosexual desire is now viewed as obsessive—except, of course, in those who changed their behavior because of AIDS. Morality has seeped into researchers' pens.

As a sociologist I recognize that desire exists in a context. We do not sexualize people randomly. Social characteristics become generally approved, and subcultures accept norms of behavior and appearance—a "look." There was a time, for example, when most gay males in San Francisco looked alike. The gay community of Castro Street and the Haight in the Seventies had a costume—jeans and a flannel shirt—that helped make these men identifiable to one another. There were other looks, too. Both by generation and by class there were specific ways to appear gay.

Then the look changed. Before AIDS it was considered sexy to be gaunt; it is not hard to imagine why that look is less popular today.

Similarly, when lesbian feminism first emerged, the look to emulate was butch, or at least undecorated. Now the look has subdivided: Witness the emergence of lipstick lesbians. There has been a rethinking of lesbian sexuality, a rethinking of the nature of female desire.

Early lesbian feminists saw sex as almost a male trip. Sexual aggressiveness was reminiscent of the heterosexual battles they wanted no part of. Sexuality itself was guarded as an area that required one to proceed slowly and in an emotionally acceptable fashion. Many lesbians I interviewed ten years ago did not have sex with their partner on a regular basis. Not only was their desire modest, but it also faded over time. Sexual aggression, sex for the sake of sex, even frequent sex, was seen as a male model of sexuality that could be righteously resisted under the changed rules of lesbian life.

> "Sexual aggression, sex for the sake of sex, even frequent sex, was seen as a male model of sexuality."

We now have a group of younger lesbians who did not undergo the inhibiting socialization that affected their baby-boom counterparts. Their new attitude toward sexuality can be seen in such books as *Pleasure and Danger*, which describes the erotic possibilities of sadomasochism. They embrace impersonal sex, exhibitionism and sexual aggressiveness.

Ten years ago, Philip Blumstein, my co-author on *American Couples*, and I studied the quality and intensity of sexual desire among homosexual and heterosexual couples. While there were women who were intensely sexual and who could compartmentalize sex and there were men who could enjoy only monogamous sex, the majority of men and women were where you would expect them to be on this issue: Men enjoyed recreational sex and women embraced loving sex. I used to lecture that one of the main differences between male and female sexuality could be illustrated by the sexual conduct in gay baths or public rest rooms. The fact that gay men could think of and institute glory holes (holes in the wall through which one man puts his penis for another to perform oral sex) was to me an elemental difference between men and women. A woman would typically want at least the illusion of a relationship, at least the possibility of deeper attraction.

I was wrong. What has made me revise my thinking are the new lesbian sex clubs—everything the gay male baths were and more. The women who go to these clubs exhibit the kind of desire which we have categorically stated that women, and especially lesbians, do not have. I've been told that there is a lesbian club in Seattle with open orgy rooms and public displays of consensual S&M behavior (e.g., dripping hot wax on someone else's breasts). It is absolutely-no-questions-asked and no-commitments-made anonymous sex.

This is an example of female desire that most researchers have denied could exist. But why didn't we hypothesize that our culture—or a subculture—would offer good sociological reasons for such experimental, nonrelational sex between women? The women who go to these sex clubs have no more interest in the Antioch University "Mother may I" model of

Pepper Schwartz, a University of Washington sociology professor, is author of "Peer Marriage: How Love Between Equals Really Works" (Free Press). This article was adapted from an address to the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex.

incremental sexual activity than do most men. Do researchers unwittingly buy into cultural myths? If so, we are aiding the agents of social control in their efforts to tame sex out of existence.

Lately, the news has been full of debates on the actual number of homosexuals in society. Is it ten percent or two percent of the population? Because it's an easy way to catalog people, we count homosexuals on the basis of acts. But acts and desire are not the same. If we were to go into the hearts of men and women, how would we then code desire? I have a lesbian friend who seems to attract heterosexual women. They are always falling in love with her in the most innocent ways. Unaware that she's gay, they tell her that they dream about her, or they follow her around like lovesick puppies. My friend sees it as repressed desire, but the owner of that desire may see it as a deeply attractive friendship. Would a person with such desire be gay or straight?

It is important for epidemiologists to know the exact number of gays. It is also important for gay activists who want to establish as large a group as possible for purposes of lobbying and AIDS funding, and for other reasons. But the number tells only a small part of the story of same-sex attraction, and even less about desire.

Analysis becomes more complex when we try to quantify bisexuality. Just because bisexuals have sex with both men and women doesn't mean they all have the same desires. In the Seventies, Blumstein and I talked with a truck driver who would, after long trips, stop by a gay bar and have sex. According to him he enjoyed sex more with women, but men were more receptive. He felt that men were no more an object of desire than women, but they were convenient when the effort of seducing a woman was unlikely to pay off. How does he compare with a bisexual male whose style is to fall in love by the person rather than by the chromosome? Do they belong in the same category? Is it simply politics that lumps them together? Perhaps the categories monogamous versus nonmonogamous and emotional love versus recreational love would be more useful.

The social construction of desire also differs for married couples. In the heterosexual world, monogamy is preferred. There is only rare support for a nonmonogamous philosophy or appetite. Nonmonogamous desire is for the most part unacceptable, and it requires taking on a deviant identity.

Lesbians and gay men may support such nonmonogamy, but they do so with less influence from historical standards and less extensive costs than does the heterosexual community. Love is a high priority for many women who justify their sexual activities through love and attraction. For these women, nonmonogamy can be justified or explained through the absence of love. Its very occurrence indicates that love was not strong or pure enough in the original relationship. Desire is considered to be an effect rather than a cause. Thus, nonmonogamy is seen not as impure desire but rather as a response to the greater promise of love.

CAROLYN VAN HOSEN

Gay men have not had the same problem justifying desire. Their sexuality is unconfined by Judeo-Christian religious rules protecting paternity rights or kinship alliances. In fact, cross-culturally, there has been evidence to suggest that men are by nature nonmonogamous, including the institution of polygamy for those rich enough to be able to practice it. Acknowledgment of a shared concept of male sexual desire includes the toleration of prostitution.

Popular beliefs within the gay male community supported the model of the uncontrollable male appetite—or did until the advent of AIDS and the aging of the baby-boom generation. Now there is support for staying at home, for protecting one's partner. Gay sexuality is now described by many researchers as compulsive and destructive as opposed to unfettered or creative. Researchers who once celebrated gay liberation now open clinics to treat gay men "afflicted" with a "pathological" desire.

The politics of desire have changed greatly over the past few decades. No doubt they will continue to change. Researchers must start looking at all the data and stop pretending morality is science—or at least be aware of when they blend the two. When we call someone compulsive, let us acknowledge that it is a human trait, widely dispersed among our species. We have the natural capacity to overeat, overwork, overworry, overexercise—to overdo everything. Can desire, something so embedded in our species, be abnormal? It may be just one outlet for a common trait that expresses itself in numerous ways and that may be dangerous only situationally or in extremes. A man with an expansive sexual appetite would not have a problem if it weren't for AIDS. A person who overeats doesn't have to worry until his or her health suffers. These are magnificent desires. The sheer scope of a man who has thousands of partners—or thousands of sandwiches—is impressive. It may, of course, have immediate and specific consequences, but we should view these as researchers rather than as moralists.

In order for behavioral science to understand the politics of desire, it must do three things:

- Acknowledge the biology of our beast and do our research accordingly. Yes, we could construct a society in which there are no homosexual acts, but we could not construct one without homosexual desire.
- Understand the social constructs of our times and acknowledge how they shape our understanding of desire.
- Avoid presumptions and resist succumbing to the common dicta. Our goal should be to preserve our role as investigators, lest we dishonor our training by becoming unconscious agents of social and political control.

HOLLYWOOD ORGASM

a woman looks for reel sex

By MATTIE OLIVER

A lot of the sex in mainstream movies serves as unintentional sex education. And frankly, I'm worried. Fifteen minutes into *Sliver*, Sharon Stone takes off her clothes and steps into a bath. Within moments her calming soak is a white-water experience: She thrashes around, rolls from side to side, grimaces, claws at her own skin—all with a look so pained I figured she was trying to free her toe from the spigot. Wrong. She's masturbating! Why didn't I know this? Maybe because she doesn't appear to be having any fun.

The last time I saw a woman struggle so much with her orgasm was in one of the first blue movies I ever watched. It was the late Sixties, the film was illegal, and the star seemed to have lost the owner's manual for personal pleasure. With stuff like this, and the numb-jaw scene from *Annie Hall*, no wonder men thought it was hard work to get a woman off.

There's a lot of skin on the big screen now, but have we really made any progress?

Because I favor films about strong-willed women in stiletto heels who do not consider suicide to be the ultimate freedom, I polled friends and strangers. No subtitles, no porn. My video dealer steered me to the Lite Lust section, and I fast-forwarded through the pile of tapes looking for the good parts.

Henry and June is on a lot of people's lists. And, sure enough, it has nude acrobats, illicit affairs, beaux arts balls and Uma Thurman all but tying knots in cherry stems with her tongue. It also has a breathy, nonstop, complaining narration about how much work sex is. Please: No whining about sex. (No whining during sex, either.)

When people talk about *9½ Weeks*, their eyes light up. Kim Basinger's masturbation–slide show reclaims self-stimulation from its status as a consolation prize. (Faster! Faster! More slides! More art! Pay attention, Sharon Stone.) *9½ Weeks* has ice cubes, garter belts, stripteases, whips, blindfolds, cross-dressing, sex in public, in private, sex with strangers and with Jell-O. While there are no fewer than six on-screen orgasms (and lots of delicious, extended foreplay), Mickey Rourke imposes an emotionally dishonest brand of domination, humiliation and degradation on Basinger. In the name of love.

STEVE DIMINNO

For big, desperate orgasms, *Body Heat* still steams up the screen. (Kathleen Turner happens to play a strong-willed woman in high heels.) In the most wicked pas de deux since Fred MacMurray fell for Barbara Stanwyck's anklet in *Double Indemnity*, Turner tells William Hurt, "You're not very bright. I like that in a man." He throws the lawn furniture through her windows to get at her. Now that's foreplay.

In spite of an impressive catalog of pleasure and pain, Madonna's *Body of Evidence* could have been called *No Body Heat*. I'd trade the entire shebang for the moment in *The Ballad of Little Jo* when the heroine spies her Chinese handyman bathing and lust washes over her. Or the scene in *The Big Easy* when Ellen Barkin sneaks up on Dennis Quaid from behind. Reading these women's minds is much more interesting than watching Madonna slam Willem Dafoe against the hood of a car. I'm not knocking rough sex, but when did it change from sport-fucking to orgasms of the gladiators? For the real thing, check out the Jack Nicholson–Jessica Lange remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. The sexual tension will curl your hair; your nostrils will flare at the sex itself.

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There's virtually no man-to-man sex in mainstream movies. (Like Hollywood doesn't know about this.) In the

absence of a female love interest, guys are partnered with buddies. Or weapons. Or machines. Or missions. *The Crying Game* sidesteps homosexual love by multiplexing Dil's sexuality.

A lot of on-screen woman-to-woman sex happens so that a man can arrive and straighten out the confusion. *Basic Instinct* looks like a government education film about the dangers of sexual encounters of any kind. The men are middle-aged fools and the women are hypersexed and dangerous. Michael Douglas attempts to rescue Sharon Stone from the "vacuum" of lesbian sex. And this tough-minded, sex-positive, independent woman of means falls for this has-been who can't dance and makes love with his teeth clenched. Happens every day.

While most female body parts have been OK'd for viewing by the protective and fatherly Motion Picture Association of America, showing the penis remains taboo. (There is, however, a nice piece of penis parody in *sex, lies and videotape* involving a potted plant and a rigid wire plant hanger. It is impossible to describe and hilarious to watch.) Not that I especially want to see a penis in a movie. What I want is to believe that there is a penis. As in, where is his penis when you see a guy, nude, from behind? Taped to his leg? Is this more of the stiff dick myth? Is the bald avenger waving about in front of our hero like a divining rod, a homing device or a seeing-eye dick?

I saw a lot of the insatiable, dangerous woman. And while I'm all in favor of woman-initiated sex play, I have a problem with the denouement of these movies: The woman must die. Hollywood calls it *Fatal Attraction*, *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* or *Thelma & Louise*. At the ragged edge of contemporary femmes fatales, Sonia Braga's terrorist actually rapes Clint Eastwood's cop in *The Rookie*. It's a pretty arresting scene: She comes and Clint is relieved to get out intact. There's a lesson here. Hint: It's not that all women who boldly initiate sex are drug-addicted psychopaths who must be killed.

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In 1973, *Last Tango in Paris* showed the kind of anonymous, ferocious, confused sex a lot of us were having at the time. The sex in Louis Malle's *Damage* has this same feral, aggressive and quasi-dangerous quality. There's sex in doorways (and on countertops) in positions hardly missionary. It is forbidden sex, possibly the most exciting kind, and Jeremy Irons and Juliette Binoche couple as though their libidos are heat-seeking missiles. At one point he pounds her head, gently, against a stone floor as they come together. Not my idea of fun, but the sex underscores a nicely twisted story.

Contrary to all the hype, and in spite of the blister on my fast-forward finger, I didn't see a lot of good, graphic sexuality in the videos I rented. In part, that's because the sex act doesn't have much going for it in the way of plot: He's up. He's in. She's coming. He's coming. (It's Hollywood, remember?) Characters need things to do between the moments of ardor. Like solve murders, trade wives, kidnap kids, use wives as collateral, rob banks, make pizzas or, in *Ghost*, dance with the dead husband who is living in Whoopi Goldberg's body.

> *"Most popular filmmakers are distressingly fond of sex in the bed, in the missionary position, with white panties on the women."*

Most popular filmmakers are distressingly fond of sex in the bed, in the missionary position, with white panties on the women. Women are snakes, men are dogs. Surely, someone in Hollywood must be able to imagine what good sex is, even if they haven't actually had any.

Occasionally, hidden amid the anger and frustration and sensitivity competition that the battle of the sexes has degenerated into, I saw moments of tenderness, longing, vulnerability and humor. One was when Nicolas Cage seduces Laura Dern in *Wild at Heart* with a very passable Elvis impersonation. In bed, Dern tells Cage his cock is "sweet," and we believe her. Another is in *Sea of Love* when Al Pacino phones Ellen Barkin and asks her to meet him at a grocery store and to wear only high heels and a raincoat. And she does. Or when Dennis Quaid seeks out Barkin's pleasure center in *The Big Easy* and, to her surprise and his delight, finds it. Lucky woman, that Barkin.

Dirty Dancing and *Bull Durham* are pretty heady while being virtually sexless in the explicit sense. *Dancing* is foreplay with a backbeat; *Durham* is about baseball and garter belts. There are no glistening, throbbing parts and yet I love these movies because they stir the complicated dream-goulash of my first big crush, of being in control, of excruciating foreplay, of "long, slow, deep, soft, wet kisses that last three days" and the promise of hair-raising, furniture-rattling, Richter-rating multiple orgasms. With a man who respects me. It's that simple.

Holly Hunter and Harvey Keitel travel through that same territory in *The Piano*. Although we are shown naked bodies, it is much more than nudity. This film is about desire that leads to the kind of consensual sex that simultaneously consumes you and makes you brave. Hunter's character tries to initiate her uptight, upright prig of a husband into the soul-thrilling joys of sexual passion. His preference is the potentate's procreative poke, the lord and master's rightful claim to his wife's body. Small wonder she leaves him.

I'm hoping that the narcissistic display of fine, firm flesh in positions of exemplary sexual technique ("Yeah, but can you do *that*?") will finally become so boring on-screen that off-screen sex—in movie seats, in backseats, on the floor in front of the TV—will become inspired. It is, after all, a basic instinct.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CHEEKY RESPONSE

NEW ORLEANS—*Following an operation, a physician could not resist firing a surgical staple at the rear of a nurse who*

had bent over to count sponges that had been left on the cutting room floor. Understandably unamused by the staple-gun attack, the nurse (who received a jury award of $5000) implied there may have been a sexual harassment angle: She pointed out that the surgeon had not fired any shots at the "nice muscular man standing next to him in the operating room."

911? YOUR TAPE'S OVERDUE

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN—*Acquitted of obscenity charges in a jury trial, a video shop owner has billed the police nearly $8000 in overdue rental fees on the X-rated tapes that were rented by an undercover agent in 1991 and used against him in court. "Business is business," he said, arguing that the police should have to abide by the store's rules, too. The county prosecutor said he'd return the tapes but called the late fees "totally ridiculous."*

UNRAVELING JUSTICE

ATLANTA—*In 1992 the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit ruled that school prayer is constitutional if it is spontaneous and initiated and led by students. This has provided enough of a loophole that ten legislatures, mainly in the South, have been pressured by the religious Right to come up with one nonsectarian phrase after another to allow legalized prayer. The Right's goal is to create fallow periods in the school day during which prayer could "spontaneously" erupt. The latest euphemism—"a moment of quiet reflection"—made it through the Georgia senate by a vote of 51 to 2. The dissenters argued that the measure failed to define the reflection as prayer.*

LONE STAR LUNACY

AUSTIN—*Because Texas doesn't want its high school health textbooks to include definitions of the words semen, ejaculation, vagina and penis, publisher Holt, Rinehart and Winston decided to withdraw from the state's $7.5 million health-text market. Among the hundreds of revisions asked for by the Texas Board of Education are the deletion of drawings of the female reproductive system and breast and testicular examinations, comparisons of circumcised and uncircumcised penises and the abridging of discussions of sexual diseases. "Some of the mandated revisions are in opposition to the fundamental philosophy of our program and are potentially injurious to the students," asserts Holt's president in a letter to the education commissioner. Unfortunately, most of the other publishers involved are trying to comply.*

GOOD DAY, SUNSHINE

MIRAMAR, FLORIDA—*More than three years ago the Miramar police swooped down on Elaine Ott as she worked at a convenience store and arrested her for selling* PLAYBOY. *We're pleased to report that Ott has not only beaten the rap but obtained a settlement, which includes a letter from the city that "apologizes for the embarrassment caused and trauma you suffered" and wishes her "good health and best of luck in the future."*

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS—*The local Catholic Church, a former home of Father Porter—a priest who abused 28 Massachusetts children—is still making news. A cartoon in the Catholic diocesan newspaper depicted a psychiatrist's receptionist asking, "How much abuse can you afford to remember?" with the doctor's rate card listing $10,000 for abuse by a parent, $20,000 by a teacher and $30,000 by a priest. It added, "Specialty memories: price on request." Church officials have formally apologized to Father Porter's victims. Since Porter's arrest, the Catholic Church has paid almost half a billion dollars in damages and settlements.*

SAME AS THE OLD WAY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A federal appeals court continues to obstruct efforts of the Drug Policy Foundation and others to lift the ban on the medical use of marijuana. Ignoring the approval of the DEA's top administrative judge, the court upheld the Bush administration's 1992 decision barring doctors from prescribing marijuana, claiming an absence of "sound scientific studies." Arnold Trebach of the DPF said it would consider an appeal to the Supreme Court but that it is waiting to see how the Clinton administration responds.*

PERT PERPS

ZWOLLE, NETHERLANDS—*Authorities report that a gang of six women has been robbing marketplaces. Their modus operandi? They doff their blouses, and while*

everybody stares at their unconcealed weapons, accomplices empty the tills. The group has netted more than $5000 from three markets around Zwolle. Police, apparently, are having trouble getting useful descriptions of their faces.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

GUNS II

i stand corrected

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The National Rifle Association is right.

That's how I began my column on gun control in the March issue. My point was that the National Rifle Association was correct in calling the Brady Bill bogus. A mandated five-day waiting period prior to the purchase of a handgun will not reduce violent crime. California already has a waiting period of 15 days on all guns, yet the homicide rate remains higher than the national average.

As numerous readers have since pointed out, I copped out when I said, Let's ban guns anyway, because what have we got to lose? A lot, readers responded, and I must admit to being influenced by the more thoughtful letters.

First of all, I had used a hoary but misleading statistic employed frequently by advocates of gun control. This statistic asserts that a person who keeps a gun at home is "43 times more likely to kill a family member or friend than a robber."

This statistic first appeared in a report published in the June 12, 1986 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*. It was based on a small study conducted in one county in Washington State, and the data are more than ten years old.

This study did not make a case for gun control. The implication is that the guns are fired accidentally, killing a family member rather than an intruder. That is false. What the study said was that of the 43 gun-related deaths surveyed, 37, or 86 percent, were suicides. The evidence is quite clear that people who want to kill themselves will find a way to do so whether or not guns are available.

In Japan, where personal ownership of guns barely exists, the suicide rate is several times that of the U.S. When Canada enforced stricter gun control, suicides by gun went down but the suicide rate remained the same. Those so inclined jumped off bridges or recycled their car's exhaust.

Accidental gunshot deaths accounted for only one of the 43 deaths, compared with one intruder killed. But this still doesn't tell us whether the families who owned guns were safer, because the study ignored cases in which an intruder was wounded or scared away. The study also conceded: "Cases in which would-be intruders may have purposely avoided a house [in which the occupants were] known to be armed are also not identified."

Not to include estimates of crime deterred by the presence of a gun in the household rendered the "43 times" statistic more alarming than it is.

That is merely one example of how, as my letter writers pointed out, hysteria rather than logic fuels the drive for gun control. Basic to the hysteria is the notion put forth with increasing abandon by politicians that the nation has been experiencing "an epidemic of violence" that is intrinsically connected with the fact that Americans own more than 200 million guns.

The proposition is misleading on two counts. Most of America is no more violent than it was during the preceding decade. The alarming rise in violence is centered in our cities and is fueled by the poverty, alienation and consequent drug dealing of significant numbers of minority youth, not by the mere ownership of firearms.

One correspondent, Dr. Edgar A. Suter of San Ramon, California, puts it succinctly: "Although it has become quite fashionable to speak of an 'epidemic of violence,' analysis of recent homicide and accident rates for which demographics are available shows a relatively stable to slightly declining trend for every segment of American society except inner-city teenagers and young adults primarily involved in illicit drug trafficking."

That is one reason I am for decriminalization of most drugs. The killing in the inner cities is primarily caused by fights over enormous profits from the illegal drug trade.

Why doesn't someone tell the DEA fanatics and their allies about the law of supply and demand? While the government has systematically cut back programs that can train people in the ghetto for legitimate jobs, it has simultaneously created a growth industry in narcotics. And the rest of us, black and white, rich and poor, provide the profit margins when we become the victims of stickups and burglaries that feed the addicts' habits.

Violent crime is largely the work of a small group of habitual criminals so alienated from the normal reward system that they will kill, no matter the legal consequences—and with a rock if they have to.

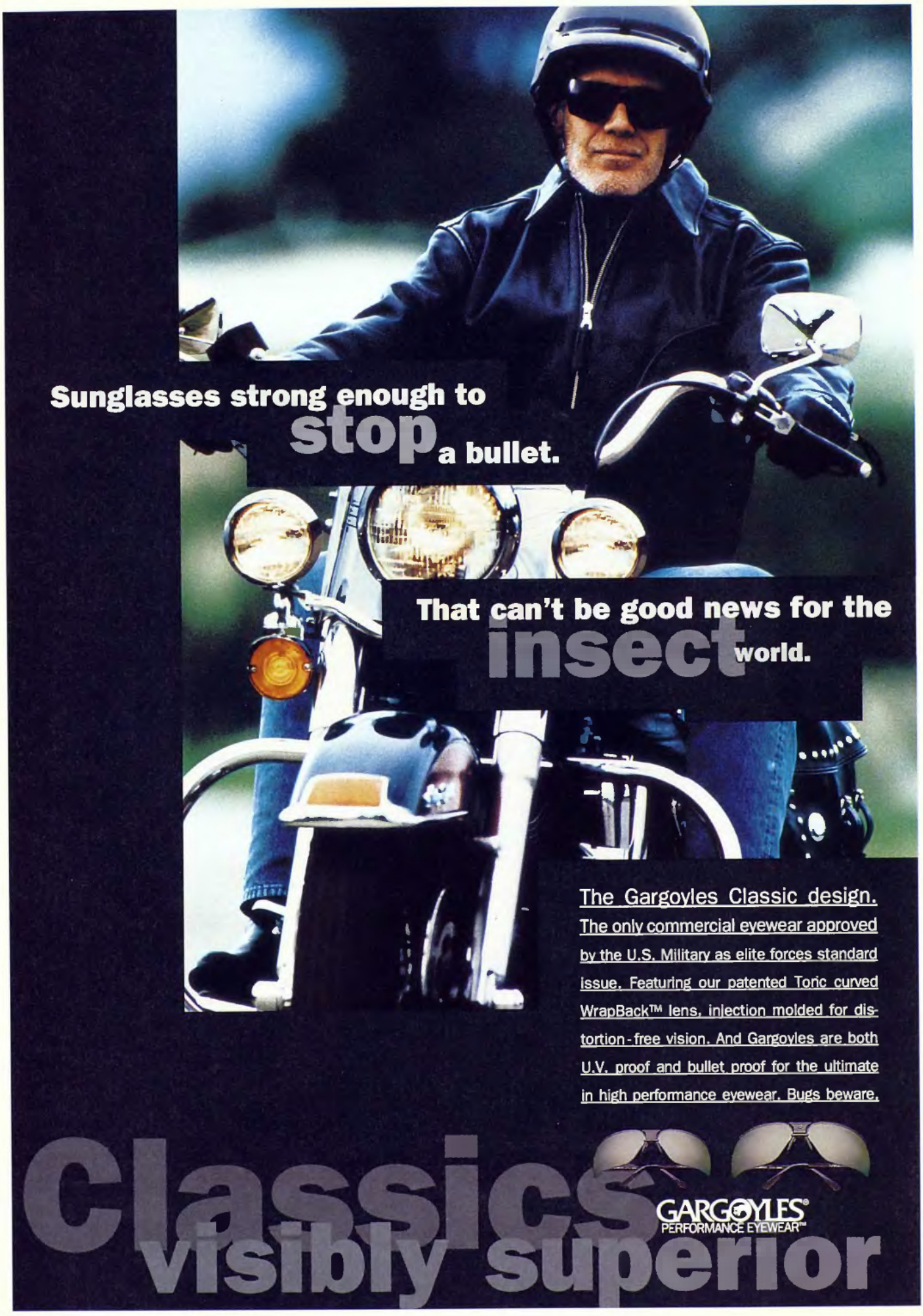
Guns are a scapegoat for a society that no longer believes it can solve basic problems. The growing enthusiasm for gun control is a cop-out because it blames social decay on a mechanical device—the gun. It doesn't deal with the disintegration of civilized life in the inner cities. It's the collapse of a work ethic, a lack of jobs and the breakdown of schools and families that leave crime as the only alternative for so many. At last count, one out of four young black males was a charge of the criminal justice system.

When it says that "guns don't kill, people do," the NRA is on to a basic truth. The problem is, the NRA doesn't go far enough. Where do these killers, often still children, come from? Don't give me the old one that it's the result of a permissive society that has coddled criminals. For the last decade, we have ratcheted up the minimum time served for violent and drug-related crimes. Now both the enlightened state of California and President Clinton are committed to "three strikes and you're out." It doesn't work. They've already started putting people away in Los Angeles under the new law and I haven't run into anyone who feels safer.

The prisons are already overcrowded. After we double the capacity and fill them, people may finally realize that imprisonment doesn't work.

The logical alternative is to spend the money now spent for prisons on schools, housing and jobs programs that would make the inner cities habitable. Ideally, the NRA should join me in advocating a real war on poverty, something this country has never waged, as an alternative to the hysteria over gun ownership as the source of crime.

Gun ownership obviously brings some peace of mind to tens of millions of Americans who no longer believe their government can protect them. This is a sad state of affairs, but the onus ought to be placed on the government for its failure to keep the peace—and not on a frightened citizenry.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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILL GATES

a candid conversation with the sultan of software about outsmarting his rivals (and his partners), revolutionizing television and why a billionaire eats fast food

A youngish man who looks like a graduate student sits on the floor of his unpretentious dormlike room, spooning Thai noodles from a plastic container. His glasses are smudged, his clothes are wrinkled, his hair is tousled like a boy's. But when he talks, people listen. Certainly no person on the campus can talk about the future, as he does, with the riveting authority of someone who not only knows what's in store for tomorrow but is a major force in shaping that future as well.

Yet this is an office, not a dorm room. And while everyone calls the complex of 25 buildings a campus, it's not a college or university. It's the sprawling Microsoft headquarters in Redmond, Washington. And the speaker is no grad student. He's William H. Gates III, chief executive and co-founder of the largest software company in the world, which made $953 million last year on sales of $3.75 billion. As Microsoft's largest stockholder, he's worth nearly $6.1 billion, making him this country's second wealthiest man and, at 38, its youngest self-made billionaire. (Gates' pal, investor Warren Buffett, is first, though they occasionally trade places depending on stock prices.)

"Microsoft's wealth and power just grow and grow," asserts "Fortune" magazine. "CEO Bill Gates could buy out an entire year's production of his 99 nearest competitors, burn it, and still be worth more than Rupert Murdoch or Ted Turner. Microsoft's $25 billion market value tops that of Ford, General Motors, 3M, Boeing, RJR Nabisco, General Mills, Anheuser-Busch or Eastman Kodak."

With size comes power. Microsoft dominates the PC market with its MS-DOS operating system—the basic software that lets the computer understand your commands and carry them out. MS-DOS runs on 90 percent of the world's IBM and IBM-clone computers. Microsoft has extended that presence with Windows, a graphics interface environment that runs on top of MS-DOS and will, according to Gates, replace DOS in future versions. Microsoft also supplies about 50 percent of the world's software applications: programs such as Excel (spreadsheets), Microsoft Word (word processing) and Access (data bases). It is also in the business of networking. And multimedia. And CD-ROMs. And books. And as an early supporter of the Macintosh computer, Microsoft virtually owns the Mac application market.

The future looks equally promising. Gates recently announced that Microsoft and McCaw Cellular Communications will form a joint 840-satellite global communications network. At the same time, Gates also acknowledged that he was in high-level negotiations with AT&T about a series of ventures that could include interactive television, online computer services and software. This is in addition to a previously announced joint venture with Nippon Telegraph and Telephone, the world's second-largest phone company, and with cable giant John Malone and his Tele-Communications, Inc. aimed at launching a digital cable TV network for computer users. Viewers would be able to interact with programs, download software and shop for products and services. Other partnerships loom as well, including ones with publishing companies and Hollywood studios.

Gates insists that Microsoft has to keep running full speed just to stay in place. But that hasn't stopped his enemies from engaging in constant Bill-bashing. His competitors accuse Microsoft of unfair business practices, and his allies consider themselves fortunate to be on his good side. Given the fluidity of partnerships and strategic alliances in the computer industries, today's friends could easily become tomorrow's

"The Wallet PC is a futuristic device. Instead of having tickets to the theater, your Wallet PC will digitally prove that you paid. It's our vision of the small, portable PC of, say, five years from now."

"If we weren't still hiring great people and pushing ahead, it would be easy to fall behind and become a mediocre company. Fear should guide you, but it should be latent. I consider failure on a regular basis."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"We bet the company on Windows and we deserve to benefit. It was a risk that's paid off immensely. In retrospect, committing to the graphics interface seems so obvious that now it's hard to keep a straight face."

foes—and vice versa—if Gates thinks it advantageous.

Nor is Gates immune from official attack, as evidenced by a three-year Federal Trade Commission investigation into possible monopolistic tendencies stemming in part from the success of Windows over IBM's OS/2—created in tandem with Microsoft. The FTC dropped the case but, uncharacteristically, it was picked up again, this time by the Justice Department. Gates insists "the hard-core truth is that we've done nothing wrong." But the investigation continues, and Gates has other problems as well. Microsoft recently lost a $120 million lawsuit filed by Stac Electronics and is planning an appeal. Stac claimed Microsoft's Doublespace hard disk compression utility infringed on its patents for Stacker, the compression utility Microsoft had originally wanted to include with its new versions of MS-DOS. (It's worth noting, though, that Stac also had to pay Microsoft $13 million in damages for misappropriated trade secrets.)

Gates is part scientist, part businessman—and he's surprisingly good at both roles. If he's not flying off somewhere (he often travels coach despite his wealth), his day is an endless series of meetings. Gates cruises the Microsoft campus at a breakneck pace to check on the progress of his young, idealistic and fiercely competitive programming jocks—"Wired" magazine calls them "Microserfs." He listens to presentations, praises some ideas and criticizes others as "the stupidest thing I've ever heard."

Since founding Microsoft in 1975 with Harvard pal Paul Allen, Gates has been described as everything from a capitalist brainiac to a plain old nerd. "The New Yorker" wrote: "To many people, the rise of Bill Gates marks the revenge of the nerd. Actually, Gates probably represents the end of the word nerd as we know it." Maybe that's why a software competitor and friend once called him "one part Albert Einstein, one part John McEnroe and one part General Patton." ("Must be somebody who likes me," mused Gates.)

Bill Gates was born into a well-to-do Seattle family. His father, William H. Gates II, is a prominent attorney. His mother, Mary, is a University of Washington regent and a director of First Interstate Bank. Hoping to alter young Bill's rebellious streak, his parents put him into Lakeside, an academically rigorous private school in Seattle. It was there that he met eventual business partner Paul Allen and discovered computers. Soon Gates was programming in his spare time and making money at it. He was in the eighth grade.

Gates entered Harvard in 1973, and dropped out two years later when he and Allen wrote a version of BASIC computer language that worked on the new Altair computer. He and Allen moved to Albuquerque, where the Altair was built, and started Micro-soft. In 1979, Gates and Allen moved the company, but not the hyphen, to Seattle. In 1980, when IBM turned to Microsoft in its search for an operating system, the modern PC era began in earnest.

Allen left the company a few years later when he was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease, but he has since recovered and reemerged. With his own Microsoft billions, Allen now owns the Portland Trailblazers basketball team, his own software company (Asymetrics), Ticketmaster and a large chunk of the America Online service.

We sent Contributing Editor **David Rensin** *to Redmond to speak with Gates. Rensin, who wrote our Bill Gates profile in 1991, reports:*

"A couple of years ago you checked in at Microsoft simply by giving your name to the receptionist. Now you type your name and destination into a Compaq notebook computer at the front desk and it prints out your building pass.

"However, not much had changed inside Gates' office since my last visit. A poster for the Russian version of DOS 4.01 had been replaced by a poster of Intel's Pentium chip. His coffee table had been cleaned up and the computer and monitor were different. Gates uses a Compaq 486/25 Lite notebook (he has docking stations at the office and at home) and is looking forward to getting a Compaq Concerto notebook. Otherwise, Gates doesn't have lots of time to tinker with the newest computer hot rods.

"When Bill is talking about computers, technology, business strategy, biotechnology, or his vision of the future, you're amazed at the amount of information in his head—and at his facility at sifting through it and drawing surprising conclusions. On his personal life, he can be somewhat defensive, reluctantly talking about his parents, his recent marriage to co-worker Melinda French and his life away from the campus.

"True to his reputation, Bill would rock furiously at times. Other times he would stand and pace or stare out the window. Once, as we were talking about his problems with IBM, he picked up a heavy ruler—some kind of paperweight or award—and slapped it repeatedly into his hand.

"I decided, at least for that moment, to stick with less controversial questions."

"I don't own dollars. I own Microsoft stock. So it's only by multiplication that you convert what I own into some scary number."

PLAYBOY: Let's start small. Explain the future.

GATES: OK. [*Laughs*] Today, the PC is used as a primary tool for creating documents of many types—word processing, spreadsheets, presentations. But by and large, when you want to find a document, archive it or transmit it, you don't really use the electronic form. You get it out on paper and send it. In the coming information age, access to documents, broadly defined, will be done electronically, just by traveling across a network that people now call an information highway. It's also called "digital convergence," a term popularized by John Sculley, and "information at your fingertips"—a term I use a lot. I'm quite confident this will happen. I could be wrong about how quickly.

PLAYBOY: How soon?

GATES: Optimists think three years. Others think ten. I'm a convert. I'm spending almost $100 million a year to build the kind of software that will help make this thing work, make it easy to use, protect privacy in the right way. I think it's possible that in three or four years we'll have millions of people hooked up.

PLAYBOY: Coming soon: a nation of couch potatoes?

GATES: You can already stay glued to the box. But this box is a facilitator. It can save time, which you can then put into the things you want to do. For a lot of people that will mean getting away from the box.

PLAYBOY: Besides finding documents, what will we be able to do?

GATES: Say you want to watch a movie. To choose, you'll want to know what movies others liked and, based on what you thought of other movies you've seen, if this is a movie you'd like. You'll be able to browse that information. Then you select and get video on demand. Afterward, you can even share what you thought of the movie.

But thinking of it only in terms of movies on demand trivializes the ultimate impact. The way we find information and make decisions will be changed. Think about how you find people with common interests, how you pick a doctor, how you decide what book to read. Right now it's hard to reach out to a broad range of people. You are tied into the physical community near you. But in the new environment, because of how information is stored and accessed, that community will expand. This tool will be empowering, the infrastructure will be built quickly and the impact will be broad.

PLAYBOY: What about those who say things won't change that much, that it's mostly blue-sky?

GATES: It's as blue-sky as the PC was six or seven years before it became a phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: How will Microsoft participate in the information highway?

GATES: The current interactive user interface doesn't consist of much. It doesn't have the shared information and the reviews, the niceties that will make people want the systems. Microsoft is

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spending a lot of money to build software that we think is better. It will run in the box in your home that controls your set as you make choices. We're involved in creating the much bigger piece of software at the other end of the fiber-optic cable, the program that runs on the computer, which stores the movie data base, the directory and everything else.

PLAYBOY: The mainframe?

GATES: The successor to the mainframe. But its speed and data capacity go beyond what's now used to do airline reservations or credit card data bases. Watching a movie doesn't require much computer power. You're just picking the information off the magnetic disc, putting it on the wire and sending it. But if you're synthesizing a 3-D scene—kind of a virtual reality thing—with 20 people in a multiplayer game, then you have some computation. Or say the president is making a speech. Everybody in the nation gets to push little buttons to say yea or nay, and gathering all that information so it can be displayed within a second or two is tricky. But it's all within the state of the art. You don't have to be a dreamer to know that the technology will not limit the construction of the information highway.

PLAYBOY: How will being able to respond directly to the president alter our system of government?

GATES: The idea of representative democracy will change. Today, we claim we don't use direct democracy because it would be impractical to poll everybody on every issue. The truth is that we use representative democracy because we want to get an above-average group to think through problems and make choices that, in the short term, might not be obvious—even if they are to everybody's benefit over the long term.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree?

GATES: Yes. When making choices, or setting policies about the economy, education or medicine, society is best served by electing people who are particularly hardworking, intelligent and interested in long-term thinking.

PLAYBOY: You're giving our current elected officials a lot of credit.

GATES: What we have may be less than ideal, but it's still better than direct democracy. Anyway, we'll no longer be able to hide behind the excuse that we don't have the technology to gather the opinions.

PLAYBOY: What else is Microsoft involved in? We've heard about software that can control washing machines, for instance.

GATES: [*Laughs*] The washing machine example is extreme, but people do sometimes kid us that we see an opportunity to sell our software in broad areas. We are involved in a new generation of fax machines that we think will be better and easier to use. And a generation of screen phones [a standard phone with a minicomputer] in which the typically cryptic buttons are replaced with a graphics interface. We're also working on software that runs in printers. We've worked with people on car navigation systems. And in the home environment, something you can carry in your pocket called the Wallet PC.

PLAYBOY: In your pocket?

GATES: It's a futuristic device unlike today's personal digital assistants. Instead of using keys to enter your house, the Wallet PC identifies that you're allowed to go into a certain door and it happens electronically. Instead of having tickets to the theater, your Wallet PC will digitally prove that you paid. When you want to board a plane, instead of showing your tickets to 29 people, you just use this. You have digital certificates. Digital money. It has a global positioning thing in it, so you can see a map of where you are and where you might want to go. It's our vision of the small, portable PC of, say, five years from now.

PLAYBOY: Do you use a PDA?

GATES: I carry a standard 486 portable machine with me whenever I travel, because I have my e-mail on it. I used one of the original Newtons for a week, and it's available if you'd like it.

PLAYBOY: What's your problem with it?

GATES: It was supposed to do handwriting recognition. But based on the initial product, people are skeptical about whether handwriting recognition really works. They did some nice technical work on the product. Unfortunately, it's not a useful device as far as I'm concerned, so it'll probably set the category back.

PLAYBOY: You've been meeting with people such as QVC head Barry Diller, Fox owner Rupert Murdoch, agent Mike Ovitz, John Malone of TCI and Gerald Levin of Time Warner to mastermind the future. Who sought out whom?

GATES: It's a good mix. Ovitz called me. He understands the opportunities of the new media. He thought it would be valuable to see how our visions meshed. He wants to make sure that when he's doing deals he's reserving rights for his clients in the best way. He wants us to think about licensing rights as we're doing titles.

PLAYBOY: That's what you can do for Ovitz. What can he do for you?

GATES: So many things. He can help us get the word out in Hollywood that we want to team up with people to do multimedia titles. Mike can help us create ways to explain how these new tools are the studio of the future.

PLAYBOY: We hear so much about Ovitz, but never from him. What kind of guy is he?

GATES: It's strange when you read a lot in the press about somebody before you meet him. I don't know that much about Hollywood and its dynamics, so when I read this long piece on Ovitz in *The New Yorker*, it made me go, Whoa! I better be careful. Actually, he's a pretty personable guy. And when you think about it, how could he be successful in that business without that kind of skill?

PLAYBOY: One might think he would be intimidated by you.

GATES: Sure. Not that I hoped for that. We've had lots of long dinners, and I went down and saw Creative Artists Agency. It's actually been almost two years since we first started talking with each other. We come from our own domains, where we're clearly hardworking, focused, quite successful. The issue is, what's the opportunity to work together? I've gotten to know a lot of these people over the past 18 months, and they are much more down-to-earth, practical, even humble, than you'd expect.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

GATES: Murdoch's a fairly quiet guy. Clearly brilliant, but quiet. Malone is straightforward in terms of talking about technology and strategy. He and I are damn similar. He worked at Bell Labs and understands both business and technology. We have a lot more in common than some of the other people these joint-venture things have exposed me to. I've met Diller several times. He came up here twice before landing at QVC, when he was just driving around and looking at the possibilities. He spent a lot of time here. He's a very sharp guy. He asked good questions. Not everybody loves him, but they all respect the hell out of him. Apparently he's a tough manager.

PLAYBOY: Meet any movie stars yet?

GATES: No. [*Pauses*] Actually, I did. I went to this Golden Plate thing where there were quite a few movie stars: Barbra Streisand, Dolly Parton, Kevin—what's his name?

PLAYBOY: Costner?

GATES: That's a mental lapse, just to completely embarrass myself. I talked to Michael Crichton quite a bit, but he's not a movie star.

PLAYBOY: Did any of the celebrities recognize you?

GATES: I don't think so. But some of the scientists did. And a lot of the kids did, because kids tend to use computers more.

PLAYBOY: They had no idea they were shaking hands with the second richest guy in America?

GATES: No.

PLAYBOY: By the way, how much are you worth at this moment?

GATES: Well, remember, I don't own dollars. I own Microsoft stock. So it's only through multiplication that you convert what I own into some scary number.

PLAYBOY: Are people more intimidated by your brains or your money?

GATES: Not many people are intimidated by either. Here at work we're all just trying to get a job done. My people have the confidence of their convictions and

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they know their skills. And that occupies most of my time. The people I buy burgers from aren't intimidated, either. [*Laughs*] We all suffer from being hyped up in the press. These markets are very competitive. When people say things like, "Bill Gates controls this" or "Malone controls this" or "Ovitz controls that," I hope people don't really believe it. Because every day we're saying, "How can we keep this customer happy? How can we get ahead in innovation by doing this, because if we don't, somebody else will?" If anything, people underestimate how effective capitalism is at keeping even the most successful companies on the edge.

PLAYBOY: Since you and Paul Allen started Microsoft in 1975, the company's capacity for renewal has been unerring and wildly profitable. If you could sum up the corporate ethos in one sentence, what would it be?

GATES: "Let's use our heads and think and do better software than anyone else."

PLAYBOY: How soon did it become more business than fun?

GATES: Pretty early, when I hired four guys and one of them didn't come in for a couple days. I said, "Damn it, we're not going to get this stuff done. People are going to be upset. I've got salaries to pay." Fun became a serious responsibility. Back then I used to compute how much software we had to sell each day. I was directly involved in everything. I knew at ten in the morning if I'd already sold that day's worth of software. If I had, then I wanted to take care of a week's worth of sales.

PLAYBOY: A true businessman.

GATES: I have to admit that business-type thoughts do sneak into my head: I hope our customers pay us, I hope this stuff is decent, I hope we get it done on time. The little additions and subtractions that one has to do. Take sales, take costs and try to get that big positive number at the bottom.

PLAYBOY: Do you dislike being called a businessman?

GATES: Yeah. Of my mental cycles, I devote maybe ten percent to business thinking. Business isn't that complicated. I wouldn't want to put it on my business card.

PLAYBOY: What, then?

GATES: Scientist. Unless I've been fooling myself. When I read about great scientists like, say, Crick and Watson and how they discovered DNA, I get a lot of pleasure. Stories of business success don't interest me in the same way.

PLAYBOY: How come you're not in a lab coat somewhere?

GATES: Part of my skill is understanding technology *and* business. So let's just say I'm a technologist.

PLAYBOY: If business is ten percent, how does the other 90 percent break down?

GATES: [*Blows a big raspberry*]

PLAYBOY: Come on——

GATES: This gets far too ephemeral and private. It is an interesting question, I will admit. But applying it to myself in a public way is probably——

PLAYBOY: But you brought it up.

GATES: I did. OK. Ninety percent to all other.

PLAYBOY: [*Blows raspberry*]

GATES: This percentage thing is too hard because you always forget something important. "Whoops, I forgot about my family." I mean, come on, this is too difficult.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe we found something too difficult for you.

GATES: There must be another metric to explain what I mean when I say that business is not the hard part. Let me put it this way: Say you added two years to my life and let me go to business school. I don't think I would have done a better job at Microsoft. [*Stands*] Let's look around these shelves and see if there are any business books. Oops. We didn't find any.

PLAYBOY: How do you define smart?

GATES: [*Rolls his eyes*] Oh, come on. It's an elusive concept. There's a certain sharpness, an ability to absorb new facts. To walk into a situation, have something explained to you and immediately say, "Well, what about this?" To ask an insightful question. To absorb it in real time. A capacity to remember. To relate to domains that may not seem connected at first. A certain creativity that allows people to be effective.

PLAYBOY: Whew. Are you smart?

GATES: By my own little definition I'm probably above average.

PLAYBOY: Why do some of your critics say you—and by extension, Microsoft—are not innovative, that you are evolutionary rather than revolutionary? Here's a quote: "Bill is just a systems guy who has been able to fund a wider range of me-too applications on the basis of one extremely lucrative product—MS-DOS—practically handed to him ten years ago by IBM. All he's done since is hang in."

GATES: [*Smiles*] DOS has been as much as 25 percent of our profit. But believe me, those profits go to the bottom line. If the company weren't profitable you could say, "Ah, DOS—they're using it to fund the other stuff." The fact is, everything is very profitable here. And we're doing so many innovative things now, even my harshest critics will never say that again.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps. But why did they say it in the first place—that, along with vision, luck, timing and an unrelenting need to win, you've succeeded by picking up the fumbles of your competitors? You were given the right to license MS-DOS by IBM because it thought the future was in hardware, not in software or operating systems.

GATES: [*Stands, paces*] So here's our management meeting: "Well, I don't know what we're supposed to do. Has anybody fumbled anything recently?" I mean, come on! "Hey, Digital Research: I hear they're fumbling something. Let's go do something there." What was the first microcomputer software company? Microsoft. The very first! Who were we imitating when we dropped out of school and started Microsoft? When we did the Altair BASIC? When, early on, we did CD-ROM conferences and talked about all this multimedia software? And who were we imitating when we did Microsoft Word? When we did Excel? It's just nonsense.

PLAYBOY: It's said that you have nothing less than industry domination in mind.

GATES: But what does it mean to win? If I were a guy who just wanted to win, I would have already moved on to another arena. If I'd had some set idea of a finish line, don't you think I would have crossed it years ago?

PLAYBOY: Do you want to dominate the software industry?

GATES: No. We're only healthy if the industry as a whole is healthy and thriving. Most types of software aren't appropriate for us to do. For those that are, we'll always have competition. It's so simplistic. Whenever a company is successful, people say it's out to dominate. Take Disney. It's a wonderful company, but there are people within the entertainment industry who wonder about Disney's goals. Or IBM's, when it was successful. People impute all sorts of ridiculous motives and plans.

PLAYBOY: Such as Disney being called Mauschwitz because of the tough deals they drive?

GATES: They do great products and they're good businessmen. In our industry, some people are afraid of us because we're so good. Outside the industry people say, "Wow! This software stuff is confusing. You bet I want to go with a company that's going to be around and has proved it has things that work together and are pretty good." Actually, that scares successful companies in the industry. You get a good enough reputation and you're like an incumbent.

PLAYBOY: And vulnerable to incumbent-bashing?

GATES: Yes. The industry press has been tough on us for as long as we've been the largest company. We're involved in setting some fairly key standards and people are afraid of us because they think, Geez, they are quite capable. It's daunting, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: You suppose?

GATES: One thing people underestimate is how markets don't allow anyone to do anything except make better and better products. There's not much leeway. The world is a lot more competitive than most people think, particularly in a high-technology area. If a company takes its eye off improving its products, if it tries to do anything that would be

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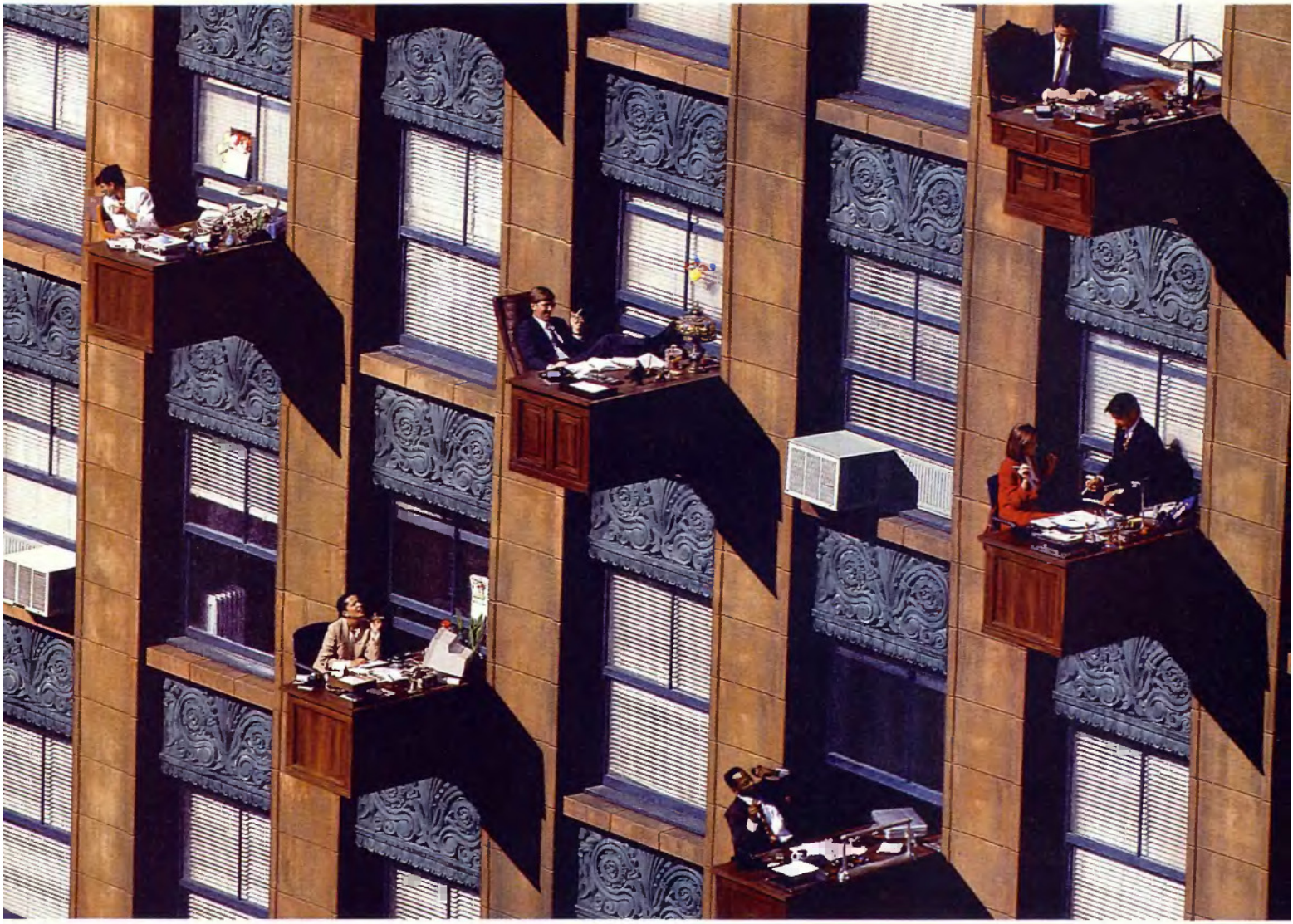

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viewed as an exercise of power, it'll be displaced very rapidly.

PLAYBOY: You're not suggesting you've never exercised your power.

GATES: OK, so we tried to get everybody to write software for Windows. If we discouraged people from writing software for Windows we would be hurting ourselves a lot.

PLAYBOY: And now Windows is so popular in the stand-alone-PC market that you've blown away competitors like IBM's OS/2 and HP's New Wave. Has Windows won?

GATES: If you define the term narrowly enough, you could say yes. Windows has a substantial share of the volume on DOS-based PCs. But we keep doing versions. And despite its current success, unless we keep the price low and keep improving the product dramatically, then it will be supplanted. Of course, we think there are enough improvements in the next version, 4.0, code-named Chicago, to extend Windows' success another couple of years. And then we'll have a version after that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an unfair advantage over your competition because your systems people—who do things like MS-DOS and Windows—exchange data freely with your applications programmers, thereby breaching the Chinese wall, the ethical boundary that's supposed to separate them? It's been an oft-repeated charge.

GATES: [*Strongly*] Chinese wall is not a term we've ever used. And companies often have more than one product. Kodak makes film and cameras, and those two parts of the company can work together. IBM makes computers, some peripherals, and software and applications. Ford not only makes cars, it makes repair parts. The day it thinks of a new car, it doesn't call in all the other repair-parts companies to build those repair parts. We're actually more open than any other company that has multiple products. We take lots of affirmative steps to help other companies. Naturally, our applications group is the most committed to Windows. In the early days they didn't hesitate when I said, "Hey, we're going to do Windows." Other companies did, even though we begged them to write for Windows. That gave us a leadership position, which we've continued to increase over the years. We bet the company on Windows and we deserve to benefit. It was a risk that's paid off immensely. In retrospect, committing to the graphics interface seems so obvious that now it's hard to keep a straight face. But the big beneficiary of the whole PC phenomenon has been the users. Individuals can now get these tools at very low prices. This is the market working exactly as it should. And yeah, that's been tougher on some producers, and it means we have to keep working hard. We can't rest for a second.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the recent government investigations. Last year the Federal Trade Commission concluded a three-year look into Microsoft's affairs. During that time many of your competitors complained about alleged Microsoft strong-arm business tactics and monopolistic practices. After two votes the FTC decided not to proceed with any action. Now the Justice Department has picked up the ball. Is Justice asking questions different from the FTC's?

GATES: It's the same stuff.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you just refer them to the FTC files?

GATES: That's millions of pieces of paper.

PLAYBOY: Did these investigations take you by surprise?

GATES: At some point, with the kind of success we've had, it's both expected and appropriate for one government agency to review what's going on in the industry. The fact that we have a second one doing it, sort of double jeopardy, is unprecedented. But fine, we'll go through another one. It may take many years.

PLAYBOY: Are you hoping that it takes many years?

GATES: No. It would be better if it were over soon.

PLAYBOY: What was the toughest part of testifying before the FTC?

GATES: No real problem. I was quoted once—I think the quote was misinterpreted—as answering the question "What's the worst case in your dealings with the FTC?" with, "Well, if I trip on steps when I'm walking in and break my head open, that's the worst case."

PLAYBOY: It does seem rather cavalier.

GATES: It does. What I meant was that you multiply low-probability events by their probability. That's how you judge them. You don't just take this one-in-a-billion thing and spend everybody's time elaborating on it. In any case, we had no problem with a company as successful as Microsoft, in an industry as important as ours, being looked at by a government agency to make sure we're competitive and that things work the right way. In fact, we spent three years providing the FTC with millions of documents and explaining our industry so that it could be sure the status quo was being maintained. That's perfectly legitimate.

PLAYBOY: Does the FTC have to go through all that trouble to understand your industry?

GATES: Yeah. It takes some time. But if it hadn't looked at the software industry, then the status quo still would have been maintained.

PLAYBOY: This also happened to IBM and AT&T, with the latter being broken up. Do you fear that?

GATES: No. The government decides when something's important enough to look into. Then it allows all your competitors to call it up and say, "Please hold them back this way. Please make it harder for them to create good products in this way. Please tell them not to compete with us anymore." Microsoft makes a little mouse, so we had these guys who make mice saying, "Why don't you tell them not to do mice. They do Windows and they do mice." Some guy who does Arabic software layers complained that he didn't like the way we were doing Arabic software layers. The government looks at all the mud that gets thrown up on the wall. We did have one competitor who launched a paranoid political attack against us with the FTC in an attempt to persuade the government to help it compete.

PLAYBOY: Everybody knows that was Ray Noorda, chief executive of Novell.

GATES: That was disappointing.

PLAYBOY: Careful word, "disappointing." Didn't it piss you off when you thought Noorda was working against you?

GATES: To the degree that he failed, we can be magnanimous about it.

PLAYBOY: Was the outpouring of negative sentiment hurtful?

GATES: No. This is a very competitive business.

PLAYBOY: You're blasé about it.

GATES: It's cheap for a competitor to pick up the telephone and say, in effect, Please hurt my competition in the following way. It's straightforward. It's absolutely to be expected.

PLAYBOY: Is there nobody you'd like to restrict or retaliate against? For instance, one of your most vocal critics is Borland chief executive Philippe Kahn. It seems he goes out of his way to attack you.

GATES: When we got into the Apple lawsuit, he said, "Oh, Windows—it's like waking up and finding out that your partner might have AIDS." That was his quote in *Time*. In another magazine, I think it was *Business Week*, he chose to compare us to Germany in World War Two.

PLAYBOY: And your response?

GATES: That was so extreme. I don't think it will mislead people in any way. People who do that discredit themselves. It's so outrageous and so offensive and inappropriate. Just think back to the Holocaust and all the tragedy. But what bothers me more is when facts are twisted so that people can't tell what's right or wrong. You won't find us ever doing anything like that with any of our competitors. Philippe is a smart guy. I've been critical of his company's inability to make more money, but that's something I do to his face. Everything I'm saying to you about Philippe, I've said to him directly.

PLAYBOY: Mitch Kapor, founder of Lotus, says Microsoft has won and now the industry is the "kingdom of the dead."

GATES: I have immense respect for Mitch. We've agreed and disagreed on many things but stayed friends through the years. After he said that, I saw him and asked, "Hey, Mitch, what was that?"

PLAYBOY: Had he really said it?

GATES: He has strong opinions, and I think that the remark was taken out of context. He's given us good feedback on our software for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Is Microsoft so big that you never go on the offensive?

GATES: Never. And as we move onto this information highway, believe me, most of the companies involved are far bigger than we are. We're dealing with the German telephone company and with British Telcom. We're dealing with NTT, the world's highest-valuation corporation. Are they going to compete with us? Work with us? We're a small, small company in that arena. There may be some point when we feel that somebody is using market muscle against us and wish we had a way to avoid it.

PLAYBOY: How long do you anticipate staying active with Microsoft?

GATES: At least for the next ten years, I see myself being in very much the role I am in today. Then there will be a point where somebody younger—probably younger—should be given the prime role here. I'd still have a role, but it wouldn't be as CEO.

PLAYBOY: Does depending on someone else's vision make you nervous?

GATES: No, I just have to pick the right person.

PLAYBOY: Would that have to be somebody like you?

GATES: No. You have to be open-minded. Somebody could do it differently and still do it well. You can't have this bias that they need to do things the same way. Of course, it'll be somebody who understands technology very well and has high energy and likes to think ahead. There are certain requirements.

PLAYBOY: Like your management style? We hear you're brusque at times, that you won't hesitate to tell someone their idea is the stupidest thing you've ever heard. It's been called management by embarrassment—challenging employees and even leaving some in tears.

GATES: I don't know anything about employees in tears. I do know that if people say things that are wrong, others shouldn't just sit there silently. They should speak. Great organizations demand a high level of commitment by the people involved. That's true in any endeavor. I've never criticized a person. I have criticized ideas. If I think something's a waste of time or inappropriate I don't wait to point it out. I say it right away. It's real time. So you might hear me say "That's the dumbest idea I have ever heard" many times during a meeting.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean when you say something is "random"?

GATES: That it's not a particularly enlightened idea. [*Sarcastically*] So how do you have a successful software company? Well, you get me and Microsoft executive vice president Steve Ballmer and we just start yelling.

PLAYBOY: Do your employees stand up to you?

GATES: Oh, sure.

PLAYBOY: In the beginning, why did you and Paul Allen decide to do only software—when everyone else was doing hardware?

GATES: Paul and I believed that software would drive the industry and create substantial value. And we understood it best.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Paul originally want to do hardware?

GATES: Hardware and software, and I thought we should do only software. When you have the microprocessor doubling in power every two years, in a sense you can think of computer power as almost free. So you ask, Why be in the business of making something that's almost free? What is the scarce resource? What is it that limits being able to get value out of that infinite computing power? Software. Another way to look at it is that I just understood a lot more about software than I did about hardware, so I was sticking to what I knew well—and that turned out to be something important.

PLAYBOY: Your big move into operating systems was when you did the 16-bit MS-DOS operating system.

GATES: We always knew that we were going to do operating systems, though we

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initially thought just high-end. When we were helping to design the original IBM PC hardware, the question was whether we would do the operating system.

PLAYBOY: And now MS-DOS runs on more than 90 percent of all personal computers, or about 100 million, and it made Microsoft. Was the partnership the key to winning?

GATES: Our restricting IBM's ability to compete with us in licensing MS-DOS to other computer makers was the key point of the negotiation. We wanted to make sure only we could license it. We did the deal with them at a fairly low price, hoping that would help popularize it. Then we could make our move because we insisted that all other business stay with us. We knew that good IBM products are usually cloned, so it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that eventually we could license DOS to others. We knew that if we were ever going to make a lot of money on DOS it was going to come from the compatible guys, not from IBM. They paid us a fixed fee for DOS. We didn't get a royalty, even though we did make some money on the deal. Other people paid a royalty. So it was always advantageous to us—the market grew and other hardware guys were able to sell units.

PLAYBOY: By 1986, DOS had won.

GATES: Right. Subsequently there were clone competitors to DOS, and there were people coming out with completely new operating systems. But we had already captured the volume, so we could price it low and keep selling.

PLAYBOY: Has DOS peaked?

GATES: I don't know. DOS continues to be sold on a high percentage of PCs. But within a few years it will be replaced by a next-generation operating system. This is a case where we're obsoleting our own product—I hope. Or somebody else will. Actually, it would have been obsolete some time ago if we hadn't come along with Windows and sort of built it on top of DOS, to renew its capabilities. The fact that we did that as an add-on to DOS allowed people to keep running DOS applications. We thought that would be of some benefit to people.

PLAYBOY: And to yourself. Perhaps to buy time.

GATES: No. People wanted to run their DOS applications. Believe me, it would have been a lot easier to write Windows so it didn't run DOS applications. But we knew that we couldn't make the transition without that compatibility. In fact, the next version of Windows further enhances our ability to run DOS applications.

PLAYBOY: What happened to IBM? According to one book, you supposedly told a group of Lotus employees—over too many drinks—that IBM would fold in seven years. IBM is still here, of course, but it's restructuring and streamlining. So you were partially right.

GATES: In this business, by the time you realize you're in trouble, it's too late to save yourself. Unless you're running scared all the time, you're gone. IBM could recover, but in terms of what it was, it'll never have a position like that again. It was during the glory years, its years of greatest profit and greatest admiration, that it was making the mistakes that sowed the billions of dollars of losses that came later.

PLAYBOY: What were those mistakes?

GATES: The idea of how you run software development properly is not something you can capture in a few sentences. It's how you hire people, organize people, how you plan the spec, how you let it change, how you do the testing, how you get feedback from customers. IBM's only real software success had been with mainframes, where they were the only choice. Consequently IBM didn't develop those processes very well.

PLAYBOY: Could that be happening to Microsoft now? In terms of corporate power, your company has been called the new IBM.

GATES: I've thought about that, but I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: That's what IBM said.

GATES: That's right. But did IBM try to renew its vision, did it really look at the early signs that things weren't going right? Did management really focus on those things, or did they let themselves get a little complacent about their success? Were they working hard, were they hiring new people? And remember, when IBM was run by its founder it thrived—and for several generations of management after that. When you have a founder around, or if that founder picks the right successor, companies can do well. But we have to prove ourselves. I can't prove that decay hasn't set in. Five years from now you can call me and say, "Well, Bill, it looks like the decay didn't set in." At least I hope the evidence will show that.

PLAYBOY: What was your first meeting like with Lou Gerstner, IBM's new chief?

GATES: It was my chance to tell him what Microsoft is.

PLAYBOY: He didn't know?

GATES: I'm not saying that. I wanted to talk more about the company. It was a bit awkward because when I went there they said, "Thank you for coming, Mr. Manzi." [*Laughs*] Jim Manzi [current head of Lotus, a Microsoft rival] and I don't look alike, so that set me back a little. Then we went into this room, the famous Tom Watson Library, a place I'd been probably a dozen times and know the history of pretty well. Gerstner took some time explaining it to me, though I already knew. I wasn't sure whether I was supposed to stop him or not. We eventually talked about the business. I did not endeavor to give him any advice. He knew I'd been talking to the board and chided me a little about that.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect to get along?

GATES: Microsoft and IBM are perfectly complementary companies with the exception of one small group IBM has that does PC system software.

PLAYBOY: Where does the relationship stand today?

GATES: IBM is our best customer. It's porting a lot of its key software into the Windows environment. Every month we find more and more things we can do together.

PLAYBOY: Over the years, have your youthful looks been more help or harm?

GATES: It's hard to say. If you're asking whether I intentionally mess up my hair—no, I don't. And certain things, like my freckles, they're just there. I don't do anything consciously. I suppose I could get contact lenses. I suppose I could comb my hair more often.

PLAYBOY: We are talking about knowing that your youthful—or can we say nerdish?—looks would throw potential competitors and partners off balance and give you an advantage going in.

GATES: [*Smiles*] I think that my looks were a disadvantage, at least back then. But once our competitors had to admit we knew what we were doing, they had a hard time knowing what category to put us in. We were young, but we had good advice and good ideas and lots of enthusiasm.

PLAYBOY: You recently got married, an event many of your competitors have fervently wished for. Now, they say, you'll concentrate less on work.

GATES: They're just joking. If they really think I'm going to work a lot less just because I'm married, that's an error.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a kernel of truth in any joke?

GATES: Married life is a simpler life. Who I spend my time with is established in advance.

PLAYBOY: You were one of the world's most eligible bachelors. No doubt there are many women would love to be in Melinda's place.

GATES: What? They want to do puzzle contests with me? They want to go golfing with me? How do they know it's interesting to be around me? They want to read the books I read?

PLAYBOY: What was it that attracted you to Melinda?

GATES: Oh, I don't know. That's probably too personal. Even before I met Melinda, if someone asked me a question like that I'd always say I was interested in people who are smart and independent. And I'm sure I'll continue to meet lots of interesting, smart, independent people.

PLAYBOY: Something about Melinda must have made you turn the corner. Don't tell us you're just getting older and it was time.

GATES: There's some magic there that's hard to describe, and I'm pursuing that.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe how she makes you feel?

GATES: Amazingly, she made me feel like getting married. Now that is unusual! It's against all my past rational thinking on the topic.

PLAYBOY: We know you're kidding—and not kidding. Let's go back farther. Which parent most influenced you?

GATES: My mom was around more, but my dad had the final say on things. They were both major influences. I was raised pretty normal. We didn't get to watch TV on weeknights. We were encouraged to get good grades. Our parents talked a lot about the challenges they were dealing with and treated us as though we could understand and appreciate those things. My parents took us around and traveled some. When we were young our grandparents read to us a lot, so we got into the habit of reading. My sister is two years older than I am and we learned a lot of stuff together.

PLAYBOY: How were you encouraged to get good grades?

GATES: We got 25 cents for an A. It was kind of funny because there was a whole period when I got terrible grades and my sister got straight A's. That was until I was in eighth grade. Then my sister discovered boys. She never got straight A's again. My grade point average went from a 2.2 to a 4.0 over the summer. I wanted to get straight A's. I decided to get straight A's.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GATES: There was no reason. It takes a little bit of effort. I guess I didn't want people to think I was dumb. And when you get straight A's once, it's easier.

PLAYBOY: Were you a discipline problem?

GATES: People thought I was a goof-off, a class clown at times. That was OK, not really a problem. Then I went to private school, and there was no position called the clown. I applied for it, but either they didn't like my brand of humor or humor wasn't in that season. In fact, I didn't have clear positioning for a couple of years. I was trying the no-effort-makes-a-cool-guy routine. When I did start trying, people said, "Whoa, we thought he was stupid! Better reassess."

PLAYBOY: Did your parents wonder if you might be stupid?

GATES: Oh, no. They just thought I was underachieving dramatically. When I did get into trouble in school, they sent me to this psychiatrist. He gave me a little test and books to read, and he would talk to me about psychological theories—just getting me to think about things. He said some profound things that got me thinking a little differently. He was a cool guy. That's why I always liked the movie *Ordinary People*, because this guy was just like the psychiatrist in that movie. I only saw him for a year and a half, and never saw him again, and I haven't been to anybody like that since. But my mind was focused appropriately.

PLAYBOY: What did he say to you?

GATES: I said, "Hey, I'm in a little bit of a

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battle with my parents." He said, "Oh, you'll win, don't worry." I said, "What? What's the story here?" He said, "You'll win. They love you and you're their child. You win."

PLAYBOY: And the implication was?

GATES: That if you think you need to put more effort into winning with them, don't. It's a fake battle. It's ridiculous. It was enough to get me to think, Hmm, that's interesting. He also had me read all this Freud stuff.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

GATES: I was 11. But he was an enlightened guy. He was always challenging me. He would ask me questions, but he would never tell me whether my answer was right or not. He would say, "That's an OK answer." Then our time would always be up and he'd give me more stuff to read.

PLAYBOY: Ever wonder what might have become of you if you had gone to public school instead of Lakeside, where you met Paul Allen and fell in love with computers?

GATES: I'd be a better street fighter.

PLAYBOY: When did you know you had something special to offer? When did you become aware you were different?

GATES: [*Big raspberry*] I have something special to offer, Mom! Mom, I just figured it out: I have something special to offer! So don't make me eat my beans.

PLAYBOY: You know what we mean.

GATES: When I was young we used to read books over the summer and get little colored bookmarks for each one. There were girls who had read maybe 15 books. I'd read 30. Numbers two through 99 were all girls, and there I was at number one. I thought, Well, this is weird, this is very strange. I also liked taking tests. I happened to be good at it. Certain subjects came easily, like math. All the science stuff. I would just read the textbooks in the first few days of class.

PLAYBOY: Even though your parents are well off on their own, how have they reacted to your extreme wealth?

GATES: I don't show it to them. I hide it from them. I have it buried in the lawn. It's bulging a little bit, and I hope it doesn't rain.

PLAYBOY: Bad bet, living in Seattle.

GATES: My money is meaningless to them. Meaningless. It has no effect on anything I do with my parents. [*Pauses*] If somebody's sick we can get the best doctors, so it has that impact. But we talk about things that money doesn't affect.

PLAYBOY: We're not suggesting that you talk only about money.

GATES: We never talk about money.

PLAYBOY: Does your net worth of multibillions, despite the fact that it's mostly in stock and the value varies daily, boggle your mind?

GATES: It's a ridiculous number. But remember, 95 percent of it I'm just going to give away. [*Smiles*] Don't tell people to write me letters. I'm saving that for when I'm in my 50s. It's a lot to give away and it's going to take time.

PLAYBOY: Where will you donate it?

GATES: To charitable things, scientific things. I don't believe in burdening any children I might have with that. They'll have enough. They'll be comfortable.

PLAYBOY: You'll give them only a billion, maybe?

GATES: No, no—are you kidding? Nothing like that. One percent of that.

PLAYBOY: But they'll grow up thinking, Gee, if Dad leaves me some of the money. . . .

GATES: I'll make it clear that it'll be a modest amount.

PLAYBOY: So you want them to be as self-made as you?

GATES: No, that's not the point. The point is that ridiculous sums of money can be confusing.

PLAYBOY: In general, or only to the young or inexperienced?

GATES: I think to anyone.

PLAYBOY: Is it confusing to you?

GATES: I'm very well grounded because of my parents and my job and what I believe in. Some people ask me why I don't own a plane, for instance. Why? Because you can get used to that kind of stuff, and I think that's bad. It takes you away from normal experiences in a way that is probably debilitating. So I control that kind of thing intentionally. It's one of those discipline things. If my discipline ever broke down it would confuse me, too. So I try to prevent that.

PLAYBOY: So why not give the kid a billion dollars and let him try to control it as well?

GATES: Not earning it yourself, knowing you have it from a young age, being so different in that respect from the other kids you grow up with, would be very confusing.

PLAYBOY: Won't your being their dad be confusing enough?

GATES: I will seek to minimize that in every way possible. I'll be as creative as I can. That experience is bad for a kid.

PLAYBOY: How do you entertain yourself with your money?

GATES: I swallow quarters, burn dollar bills—that kind of thing. I mean, when I buy golf balls I buy used golf balls, and that entertains me. Ha, ha, ha.

PLAYBOY: Seriously.

GATES: I'm building a house. It has serious functions, but entertainment is most of it. It has a screening room. And I'm putting in these huge video screens and buying the digital rights to the world's masterpieces and all sorts of art. I guess that's indulgent.

PLAYBOY: Rumor has it the house is mostly underground.

GATES: Completely false.

PLAYBOY: When will it be done?

GATES: I thought it would take four years. It will take five—then I'll move into the project.

PLAYBOY: What else entertains you?

GATES: I like to learn. I like puzzles. I've even played some golf the past year and a half, because everybody else in my family does. Actually, right now I'm a little addicted. I get a kick out of being out there on the green grass. I'm just getting into the 90s now.

PLAYBOY: We hear you don't watch TV.

GATES: I do watch television. I don't have any TVs with their over-the-air receivers connected in my house. But when I'm in a hotel room or other places that have a TV, then I turn it on and flip the channels just like everybody else. I was watching cartoons on Nickelodeon on Sunday. It's amazing.

PLAYBOY: What was on?

GATES: *Ren & Stimpy* and *Rugrats*. Great! Cartoons have improved a lot since I was a kid. I'm not immune to the lures of television. I just try to stay away from it because I like to read.

PLAYBOY: What do you read?

GATES: *The Economist*, every page. Also *The Wall Street Journal* and *Business Week*. And I read *Time*. If I'm traveling, every once in a while I'll pick up an issue of *People*. I read *USA Today*.

PLAYBOY: What's the most random thing you read?

GATES: Fiction. That's true randomness. My older sister has read all the trashy books. So, occasionally, I have her recommend one. Otherwise, I'm in the same traffic as everybody else. I'm in the same airplane delay as everybody else. I sit in the same coach seat as everybody else. Yeah, I'm here in meetings all day. Here at Microsoft I work hard.

There are a lot of experiences I haven't had. There are a lot of sitcoms I haven't seen. I haven't had a child yet. There are religions I don't belong to. I think we all have our own slice of life. I eat at McDonald's more than most people, but that's because I don't cook.

PLAYBOY: You're back to eating meat?

GATES: Yes. That was only a three-year period when I was proving to myself I could do it. But in terms of fast food and deep understanding of the culture of fast food, I'm your man.

PLAYBOY: Jack-in-the-Box? McDonald's?

GATES: Well, McDonald's is more pervasive around here. We also have Jack-in-the-Box. I'm not the kind of guy who decides that just because a few people got sick, it's necessarily going to happen to me. It wasn't very crowded for a while, but I thought that was fine.

PLAYBOY: The recent biographies of Bill Gates and Microsoft, *Gates* and *Hard Drive*, both explore the mythology that's developed about your quirks, habits and exploits. We'd like to sort the actual from the apocryphal.

GATES: Fine.

PLAYBOY: We'll start with an easy one. It's always written that you rock compulsively in your chair, and we can attest that you're doing it now and have been for most of this interview.

GATES: Right.

PLAYBOY: What about your penchant for driving fast and accumulating speeding tickets?

GATES: [*Smiles*] I get fewer speeding tickets than I used to.

PLAYBOY: Did you once get a cop fired for giving you a speeding ticket?

GATES: That's false.

PLAYBOY: What about the story that while driving from Albuquerque to Seattle, you got three speeding tickets in one day from the same cop?

GATES: No, no, no. I've always told the truth about that one. I got two speeding tickets from the same cop. Two. Not three. I got three tickets on the drive, but only two from the same cop. But I don't think anybody ever suggested that I said I got three from the same cop.

PLAYBOY: There's the story that your mother chooses your clothes and helps you color-coordinate by pinning them together—this from a former girlfriend, who seems to repeat it without incurring your disapproval.

GATES: There was one point in my life when my mother was trying to explain to me about what color shirt to wear with what ties. But this goes way back. And I think people listen to their mothers' advice when it relates to fashion. It's not an area in which I claim to know more than she does. And it's not that much effort to pick one shirt versus the other. I don't look down at the color I'm wearing during the day. So if it pleases other people that I know a little bit more about which shirt to pick with which tie, that's fine. At that time I didn't know much about it. I think I know a little bit about it now, but below average.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you cornered the market in McGovern–Eagleton buttons after Eagleton was dumped as a running mate?

GATES: It's certainly true that I made a lot of money selling McGovern–Eagleton campaign buttons. I'll be glad to show them to you, but I don't think it matters how much I made. It doesn't aggrandize me when things get less and less accurate the farther they get from the source.

PLAYBOY: Next: the $242 that you supposedly paid for a pizza to be delivered one night.

GATES: That is just reporter's randomness to the max.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a million-dollar trust fund while you were at Harvard?

GATES: Not true. [*Throws up his hands, stands and starts pacing*] Where does this randomness come from? You think it's a better myth to have started with a bunch of money and made money than to have started without? In what sense? My parents are very successful, and I went to the nicest private school in the Seattle area. I was lucky. But I never had any trust funds of any kind, though my dad did pay my tuition at Harvard, which was quite expensive.

PLAYBOY: How did he feel when you dropped out?

GATES: I told him it was a leave of absence, that I was going back.

PLAYBOY: Nice move.

GATES: Hey, if I had completely failed I would have gone back, of course. Harvard was willing to take me back. I was a student on leave.

PLAYBOY: When you were at Harvard, did you frequent the Combat Zone, home of hookers, drugs and adult films?

GATES: That's true. [*Laughs*] But just because I went there doesn't mean I engaged in everything that was going on. But I did go there. It's easy—you just take the subway. And it's pretty inexpensive. I ate pizza, read books and watched what was going on. I went to the diners.

PLAYBOY: Ever take LSD?

GATES: My errant youth ended a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

GATES: That means there were things I did under the age of 25 that I ended up not doing subsequently.

PLAYBOY: One LSD story involved you staring at a table and thinking the corner was going to plunge into your eye.

GATES: [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Ah, a glimmer of recognition.

GATES: That was on the other side of that boundary. The young mind can deal with certain kinds of gooping around

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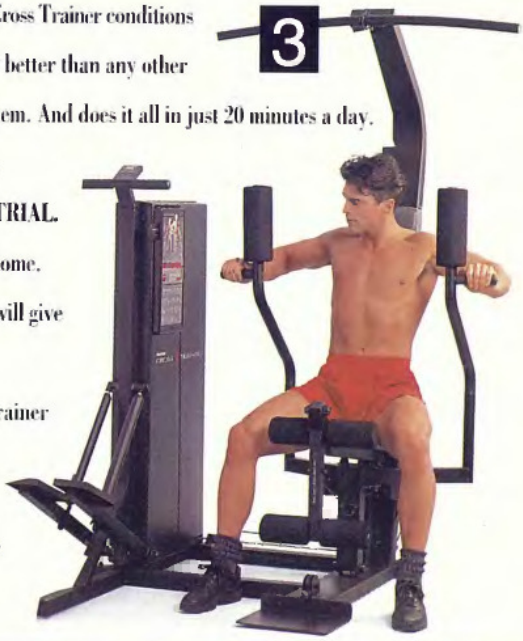

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that I don't think at this age I could. I don't think you're as capable of handling lack of sleep or whatever challenges you throw at your body as you get older. However, I never missed a day of work.

PLAYBOY: Here's the wildest rumor: You once trolled Seattle in a limo looking for hookers.

GATES: No, no, that is not true. A Korean friend of mine in high school rented a limousine one night, and we went to Burger Master. He liked one of the girls there, so he thought it would be fun to pull up in a limousine and leave a big tip at this drive-in place. But that is quite a metamorphosis—from this nice hamburger girl to something more lurid. This isn't the rock-and-roll industry. The computer industry doesn't have groupies like rock does.

PLAYBOY: Really? You've been described by one of your own people as "Bill Gates, rock star." Wasn't there a young woman in Mensa, from Atlanta, who said she needed some software for her Mac—which you delivered personally?

GATES: Who told you that? I sent it to her. There are elements of truth in all mythology, along with a good dose of exaggeration that I have not contributed to. Here's the point: People think, Hey, here's this guy, he's single, has all this success—isn't he taking advantage of it a little bit? I mean, geez, just a little bit?

PLAYBOY: And the answer?

GATES: Those people wouldn't be completely disappointed. They'd be somewhat disappointed because at night they'd find me sitting at home reading the molecular biology of the gene or just working late, or just flying around doing new deals and things like that. My job is about the most fun thing I do, but I have a broad set of interests—going places, reading things, doing things.

PLAYBOY: And when you do fly, you fly in coach.

GATES: It's quite a mix there. I fly coach when I'm in the U.S. on business. But when I fly to Europe, I fly business class. When I go to Trailblazers games with Paul Allen, I fly on the plane he owns. I also drive my own car.

PLAYBOY: Does privilege corrupt?

GATES: It can, I've noticed. It's easy to get spoiled by things that alienate you from what's important.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid it would look bad to the people at Microsoft?

GATES: No, it's for me personally. I wouldn't want to get used to being waited on or driven around. Living in a way that is unique would be strange.

PLAYBOY: Do the rumors bother you?

GATES: Rarely. But it's difficult. Microsoft being well known and having people know we do great software and getting people enthused about new things—that's an important part of Microsoft, challenging these new frontiers. It's natural for a company to be associated with its co-founder and leader. But as far as my personal life goes, it's kind of a drawback. Even so, my experience with being exposed to the public is nothing like that of really well-known people.

PLAYBOY: Are you ready for celebrity?

GATES: No. I haven't even taken the introductory course.

PLAYBOY: Why not write your own book?

GATES: If I were to, I'd do it about the future instead of the past. When I reach a ripe old age, like 60 or something, then maybe I can be reflective.

PLAYBOY: You can set the record straight right now.

GATES: [*Sighs*] That some degree of oversimplification occurs is unavoidable. It's not like I'm complaining. Actually, my only complaint is that I wish somebody had written a decent book. And perhaps in the future somebody will. I just don't happen to like the ones that exist. They're incredibly inaccurate. Worse, they don't capture the excitement, the fun. What were the hard decisions? Why did things work out? Where was the luck? Where was the skill? You just don't get a sense of it. In fact, at one point we wanted to encourage a writer of reputation to do that, but we decided against it because we didn't want to put the time into it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think people would want to read your *Iacocca*?

GATES: [*Peeved*] Now what does that mean? I think the answer is no to all such things. And when I do, I'll do it a hundred times better than any book done so far. But right now I don't want to be huger. I'm huger than I want to be. I'd like to shrink a little.

PLAYBOY: Then why are you talking with us?

GATES: For the message that personal computers can do neat things, that software is great stuff, that there's an exciting opportunity here and Microsoft is involved in it—that's a worthwhile message for Microsoft to get out. And if you want to just put "Microsoft spokesman" next to all those comments, that would be fine—except I know that people are more interested in human stories than they are in what technology can do for them.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps that's a strong clue to what should be done with emerging technologies.

GATES: That's true. We should let people communicate with other people.

PLAYBOY: Communicate with us: Who is Bill Gates?

GATES: I don't think there's a simple summary of anyone.

PLAYBOY: That said, give it a try.

GATES: [*Laughs, then grudgingly, almost by rote*] I like my job because it involves learning. I like being around smart people who are trying to figure out new things. I like the fact that if people really try they can figure out how to invent things that actually have an impact. I don't like to waste time where I'm not hearing new things or being creative.

PLAYBOY: Like these questions?

GATES: Some of them I've heard before. Certainly the history of the company has been widely discussed.

PLAYBOY: We mean questions about who you are.

GATES: Nobody's ever asked me the question in that form before. Who are you? Just get right to the meat of the issue. Let's make it multiple choice.

PLAYBOY: Make it a free-association test. It must conjure some thoughts.

GATES: [*Long pause*] No, I don't know if I'm thinking of anything.

PLAYBOY: Try again.

GATES: OK, I have a nickname. My family calls me Trey because I'm William the third. My dad has the same name, which is always confusing because my dad is well known and I'm also known. If they'd realized that would occur, they wouldn't have called me the same name. They thought I'd be unknown so they said, "Hey, just use the same name, what the heck." When people say "Bill," that's work, mostly, and I think of all the stuff I should be doing. When people call me Trey, I think of myself as the son. I think of myself as young. I think of my family, of just being a kid, growing up.

PLAYBOY: Do you like the public Bill that we've described to you?

GATES: I think the observations about me are all over the map, so it's hard to respond to that. When I got engaged, the *Star* said that I had a little contest for Melinda and that as soon as she finished the contest, I asked her to marry me. And then she said, "Yes, oh yes!" I find that humorous because it's so unreal and so ridiculous. The *National Enquirer* hired an astrologist I'd never met to say various things about me. That struck me as ridiculous. *Forbes* does this whole thing about who's wealthy and what they think. I thought what they wrote about me was silly, but this year they had a nice article on my friend Warren Buffett that I thought was pretty good. So I guess it's easier reading about other people. My guideline has always been to avoid a focus on me personally. Not because of any deep, dark secrets. Rather just a sense of privacy. I guess it's kind of silly in a way.

PLAYBOY: People see what you have wrought and want to know what kind of person becomes a guy like you.

GATES: You mean if they have the same kind of personal life then maybe they'll become like me?

PLAYBOY: Come on. Isn't this whole information highway based on wanting and having access to more information?

GATES: Yeah, but there are lots of things you can be interested in.

PLAYBOY: And this is one of them.

GATES: But it's sort of prurient, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Maybe only to the guy who's the center of attention.

GATES: When we have the information

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AUSTRALIAN FOR MALE BONDING.

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CLARISSA EXPLAINS IT ALL

what do women really want? in her best-seller, *women who run with the wolves,* clarissa pinkola estés told women. now she'll tell you

article by GENE STONE

RUSH LIMBAUGH lasted 54 weeks, Katharine Hepburn made it for 30 weeks and Charles Kuralt, 23. But Clarissa Pinkola Estés, an unknown Latina psychologist with a passion for fairy tales, beat them all. Her book *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* is in its 87th week on the *New York Times* best-seller list and is still going strong.

Beyond outperforming virtually every other nonfiction work of the decade, Estés has accomplished something even more remarkable: She has started a new and divergent women's movement. For years, the traditional feminist viewpoint focused on issues of politics, the workplace and the home—and left many women feeling dissatisfied. Estés takes a different tack: She addresses the soul, arguing that American women are ignoring their inner life. Without that fulfillment, she says, a woman's success in her job or her relationships is unimportant. While many feminists downplay any perceived differences between men and women, Estés maintains that there's an essential feminine nature (though she is careful to point out that feminine nature doesn't necessarily exist only in women). It is a woman's truest task, she says, to find and glorify that essential nature.

To explain this, Estés—who calls herself a *cantadora*, a teller of tales—spent more than 20 years writing *Wolves*, in which she recounts 19 fairy tales and analyzes them from a Jungian point of

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

view. Her approach is not unlike that of men's movement leader Robert Bly, whose *Iron John* defines the male dilemma through myths and stories. While the use of fairy tales and myths may sound arcane, *Wolves*' popularity has already spawned thousands of networking groups, and there's talk of a PBS miniseries.

Estés is ferociously protective of her private life, loath to grant extensive interviews and then providing warnings about what she will and will not divulge. But here are the basics: Clarissa Pinkola was born in 1944 to a working-class Mexican family in Michiana, near the Michigan-Indiana border. Five years later she was adopted by an immigrant Hungarian couple—she still keeps in touch with both families. As far back as Estés can remember, she heard people tell stories. These tales became embedded in her consciousness and eventually attracted her to the idea of storytelling as a means of explicating life.

Today, Estés lives with her second husband, an Air Force master sergeant, in a quiet but funky Denver neighborhood. Her three daughters are now in their 20s and on their own.

Physically, Estés resembles her own hardcover book—thick and dark with metallic trim (she wears a variety of silver jewelry along with a gold-colored plastic Guadalupe around her neck). She has a rowdy mass of curly hair and lucid brown eyes. But her most startling asset is her voice, a sweet but uncloying soprano that has helped propel the sales of her audiotapes to more than 200,000 copies. Between those tapes and the book, it's likely that from 5 million to 10 million people have already been introduced to her philosophy. One of those is Hillary Rodham Clinton, in whose copy of *Wolves* Estés inscribed: "I pass on to you three rules for life. Be friendly but never tame. Misbehave with integrity. *Illegitimati non carborundum*—don't let the bastards get you down."

•

Your book was written for women. Why should men read it?

You mean, should we take seriously the one question men have asked for eons: What is it women really want? Yes. If a man truly desires to know about women he would be ahead of the pack if he knew not only about her outer attributes but also her inner life. Women aren't impenetrable mysteries. Perhaps you remember the first time you looked under the hood of a fully loaded eight cylinder with dual carbs, overhead cams, A/C compressor and computerized electrical system and thought, Oh man, how will I ever understand this? But through study one learns a great deal. One of my uncles, a cabinetmaker, says many things that have fewer than ten parts can take a lifetime to master. Certainly men and women are made of many parts—many thoughts, feelings and ideas.

What is a wild woman who runs with wolves?

It's a metaphor that refers to women's instinctual nature, or the part of the feminine psyche that deals with the creative life. The word wild derives from one of its oldest senses—to be natural, with passion, to be of oneself. The center of the psyche is wild—it grows according to its own nature rather than to the will of any one segment of the collective culture. To close off this wild aspect of the psyche is to die.

Does that central core exist in women today?

Let me just say that the core needs to be refurbished from time to time. Among women who try to live without an inner life, this aspect of the psyche can be weakened by lack of attention. The spark fades. So does a woman's vitality.

Why did you pick wolves?

That's from my interest in wildlife biology. I think wolves and women share certain psychic characteristics—they're relational by nature, they're inquiring, fierce, courageous, and they have great endurance and strength. They're also intuitive and can adapt to constantly changing circumstances.

Why did you choose fairy tales to describe this idea of the inner psyche?

Because people have always told tales to penetrate past the ego to the spirit. My grandmother used to say tales have the ability to travel deep into a person, which is why we called them medicine, or *curanderisma*—healing not only through the body but also through the mind. The stories were felt to be medicine.

How does someone turn a story into medicine?

One of my aunts told me this version of the fairy tale about Bluebeard, a sorcerer who woos three sisters. The two older sisters look at him and say, "Oh, no, something's not right about him and his blue beard." But the youngest, most naive sister says, "His beard really isn't that blue, he's not so bad," and she marries him and goes to his castle in the woods. Soon Bluebeard has to leave on a trip. He gives his wife a hundred keys, saying she may use them all except the smallest. He also lets her invite her sisters to visit. When they arrive the sisters persuade her to use the smallest key to open the cellar door, and beyond it they find the decapitated bodies of Bluebeard's previous wives. Then the little key they've used to open the door starts to bleed bright red blood, drop after drop. No matter what the women do, the key won't stop bleeding. So the wife hides it, but when Bluebeard returns he asks for all the keys and notices the smallest is missing. He knows she's found his secret, so he drags her to the cellar to kill her. She pleads for just a half hour to find peace with God. After he agrees she has her sisters run to the castle's ramparts, where they call for their brothers, who race to the castle and defeat Bluebeard and leave his body out for carrion, saving their youngest sister's life.

But what would someone today learn from that?

How insight and intuition can be killed off when a person believes that some promise of pleasure will be fulfilled if she hurts herself. You could apply this story to someone who's struggling with having made poor choices in work, family or relationships. Or someone who has been taken in either by themselves or something outside themselves.

Can people really apply these stories to their day-to-day lives?

Yes. Stories strengthen and help turn around situations. Telling fairy tales in therapeutic sessions can have the effect of awakening a forgotten aspect of the psyche that acts in the person's behalf. I'm looking for someone to listen and say, "Aha! That's me!"

And that actually happens?

My clients say so. So do the clients of many other psychoanalysts I know. There are many ways to mend people. This one won't work if a person isn't inclined toward stories, or if he's like what my grandmother used to say: He is so lonely he doesn't even have any stories to tell. But if a person has a feel for stories, the "aha!" is likely to happen. Otherwise, I'd recommend therapies such as rational emotive, which works for those for whom creating A-to-B sequential steps is a stronger skill than mapping the psyche.

Why do you think fairy tales had such a powerful and lasting influence on you?

Children are attracted to different things, such as the boy down the road who took apart a 1948 Case tractor and put it together—before he was 14 years old. But why these things happen I don't know, and why I love stories is a mystery I don't want to solve.

When did you start telling stories?

I can't remember a time when I didn't.

Where did you hear all these stories?

I grew up in a part of the forest with Poles, Serbs, Croats, Latinos, blacks and others. We'd walk through the woods and hear guitars, harmonicas and fiddles, and people singing and

(continued on page 84)

"My wife feels I'm being sexually harassed."

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Shannon Long

our down-under wonder is back for another round

IF YOU WANT to score points with this Australian, don't greet her with the traditional g'day. October 1988 Playmate Shannon Long would rather say "*O-hayo gozaimasu*"—that's Japanese for good morning. Not that Shannon thinks she's turning Japanese. The alluring Aussie wants to learn the language of her region's largest economic power, so she attends night school after her day job as a computer specialist. Smart sheila. Since her appearance here, back when America was infected with *Crocodile Dundee* fever, the now 25-year-old Queensland native went on her own brand of walkabout and made some changes. She took a break from modeling and moved to South Australia before returning north to the Gold Coast. "I don't really sun-bake anymore," she says. She has also forsaken her former love of fast driving: "I started cycling down south. Now when I get in a car I think, What are all these people rushing about for? They're suicidal maniacs."

Australians, who are typically portrayed as conservative,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

Shannon stays in top form by swimming regularly off Australia's Gold Coast. "I've just started going to the gym, but you can't see the results yet," she says modestly. For this photo shoot, Shonnon went to Fraser Island, known for its dingoes, and to Mudgeeraba, an overgrown paradise loaded with wild kangaroos. "I was able to get close to a mother kangaroo and she let me touch her," she says. "I was blown away."

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So, Long, it's been good to know you: Looking back on her modeling career, Shannon realizes that when she was younger she underappreciated the thrill of posing. "Years ogo, I was sort of blasé about it," she reflects. "But now I think it's a big deal." After she appears on PLAYBOY's pages and tours the U.S., it's back to Australia for Shannon, where she'll hit the music clubs along the Gold Coast and drink a pint or two of Foster's.

have supported one of their continent's curviest exports. "All the girls at work tell me they're going to take this issue home to their boyfriends," she says. Recently, she was tapped to promote Foster's Lager during a tour of the United States. Shannon's poster will certainly steal some of the froth from the St. Pauli Girl. Although she's looking forward to her visit here, she's a little concerned about the temperature. The last time she was in Chicago and Los Angeles, she was cold—and it was July. "I'm a bit of a sop about the weather," says Shannon, laughing. "I'm just now thawing out from South Australia." —CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

PRUDENCE *in* HOLLYWOOD

sex, love and food in southern california: they're different

fiction by RALPH CISSNE

I WENT TO a gynecologist last week, which isn't all that unusual, except that I'm a man. You see, Prudence insisted I go.

I love women, but I don't understand them. And I certainly don't understand what it is about me that is so attractive to dysfunctional females. Of course, I keep going out with them, which says a lot about me.

I met Prudence at a Hollywood Singles lecture on honorable sexuality. We were the only two people who showed up, so naturally we talked. Prudence was bright and beautiful, with auburn hair and blue-green eyes that seemed to change color according to her mood. She was quick to smile and her lips were full and inviting. But Prudence lived in Hollywood, and my experience has been that Hollywood women are like schnauzers on speed. They don't know where they are going, but they go as fast as they can.

On our second date, Prudence asked me—in this incredibly dramatic, sexy voice—to take her home. When we pulled onto Orange Avenue we saw this street sign that had been altered by vandals to read SLOW ADULT CHILDREN PLAYING. I thought the sign was quite funny. Prudence, however, didn't laugh. I parked the car and we walked to her front porch. Most people have a doormat that says WELCOME. Hers said WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. I guess I was lucky, because she let me in.

Her bungalow was decorated in early Hollywood struggle. There was a lava lamp that had belonged to her mother, a worn, star-splattered slipcover on her couch, and on the wall, flooded by track lights, hung photos of Tinseltown's most notorious martyrs: Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe and James Dean.

Prudence asked me to have a seat and went to let Chopper, her cross-eyed cocker spaniel, out of the bathroom. Chopper raced around the room, bounced onto my lap and started licking me. "Hey, your dog's face is all wet," I said.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you," Prudence shouted from the bathroom.

"Your dog's all wet," I shouted back.

"Oh, she likes to drink from the toilet," Prudence said cheerfully. "But what can you expect? Astrologically, she's a water sign."

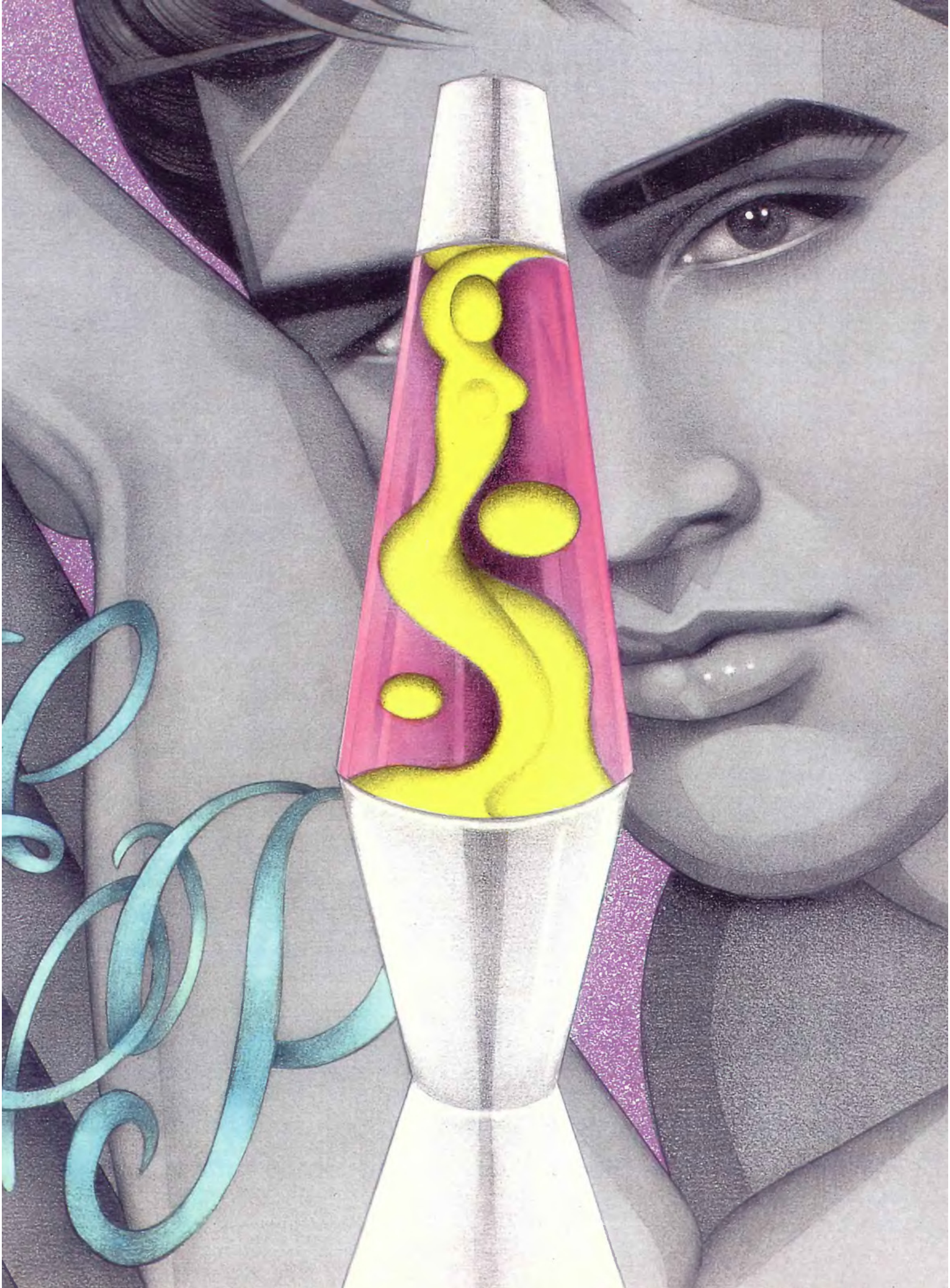
Prudence served herbal tea. She dimmed the lights, kicked off her shoes and snuggled into the star-covered couch, her black V-neck cashmere sweater slipping off one shoulder. She held her cup in both hands and began the conversation with, "When you lick an envelope, do you ever think of Mr. Ed?"

She looked at my blank expression and added, "You know, the talking horse?"

"No," I said. "I've never had that thought."

She moved closer to me on the couch and the heat of her body intensified her perfume. She smelled like a cosmetics department on Christmas Eve and her voice became deeper, more provocative. "I love being a woman,"

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM



she said, breathing heavily. "I even love my period. Once a month it's like my body becomes a self-cleaning oven."

"Well," I said, "that's a marketable concept if I've ever heard one."

She laughed and set her teacup on the table. She leaned toward me until I could feel her breath in my ear, then whispered, "Would it turn you on if I talked baby talk to you?"

I turned and looked into her eyes. Beads of sweat rolled between my shoulder blades. I took a deep breath and said, "Yes, but only if you promise to change my diaper."

Prudence laughed again. "I think I like you," she said and kissed my cheek. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the couch. I pressed my lips against her neck. Her skin was moist and warm and I could feel the blood pulsing through her. I kissed her neck softly and slowly. She moaned and shifted her weight against me. We kissed. Soft, sweet, dry kisses quickly escalated into a perverse, addictive, slobbering exchange. The world began to spin faster and faster and our hands began to roam. And that is when Chopper jumped back onto the couch and buried her freshly soaked snout in my crotch.

I shouted and Prudence burst out laughing. She got up, scolded her dog and brought me a towel. She sat next to me and watched me mop my trousers.

"I really like you," she said, lowering her voice and fondling my ear with her little finger. "And I think I'd like for us to get a lot closer."

I stopped mopping my trousers long enough to agree. She continued to fondle my ear.

"But there's a little problem," she purred and arched her shoulders in a subtle gesture that made it seem like she was pushing her breasts toward my face. "You see, I haven't made love with a man in more than a year."

I tried to act cool and unaffected, but it was hopeless. My eyes widened, my pulse raced and my palms began to sweat. "I understand," I stammered. "It's been a long time for me too."

Prudence placed her hand on my knee and squeezed gently. She leaned back into the cushions and explained that if our relationship was going to progress past kissing on the couch, I had to go see her doctor.

I sat up and cocked my head. "You want me to see your shrink?"

"No, silly, I want you to be examined by my gynecologist. I want to make sure that we're safe. I know how naughty boys can be."

It was a reasonable request, and it made me feel like I could trust Prudence not to stab me in my sleep if I ever spent the night. After all, she was bright, beautiful and a great kisser. And about as sane as a Hollywood woman can be. This wasn't mere lust. I knew, in a weird sort of way, that I was beginning to care for her. I thought Prudence was worth the investment, so I agreed to see her doctor.

There were nine women in the waiting room of the Hollywood Hills Ob-Gyn Clinic when I arrived. They all looked at me, crossed their legs and turned their heads like they were part of some synchronized feminist drill team. I did not feel welcome. After announcing my arrival, I sat down in a corner and buried my face in a six-month-old copy of *New Woman* magazine and hoped the waiting-room women would appreciate my attempt at understanding. Fortunately, I had the next appointment.

I was called into an inner office and introduced to Dr. Gertrude, a large German woman with a serious demeanor and a noticeable absence of facial hair. With clipboard in hand she crossed her arms and inquired forthrightly, "So, you want to have intercourse with Prudence?"

"Well," I said, "I'm considering it."

Dr. Gertrude opened a door and showed me into the examination room. I stopped and stared in disbelief. There, under the brightest lights imaginable, was the throne of humiliation.

"Do I have to put my feet in the stirrups?" I asked.

"That won't be necessary, young man. You are quite accessible." Dr. Gertrude swung the stirrups out of the way and instructed me to remove my pants, lie down and relax.

When a strange woman wearing latex gloves is examining you with a magnifying glass, relaxation is virtually impossible. But I tried. Dr. Gertrude was very efficient, so I didn't have to try for long. She asked about my sexual history, took a blood sample and, without ceremony, snapped off her gloves and told me I would have the results in two days. I pulled on my pants, paid the $150 fee and waved a fond farewell to the women in the waiting room.

Prudence and I had agreed not to see each other until I knew the test results. Those 48 hours were difficult, but, of course, I passed the exam with flying colors. I called Prudence and told her I was on my way over. It was late afternoon, the birds were singing and I was in the mood for some wild romance. I drove to Orange Avenue with lustful, Technicolor images of Hoover Dam bursting in my brain.

Prudence greeted me at the door fresh from the shower, a short silk robe clinging to her body. But her mood was dark. She agreed to lock Chopper in the bathroom and we sat down on the couch. I told her the good news, but her expression did not change. She reached out and held my hand.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "I thought you'd be excited."

"I don't know how to say this."

"Come on, I've been to your gynecologist. You can tell me anything."

"It's difficult, because I'm certain I really like you." Prudence straightened her back and squared her shoulders. "But I've changed my mind."

My eyes crossed. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"I just have a real hard time, you know, mixing sex and love."

"So," I pleaded, "can't you hate me until we get better acquainted?"

"But I want to get married and have children."

"That's a great idea. Why don't we work on our technique?" I was begging now. "If you want, just consider me a vibrator who listens."

She laughed, but it was a hollow laugh. "You're sweet," she said. "But I can't explain it. This is the way things are for me with men." She wouldn't budge, no tears, nothing. She just sat there holding my hand and staring at the undulating green ooze in her mother's lava lamp.

It was obvious there would be no biological breakthrough. We sat on her couch in silence. It was an awkward silence that meandered around the frayed edges of our misunderstanding, but we were sharing the silence and that was a good start.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked.

"About what?" she said. "Love or sex?"

"Both. Why don't you talk about both."

It had been dark in the room for more than an hour. Prudence turned on a light and went into the kitchen. She came back with bagels, cream cheese and a diet Pepsi, which we split.

Prudence bit into her bagel and chewed with a tiny clump of cream cheese smeared on the end of her nose. "You left out food," she remarked. "You can't discuss loneliness on an empty stomach."

We ate and talked. We talked about almost everything except love and sex.

"So, what about it?" I asked.

She dipped a finger into the cream cheese and licked it. "You don't give up, do you?"

I shook my head.

"OK, it's like this. If I sleep with a man I'm not seriously interested in, he always comes back wanting more, and

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"Last month he invented the wheel. This month—who knows?"

CLARISSA EXPLAINS IT ALL (continued from page 72)

"If life were a glove, you would live it to the fingertips. And, by the way, death as well."

telling stories. There was no TV and few telephones, so we were outside as much as possible.

But most people no longer tell kids stories. Can television serve the same function?

No, TV can't do that, not as it stands now. I always advise parents to treat the TV as though it were someone you'd invited to your home. If it says things or creates images that are compatible with your worldview, leave it on. If it becomes like a rude guest who says destructive things, show it the door—that is, turn it off.

Did you watch much TV when you were growing up?

We didn't have one until I was older. But sometimes we watched it on Saturdays because a kind neighbor had one. Our mothers used to dress us up as though we were visiting church instead of a TV. We'd sit with our clean socks falling down and our wilted handkerchiefs and put our legs straight out and stare. But I couldn't see what was so compelling because in the woods where I lived people were more interesting. Yet TV changed my life in a profound way.

How?

When I was about nine we went to watch *This Is Your Life*, and the subject was psychology, about Karl Menninger. They brought on many of his former patients, who testified about receiving their inner and outer lives back. My heart leapt—it was such a momentous occasion that I did the unheard of. I sneaked into the kitchen to use the phone while my parents were still asleep and asked the operator, "Can you get me Chicago?" It was the biggest city I knew. And then I asked, "Can you get me the number of a psychologist?" The operator asked me which one, and I said, "Oh, any would be fine." So she gave me the name of a man—I would love to know if he's still alive. I called him and said, "Hello, my name is Clarissa Pinkola and I live in Michiana. I want to be a psychologist and I want to know how much money it takes and how long you have to go to school." The man said nine years and $10,000. After I thanked him I hung up. Then I cried. I couldn't even imagine where to get that much money. The nine years I could grasp, because I had already lived nine years. But $10,000? I was very disheartened. I didn't give up, but I'll tell you, my schooling ended up costing a lot more than $10,000.

If TV doesn't offer much, what about movies?

The saddest film I've ever seen is *Thelma & Louise*, because of what those women have to do at the end. For years I've taught in prisons across the nation, and I've heard Thelma and Louise's story hundreds of times. Many people thought the film was about rape and vengeance, but I also saw in it that the women were psychically collared. Then, like chained dogs, they slipped the collar for a try at a little fun before going back into the harness. There's no doubt that a captured woman is like a creature taken from its natural territory—put her into mean quarters and she'll lose her instincts about many things. Such a woman too often thinks she's being adventuresome when actually she's just endangering herself.

The recent movie I liked most was *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, about how the land of the living and the land of the dead become confused with each other. Tim Burton has a unique way of seeing things from an archetypal perspective. I'm attracted to people whose creative force is strong. Sometimes I'm more interested in the process that guided them than in the actual content of their work. These are people to pay attention to.

Who are good role models today? For men, for instance?

Oh, the Energizer battery bunny.

Excuse me?

You know—he just keeps going and going. [*Laughs*] OK, seriously? Well, Charles Kuralt for one, because he brings nourishing stories to the world. Or Bill Moyers. I think his worldview is unique. His wife, Judith, is his co-producer, and as a couple they're excellent role models for the creative life well-lived. Or Norman Lear. And Muhammad Ali, Edward James Olmos, Cesar Chavez, Bill Clinton. There are many more, especially the unknowns—our fathers and uncles. These are the people who use everything they have. That's what we're here for. In my family we tell a story called *The Radiant Coat*. It says we're all born with a coat, and the more you wear it, the thinner it becomes. As it wears out you cut it up and make it into a little jacket, then a vest, then a sash and finally a loincloth. When the last threads burst, the soul leaves the body and you die. The point is to use it up, to live so much there's nothing left at the end.

Can't you put all that energy to bad use? Wasn't Hitler born with a coat, too?

That's different. I'm talking about using oneself up in a constructive way. Bluebeard himself is very much a Hitler figure. In fact, Bluebeard is called a failed sorcerer in some versions of the story. But it's important to live life to the end. If life were a glove, you would live it to the fingertips. And, by the way, death as well.

Is there also an appropriate way to die?

Well, we've all heard the jokes about Jack Kevorkian being the low-cost insurance alternative. But he raises important issues, though he may not be the best spokesperson. He brings to consciousness the notion that the archetype of the physician has split. Originally, the physician was the one who brought and assisted life—not only at birth but throughout life. The physician's other role was to assist people into death and through it. This sensibility has almost entirely disappeared in our culture. When I was a child and someone was dying, the doctor would ask, Can this person live or is this death's beginning? He then acted accordingly. Today some practitioners impose surgery after surgery instead of allowing a dying person who wishes to die to do so.

Your work is very popular with gay men and lesbians. Why?

Many lesbians have told me they like my work because it's fierce. In fact, women across the country have come to my book signings and given me "honorary lesbian" certificates. I'm honored. Lesbians can be very powerful people. Not because it's necessary—though there is that need—but because they are. It's their gift. My book's introduction says it's for "a woman-loving woman, a man-loving woman or a God-loving woman." Gays and lesbians have taken the time to teach me much about their inner and outer lives. I appreciate this and am still learning. For years I've worked on gay issues, trying to normalize the fact that gays are our brothers and sisters.

What kind of reaction have you received?

Much of it good. Although I've had some hate phone calls. One of my favorites was, "You fat commie lesbian slut!" I was outraged. I said, "I resent being called fat."

You're asking all women to become fierce. Won't some straight men fear the concept of fierce women?

Maybe. Maybe some women will, too. But I don't think men are going to hide under the sofa just because a woman's in her right mind.

Many women claim that if they live their life to the fullest, their male partner becomes

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SEX AND THE CIGAR BOX

the label was once as hot as the product

erotica by **RICHARD CARLETON HACKER**

WHILE MANY vintage cigar-box labels immortalized masculine themes such as dogs, guns, sports and celebrities, it was the voluptuous image of the late-19th-century female that invariably caught the eye of the smoker. Nothing subliminal about it, either. In those pre-humidified days, cigar boxes were displayed on countertops with their lids open. They were mini-billboards, ready to snag the consumer. Eager for a hand-rolled smoke, which would you gravitate toward—a cigar box showing Johnny Appleseed or one displaying the bare-breasted woman of your dreams? Although cigar-box labels have been around since 1837, the early ones were expensive to produce and crude in appearance. Consequently, all of this sensual cigar-box art might not

Above: Getting a leg up took on a whole new meaning with this turn-of-the-century salesman's sample, which exposed the latest fashion trend for women. Below: This rollicking bare-breasted scene of Diana's chase dates from the Twenties.

have existed were it not for government intervention. In an attempt to acquire every possible tax dollar to help the Civil War effort, the Revenue Act of 1863 mandated that all cigars—even those that had been previously bundled—be packed in boxes so they would be easier to affix with a tax stamp. It didn't take long for some enterprising individuals to figure out that the box lid was a natural advertising space. Cigar-box art was given another boost a few years later by the introduction of chromolithography, a process that permitted as many as 30 different colors to be imprinted on a single sheet of paper. Some of the world's finest artists were lured to the medium, and naturally, female figure studies soon followed.

The lure of early cigar-box labels was almost forgotten and

might have been lost in obscurity were it not for several caches of them being discovered in the early Sixties. Soon they were being sought for their decorative appeal and wonderful erotic playfulness.

Today, sexy cigar-box labels are collectibles, with values often outpacing labels with less stimulating subject matter. A few decades ago, you could have picked up mint-condition examples for as little as $3 each. Now these same handsome labels fetch hundreds of dollars. The examples shown here are all from the collection of David Freiberg, a cigar-box-label dealer whose company, Cerebro, is located in East Prospect, Pennsylvania. Prices for the six labels pictured on these three pages range from $75 to $300, more than a box of fine hand-rolled smokes. Come on baby, light our fire.

The Victorian ladies depicted on these cigar-box labels from the 1880s convey a simple message: Whether reclining on a rock, making the most of a shipwreck or lounging on a sultan's divan, it's always the right time for a good cigar.

HOW NOT TO

CRASH AND BURN

ON THE ROCKY

ROAD TO

POSTMODERN

ROMANCE

FINALLY The Rules of Dating

GOOD NEWS: Cluster dating is dead. People have realized that roving in packs and pairing up at the end of an evening is too uncertain, too uninspiring and too damned unromantic. As college becomes a memory and our taste improves, we naturally want to gain control of our sex lives and go out with another person alone. As usual, women figured this out first because, well, we engineered it.

Along with this development, however, comes a whole new set of rules that we, the women you may want to meet, have made up. You can't take a class or buy a book to learn them, so pay close attention to what follows. Trust us when we say that if you know these rules, you will be equipped with what you need to date bright, attractive, interesting young women.

CALLING

We won't size you up as a potential date until you call and ask us out. How you handle yourself on the phone will indicate whether we should take you seriously as a date. In that first phone call, we will be able to tell if you have a personality, a sense of humor, self-confidence and ambition—or if you spend all your time slacking on the couch.

Before making that call, consider the following:

• Always wait three days to call after asking a woman for her phone number. This gives her plenty of time to do a background check, which consists of trying to find out if you're a stoner, engaged or have a pierced penis.

If you call sooner, you're an eager dork. If you wait four days, you're a disinterested dweeb.

• It is unwise to call any later than Wednesday to ask a woman out for the weekend. A woman will generally not allow herself to accept a date for Friday night when asked Friday afternoon.

• Though we may be jumping the gun, we should warn you that you should call a woman every day

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL ZWOLAK

after you start having sex with her regularly. You don't have to stay on the phone for hours, but calling "just to check in" will eliminate a lot of tension in the relationship. Of course, some women may not want to speak with you every day. Ideally, they will let you know politely.

Do not call a woman every day before you start having sex with her or you will appear needy and dependent. Also do not call her every day if she is regularly sleeping with three other men.

• Know your way around an answering machine. If you call and she doesn't answer, don't hang up without leaving a message. (She knows it's you.)

On the other hand, don't call when you know she won't be home and sigh, "Gee, I thought you'd be home." She might be home after all. And not alone.

If you have accessed the messages on her machine, never admit to it.

• Never underestimate the importance of conversation.

We have found that most men hate to chat on the phone. We recommend you get over this immediately. Sustaining a conversation can be much more important than sustaining an erection.

Let her be the first to say she has to go.

If you have trouble keeping up your end of the conversation, compose a list of things to talk about beforehand. Resist the goal-oriented impulse to rush through those topics. See where the talk goes. And, oh yeah, listen to her. Really listen. If you're confused, ask for a clarification. Engage yourself in what she's saying.

Women are less intimidated by lulls in a conversation than men are. In fact, sometimes we use them as a test to see how fast you can think on your feet. Men who say "Uh, would you like to have phone sex?" have failed.

DATING

But how does one actually meet women? OK, read carefully. You'll find interesting, attractive women through friends, school, work, church or temple and bars and nightclubs. You may ask women out from any of these places. We advise against letting your parents fix you up. The only person this almost worked for was Brenda on *Beverly Hills 90210*, who nearly married that flat-faced, whiny rich guy whom her dad set her up with.

Work and school are natural settings in which to meet women. Ask out a coworker or fellow student only after you've gotten to know her. Light, mindless flirting will tell you if she's interested. Does she stare hungrily at your lips when you're talking to her? Go ahead, ask her out. (Don't do anything that could later be labeled sexual harassment or employer exploitation—not even if she comes on like Madonna and the walls tremble every time you meet in the corridor.) Protect your job and your reputation. They will last longer than those flush feelings of incipient romance.

Say you spot an attractive woman in a bar. If she is engaged in what looks like a conversation with a girlfriend, don't approach her and stand there humming like Gomer-fucking-Pyle, waiting for her to finish talking. There is nothing more irritating than a man who expects to be paid attention to simply because he is male. Some women go to bars to drink, smoke and talk with the people they're there with. They do not necessarily go to secure a spot on your dance card. Be considerate. If she catches your eye a few times or deliberately brushes up against you, you may approach her when her friend goes to the bathroom.

Should you ask out a woman who is obviously with another guy? We don't know. Is he bigger than you? Are their faces glued together? If so, you may find it a little hard to break in. If she keeps looking around while the guy is talking to her, try your luck. Who knows what their situation is.

(1) Where to go on a first date.

Before you begin deliberations, consider your handicap: all the men who took her out before you. They have taken her to a Bulls game Friday night, a Pearl Jam concert Saturday night and a poetry reading Sunday night. By the time a woman is 26, there is little she hasn't done on a date.

Instead of looking for something she hasn't done before, ask her what she wants to do. Find out what you have in common. Do you both enjoy tae kwon do? Take her to a martial arts film. You may, however, want to avoid a place that advertises "Beers, burgers, babes and bands for a buck." Don't go somewhere simply to please her. If you have no interest in the harvesting practices of Guatemalans, don't sit through a lecture on it. If you appear bored, she'll think you're a dud.

Do not take a first date to a party full of your friends. Your date may not be ready for your friends. She doesn't even know if she's ready for you.

Forget about those moon-spoon-June dates such as a carriage ride through the park. While this could be romantic, it is also a stomach-turning cliché that shows little imagination. And when the horse lifts its tail to crap in the street, you'll wish that you were elsewhere.

Try harder than the generic dinner and a movie. She may take your lack of creativity as an indication of what you think about her.

If a woman looks at you with a smug expression that says "Amuse me," ask out someone else.

(2) Dinner: Who pays?

Some women are impressed when a guy offers to pay. Others are offended, figuring this may translate into some kind of coercion for a kiss (or more) later on.

It's still permissible to offer to pay the bill. If she doesn't argue, fine. If she snatches the check out of your hand, looks at it and throws a $20 bill at you, you're going home alone. Be thankful you have pets.

If you are splitting the check, do not whip out a calculator and figure what she owes to the penny. Do not start negotiations by saying, "Since I had only a sandwich. . . ."

If you're paying, pay. Don't hint at how expensive it was. She knows how expensive it was.

As a rule, don't slurp, burp, yell at the waiter or flirt with the waitress. Pay attention to your date and notice the food. That is, after all, what you're there for. Converse throughout the meal, but don't ask her a question just after she's taken a big bite of something.

(3) Dress for success.

Men worry too much about their clothes. If you are smart, funny and let us get a word in edgewise, we really don't care what you're wrapped in. That's not to say we cannot appreciate a well-dressed man.

If you arrange to meet a woman directly after work, don't confuse her by changing out of your work clothes. If you look like a suit on your date, that's OK, because you are a suit. You may be other things besides a suit. But a woman likes to discover that for herself, and how can she when distracted by your Starter jacket, mushroom pants and Reeboks? But if you're a bad suit, that's a problem. Fix it before you ask her out.

For casual dates, know your style. If you usually wear all black and Doc Martens, don't show up in shorts and tennis sneakers. If you're the clean-cut, athletic type, don't surprise her with a motorcycle jacket and combat boots. In other words, dress the way you normally do. She probably agreed to go out with you because she liked what she saw. Don't overthink it. Besides, if she's really interested in you, she'll change it all later anyway.

(4) Date stoppers.

Do not fill lulls in the conversation with a blow-by-blow account of what you did at work that day.

Save reenactments of *Beavis and Butt-head* for your guy friends.

If you have a serious knowledge of

(continued on page 144)

"Talk politically incorrect to me."

A DAY AT THE RACES

if my father—a brilliant organizer, a great strategist—were beginning his career today, who knows how far he might go

fiction BY ASA BABER

MY FATHER was born in 1889. He is 105 years old today, which means that Barbara and I are going to take him to the racetrack.

My father usually wins a lot of money at the races. He claims to have a genetic theory of judging horseflesh. He calls it skill. I call it the luck of the wicked, but not to his face, of course.

The man is amazing. He walks two miles on the beach every morning. He does t'ai chi for an hour after breakfast. He watches his investments like a hawk, and that's not all: He plays chess like a champion, brews his own beer, flirts with his night nurse and makes me take him to the country club every Wednesday for an hour on the practice tee. My father can still hit a five iron as straight as an arrow, and he is hell on the putting green.

I ask: With his genes, how can I lose?

"With his genes, you're a schmuck," Barbara says as she fills the dog's water bowl and turns on the burglar alarm.

Barbara is wearing her usual race-day outfit: green eyeshade, orange tank top, black spandex tights, Nike jogging shoes. She looks like a minor-league Raquel Welch, which is not bad.

I look like the middle-aged banker that I am, one who gets sunburned unless the car windows are tinted. On my worst days, and this could be one of them, I look like the Pillsbury Doughboy, even in my Hawaiian shirt and Polo shorts and sandals.

"Your father is not normal, Harry," Barbara says. "He gives me the creeps. I mean no disrespect. But there's something about him. His eyes are like mud. His face is the face of a dead man. I predict *(continued on page 161)*

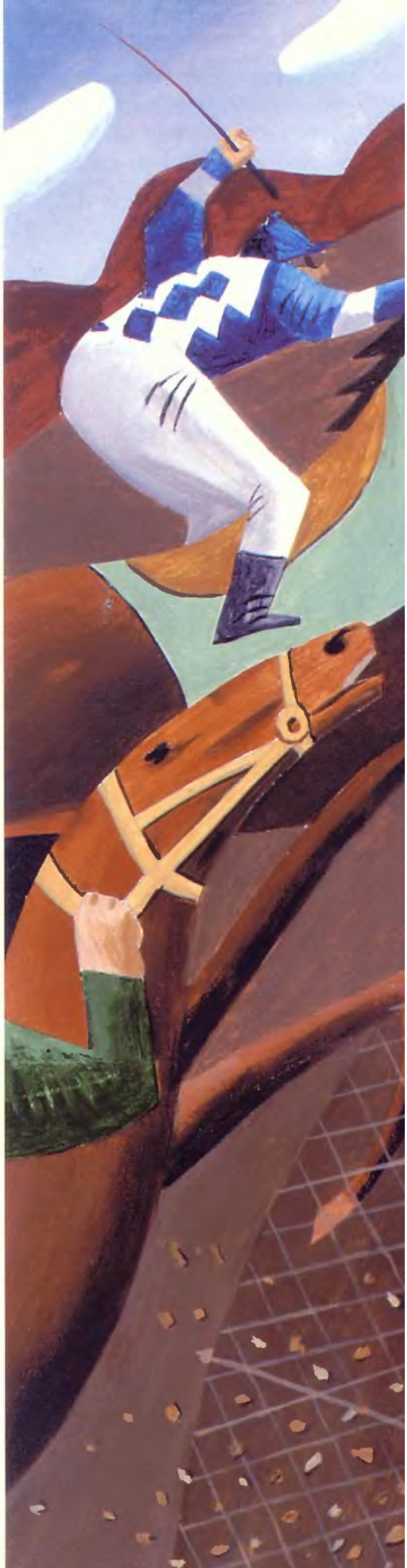


ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ULRIKSEN

DELTA QUEEN

amateur edison traci adell unveils her greatest invention: herself

JULY PLAYMATE Traci Adell will always carry a bit of Memphis in her heart, and most days she's downright homesick. But then, some ambitions are just too big for one place to hold. The day she grabbed her hard-earned political science degree from Memphis State, this wide-eyed adventurer headed west to establish herself as a businesswoman, inventor, model and actress.

"I have a life outside of trying to be a glamour girl," says Traci, at ease in the back of a Hollywood pub. "The business I'm starting now is called I.C. Art. For a long time I've had products I want to get off the ground. I have a book of about 100 ideas."

Will she let us in on some of her trade secrets? Traci grins and says, "Let's just say I'm trying to patent three things right now. In the two years since I graduated from college and moved from Memphis, I've

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

become surrounded by creative people who inspire me and who don't criticize my ideas. That's important to me."

Traci looks back now and laughs at the long trip from being a tall high school girl afraid of her own body to being PLAYBOY's newest darling.

"I was extremely shy all through college. I never dated. I dressed very conservatively, in big sweaters. A lot of people are freaked out that I'm coming out of my shell."

Her shyness came from strict Memphis mores and her struggle for acceptance as the "baby girl" in her family. But that family is also where her support comes from. "The bottom line is that every single person in my family is wonderful," Traci says. "Four of us have college degrees. I think that's really cool. And my younger brother is going to school right now to become a doctor.

"Growing up was rough," she says. "My dad split when I was ten. My mom had five kids to support, all between the ages of eight and 15. She had to make ends meet on less than $14,000

"Pop music has always been in my blood," says Traci, shown here on the streets of Memphis with some of Beale Street's finest—and a guy who thinks he's Elvis. "I listen to Top 40. I like country music, too, if I'm with a bunch of friends and we're just goofing off in a country bar. But I've never liked heavy metal."

In high school Troci wos too shy to talk obout sex. "People couldn't even opprooch me with the subject, becouse I would say, 'Oh, God, thot's gross.' I don't feel thot woy onymore, ond I reolize whot o beoutiful thing o womon's body is. Hoving pictures thot show off my own body is very sexy to me. They're obout sensuolity ond the beouty of being o womon."

a year. She is a wonderfully strong person. At the same time, though, we kids were pretty much on our own."

Upon arrival in Los Angeles, Traci received the kind of welcome that people make movies about—horror movies. "I got bit by every shark there was," she says. "I was a sweet little girl from Memphis. You can be that in Memphis, because people aren't trying to pull you into their mean little circle."

She fought back and soon landed a number of modeling jobs, small movie roles and guest appearances on sitcoms, including *Baywatch*, *Blossom* and *Married With Children*. She also auditioned for Playboy's 40th Anniversary Playmate search.

"Over the course of six months, before I was even a Playmate, I made a lot of friends through Playboy. They've become a source of strength for me, people I can

lean on."

For now, Traci's going full-bore into modeling and acting, using her nights to study. "I want to learn about everything," she says. "Right now there are ten different subjects on my bookshelf. I have a book on inventors of the 20th century. And I love the classics. I'm reading *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* by Thomas Hardy. Plus, I read about a dozen magazines a week. You have to if you're hungry for knowledge the way that I am."

But like many provincial prodigies, Traci looks forward to the day when she can go back home. "I definitely love just being in Memphis. I want a nice little house that is full of trust, honesty, warmth and passion. I want to be a mom and a wife and start teaching or writing. Writing has been an outlet for me to express my passion and curiosity. I'd like to write self-help books. That would be my way of helping others, sort of like soul work. And I'll probably go back to school and get my master's. But it's not as though I want to be secluded. I'll still have my big-city contacts, and I will always have big dreams." —CLINT GILA

"I think I can be just about anything I want," Traci says with a slight Memphis drawl. "The only drawback in my life was being an insecure, naive kid. But now the world's right there, ready for me to take it."

MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Traci Adell

BUST: 36D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 130

BIRTH DATE: 2-17-69 BIRTHPLACE: New Orleans

AMBITIONS: Have a child, write a book, build my own house.

TURN-ONS: Anyone or anything that educates or inspires me.

TURNOFFS: When people misjudge my character or give me a false impression of theirs.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME: I love living in L.A., pursuing my dreams, but I get so homesick for Memphis, my family, Southern hospitality and warm nights on Beale Street.

BEYOND MODELING: I've started my own business, I.C.ART (that's my name backwards). I have invented and am developing toys and household products. (wish me luck!)

IT'S SO UNSETTLING: To hear of people who still practice unsafe sex. PLEASE be careful!

MOTTO: The only things you regret in life are the risks you never took.

4th grade — Mom's Baby girl

senior H.S. — Winterfest Queen

college — Memphis Model

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After a day of grueling maneuvers under the blazing Texas sun, the platoon stood in formation in front of the barracks. "All right, ladies, think about this," bellowed the drill instructor. "If you could have ten minutes alone, right now, with anyone in the world, who would it be?"

Amid much mumbling, one voice was heard from the back row. "My recruiter."

Searching for a gift idea for her husband, the woman asked the golf pro for help. "We just had a terrible fight and I need something to make up with," she explained.

Wandering through the golf shop, the pro suddenly had an idea. "How about a gold-plated putter for $150?"

"That's pretty steep," she moaned. "But it was such a horrible fight, I guess it's worth it."

"Would you like an inscription?" he asked.

"What would I say on it?"

"Oh, something like, NEVER UP, NEVER IN."

"No way," she said. "That's what the fight was all about."

A crass, violent-tempered businessman died. More as a courtesy to his widow than through any affection for him, many people attended the funeral. Just as the minister concluded the services, a storm broke with a blinding lightning flash and terrific clap of thunder, startling the assembled mourners.

"Well," one muttered, "he got there."

Two spinsters pooled their savings to buy a chicken farm. Several months later, a neighbor dropped by to see how they were doing.

"Not very well, I'm afraid," one said. "The eggs don't hatch."

"It's no wonder, ma'am," the farmer said, chortling. "You have to have a rooster."

The next day, the farmer brought them a big, husky rooster and set it down beside a group of hens. The bird promptly took after one of the hens, which ran into the road and was run over by a truck.

"Poor thing," one of the women clucked. "She preferred death."

A street person approached a passerby. "Sir, would you give me $100 for a cup of coffee?"

"That's ridiculous!" the man said huffily.

"Just a yes or no, fellow," the beggar growled. "I don't need a damn lecture about how to run my business."

With so much turmoil in the world, God decided to pay a visit to earth to check things out. He strolled into a bar and approached the first man he saw. "If you believe in me enough to give me $50," he said, "I will grant you eternal life."

"Sorry, I'm an atheist," the fellow replied, "and have never believed in God."

God walked up to another man and made the same offer. "Well, I'm an agnostic and not really sure if I believe in you or not," the guy said, "but here's 50 bucks, just in case."

As the Lord turned away, a third man ran up to him. "I'm Pat Robertson and I don't really care whether you're God or not," he said excitedly. "Just teach me the trick you did with the agnostic and I'll give you $100."

Why wasn't John Wayne Bobbitt sent to Somalia? He has a history of getting separated from his unit.

The biggest attraction at the county fair was Dr. Miracle's tent. In it a young-looking man who claimed to be 200 years old was selling an elixir guaranteed to keep people eternally youthful.

"I can't believe it," an observer grumped to Dr. Miracle's assistant, a beautiful young woman. "Tell me, miss, is that guy really as old as he says?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, I have my doubts," she whispered. "But then, I've only known him since 1867."

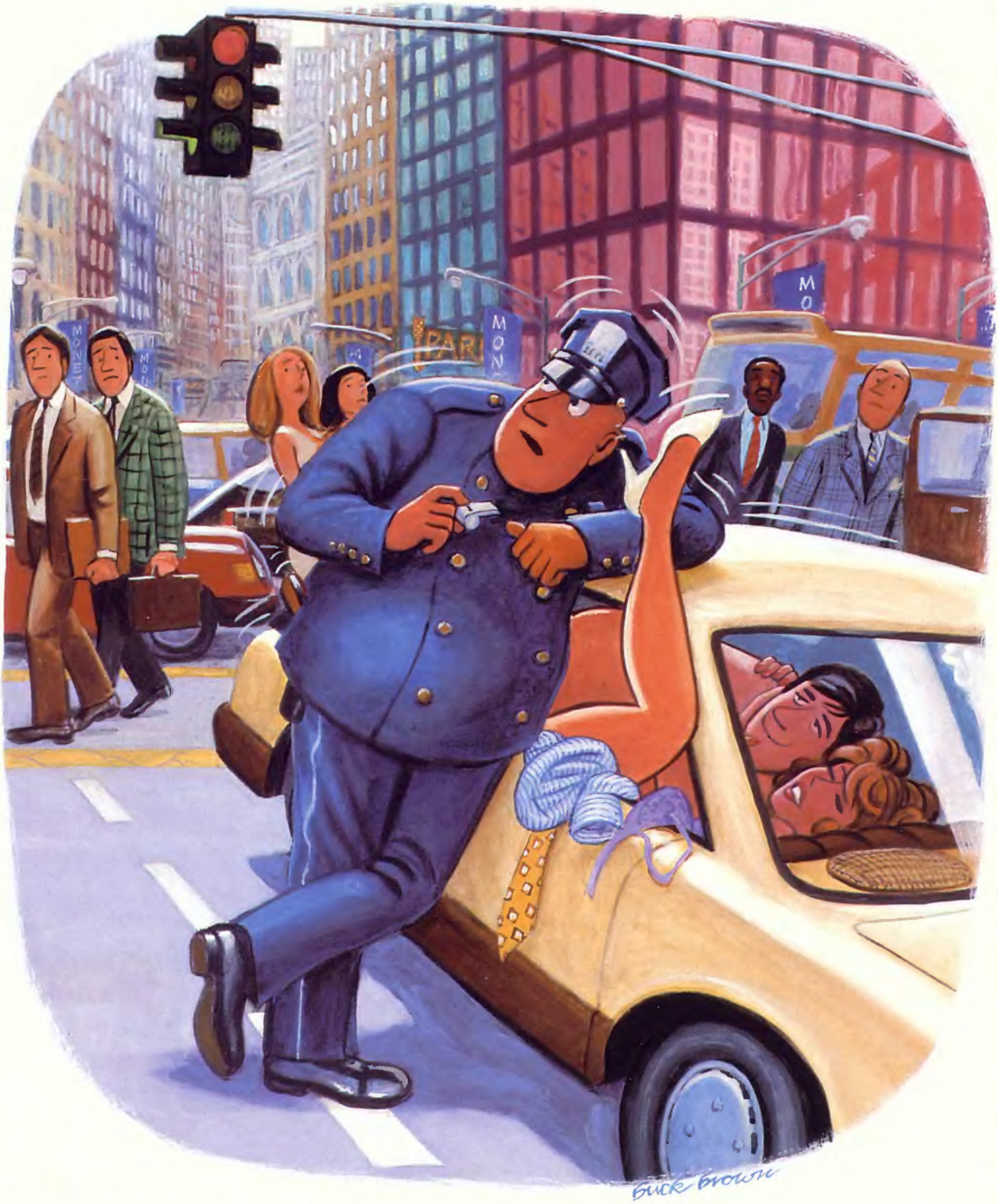
When his eyes began to give him trouble, a man went to a Prague ophthalmologist. The doctor showed the patient the eye chart, displaying the letters CVKPNWXSCZ.

"Can you read that?" the doctor asked.

"Can I read it?" the Czech replied. "I date his sister!"

Sign spotted over a bed in a Nevada brothel: I AM A PROFESSIONAL. DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Now that you mention it, this is a very long light!"

article by
CRAIG VETTER

DEATH AT THE CLINIC DOOR

when dr. david gunn was killed outside his office, did the anti-abortion movement hit a new low—or find a new strategy?

AROUND NOON on Friday, March 4, 1994, police sharpshooters on the roof of the Escambia County courthouse put their binoculars on David Gunn Jr. and his family as they walked toward the Piccadilly restaurant in downtown Pensacola. The Gunn clan had been in court all week, watching and listening as Michael Griffin, a 32-year-old chemical plant worker, stood trial. The prosecution was trying to prove that, almost exactly a year before, Griffin had murdered Dr. David Gunn by shooting him three times in the back as he left his car to begin a Monday schedule of abortions in a Pensacola clinic called Women's Medical Services.

The Gunn family was barely half a block toward the restaurant when a blue LTD screeched to a stop near them. Four cops wearing black SWAT pajamas and carrying automatic weapons scrambled out of the unmarked car and hustled David Jr. away from his group to talk. You had better change your lunch plans, they told him. John Burt is having lunch at the Piccadilly. His number one lieutenant, Donnie Gratton, is with him.

It was no surprise that the network of police—rooftop marksmen, uniformed cops, plainclothes officers in unmarked cars, roving SWAT teams—knew where both sides in this drama were eating lunch, and wanted to keep them separate. Having the family of the murdered abortion doctor face-to-face with Burt and Gratton, the most frighteningly militant anti-abortionists in the Florida panhandle, was edgy enough, even within the tight security of the courtroom. Putting them together in a downtown restaurant would be tempting fate.

How poignant, I thought. There's nothing like the vigilance that guards the barn door after the horse is gone. Or dead.

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During the week I spent in Pensacola for the Griffin trial, the local people seemed sad, embarrassed and deeply paranoid over the fact that this town of 60,000 had become the front line in the holy war over abortion in America.

"Why us?" one civic booster asked as he sat with reporters in a hotel bar.

"You might as well ask why there are earthquakes in Los Angeles," said a newsman.

"That's geology," said the local.

"Around here," said another native Pensacolan from his stool at the end of the bar, "it's theology that does the damage."

Pensacola's most notorious anti-abortion bombings, on Christmas Day in 1984, damaged two doctors' offices and a clinic called the Ladies Center. The four young Christians who were arrested for the crime called it "a present to Jesus on his birthday." When they went on trial the following year, Burt stood outside the courthouse holding a fetus in a jar and telling anyone who would listen that the bombers *(continued on page 122)*

PAINTING BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

food

By JOHN OLDCASTLE

IN THE GRILL OF THE NIGHT

hot summertime fun with everybody's favorite finger food

IF THERE'S ONE thing American women will admit American men can still do better, it's barbecue. Which is why the great barbecue chefs in this country have names like Sonny or Bubba, not Sharon or Lurleen. The open fire pit remains a primordial man's world. Fortunately, the stuff we grill has gotten more refined. Barbecue fare now includes not only ribs and steaks but also slow-cooked smoked game, seafood and vegetables. What's more, barbecue is just as likely to be accompanied by martinis on a silver tray as by a keg of beer in a washtub.

If you own a country house surrounded by ten acres, you can go whole hog—indeed, you can cook a whole hog in an open pit—without worrying about smoking out your neighbors. But for most of us, how we barbecue is determined by where we live.

Down South, pork is the preferred meat, whereas in Texas and the West, beef is the top choice. In North Carolina, there are two regional styles of pork barbecue. Good old boys in the eastern part of the Tarheel State opt for barbecued pork that's been pulled from the bone and doused with a strong but thin, vinegar-based hot-pepper sauce. In the western counties, pork is anointed with a sweet ketchup-style sauce. Texans, on the other hand, prefer a dry seasoning to a wet marinade or basting. Texas seasoning can call for more than a dozen spices such as cumin, coriander and cayenne or chili powder.

Recipes for Carolina and Texas barbecue sauces follow. But before we get to cooking instructions, let's get one thing straight: No matter how good your meat or sauce may be, without the right equipment you won't make tasty barbecue. Sure, you can spend upwards of $2500 on a jazzy appliance the size of a Miata, but our choice is a kettle grill, such as the ones made by Weber. With a kettle grill you can perform any barbecuing task from finishing off meat that's been precooked in an oven to 12-hour smoking. Here's how to throw a barbecue bash.

LET'S GET COOKING

An hour before your guests arrive, build a fire in your kettle grill, placing one layer of charcoal under half of the grate. Once the coals have an ash exterior, add two or three small chunks of hardwood or a handful of chips that have been soaked in water for about an hour. (A source for hardwoods from alder to mesquite follows.) Each wood imparts its own smoky flavor to the meat. These chunks or chips should be replenished along with the charcoal every two hours or so during cooking.

Alongside the coals, place a pan of water to keep the meat moist and to catch the drippings. Cover the kettle and let it build up smoke for about 15 minutes, then place your meat on the grate directly over the drip pan. Cover the kettle and be patient. The ideal temperature for barbecuing is about 200 to 250 degrees Fahrenheit, and an hour per pound of meat is the cooking time needed.

How much should you flavor the meat before cooking? Some barbecuers contend that it needs to be rubbed only with dry seasonings. Others marinate the meat overnight. Our preference is to season the meat with salt, pepper and a little chili powder. Then

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

MAKEUP/HAIRSTYLING BY ALEXIS VOGEL

proceed to barbecue it without basting until the final 15 minutes of cooking. At that point, the meat should be given a light coat of sauce. Serve additional sauce on the side.

You need to be more careful when cooking poultry and seafood. Chicken requires frequent basting so that the skin doesn't become bitter from the smoke. (Remember not to let cooked chicken come in contact with uncooked sauces that were used as marinades or with platters that have come in contact with uncooked chicken.) Turkey should be partially roasted in an oven before being placed on the grill. Otherwise it will acquire too strong a flavor from the smoke.

Because fish cooks quickly, we recommend frequent bastings to keep it from drying out. The cooking grate should also be lightly brushed with oil to keep the fish from sticking. To smoke a fish such as trout, first marinate it overnight (marinade recipe follows). Most fish (flounder, trout, bass, etc.) will require only several minutes of cooking per side, but tuna or swordfish steaks demand a slightly longer period on the fire. Shrimp are best cooked on a skewer so they can be turned easily. Figure five minutes on a hot grill and then sauté them briefly in a pan. Serve with a vinegar-based sauce. Clams, mussels and oysters should be placed in a pan on the grill and cooked until the shells open. Lobsters should be split in half, the claws cracked and the meat basted with butter or olive oil before grilling meat side down over hot coals. Baste vegetables such as leeks, zucchini, onions and peppers with olive oil or butter and cook on the grill for no more than two or three minutes. No matter what you're cooking, don't let the coals flame up. Grease fires make food taste horrible.

The ideal implement for carving is a Chinese meat cleaver. It severs ribs neatly and intimidates hungry food thieves into keeping their distance before dinner is served. Of course, insulated cooking mitts are necessary, as are a pair of tongs (or, for fish, a long-handled spatula). Have a cutting board nearby, a heated platter for the food, and a stack of paper napkins—not your best damask.

The following are some regional ways to prepare barbecue, followed by a source for exotic wood chips.

TEXAS DRY-RUB SEASONING

1 tablespoon black peppercorns
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon cumin
1 teaspoon coriander
1 teaspoon dried oregano
1 teaspoon dried thyme
1 teaspoon dried marjoram

In a mortar bowl, crush spices together until mixture achieves the consistency of salt and pepper. Apply it to meat and let stand for an hour or so before barbecuing.

TEXAS WET SAUCE

1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon dried oregano
1 teaspoon dried cumin
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground black pepper
¼ stick butter
2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 large onion, diced
¼ cup Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup A.1. steak sauce
2 cups ketchup
¼ cup white vinegar
3 tablespoons sugar
juice of 1 lemon

In a bowl, blend the spices. In a saucepan, melt butter, then add garlic and onion. Sauté until onion becomes clear and garlic begins to brown. Add Worcestershire sauce, steak sauce, ketchup, white vinegar, sugar and lemon juice. Cook until well blended, then add dry ingredients. Cook slowly over a low flame for at least 40 minutes, until sauce is reduced and thickened. Use as a marinade, basting sauce or side sauce with barbecued beef.

NORTH CAROLINA EASTERN-STYLE BARBECUE SAUCE

3 tablespoons crushed red pepper
3 tablespoons freshly ground pepper
3 tablespoons salt
¼ cup molasses
4 cloves garlic, minced
1 quart white vinegar

In a bowl, mash together peppers, salt, molasses and garlic. Add vinegar and mix. Allow to stand for several hours. Use as a marinade or basting sauce for pork.

NORTH CAROLINA WESTERN-STYLE BARBECUE SAUCE

1 stick butter
1 large onion, chopped
6 cloves garlic
1 cup white vinegar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cloves
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon chili powder
½ cup brown sugar
¾ cup ketchup
1 cup water

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add onion and garlic and sauté until they start to brown. Add white vinegar, cinnamon, cloves, dry mustard, chili powder, brown sugar and ketchup. Stir together, then add water and blend again. Bring to a boil, then lower to a simmer. Add salt and pepper to taste and remove from heat. Best used on pork ribs.

SOUTHERN PORK-BUTT BARBECUE

Rub a five-pound trimmed pork butt with salt and pepper, then place on grill to smoke for about six hours or until meat can be pulled apart in shreds. Chop up meat into pieces. Place in a saucepan, ladle on either of the North Carolina barbecue sauces and cook until sauce is blended with meat. Serve on hamburger buns or white bread with more sauce on the side. Have a bottle of hot sauce (such as Tabasco) on the table for those who want to give the sauce an additional kick.

TEXAS-STYLE BEEF BRISKET

Rub a four-pound beef brisket with Texas dry rub (see above) and let it stand for an hour. Place it on grill with fat side up and smoke for about five hours. Check to see if meat is drying out. If it is, baste with Texas wet sauce (see above) and let it smoke another two to three hours until tender. Carve as you would roast beef. Serve with more wet sauce on the side, along with sliced white bread, pickles and jalapeño peppers.

FISH MARINADE

¼ cup vegetable oil
½ cup white vinegar
1 carrot, shredded
1 onion, thinly sliced
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
5 crushed black peppercorns

Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Place fish fillets in marinade, cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate for a couple hours. (Don't overmarinate—it will ruin the delicate flavor of the fish.)

INTO THE WOODS

Hardwoods provide the aromatic smoky flavor essential to great barbecue. One of the best sources for barbecue-related items is *The Grill Lovers' Catalog*, which offers everything from barbecue tools and a $50 smoker to an assortment of wood chips, such as hickory, mesquite, alder, cherry and even ones made from 25-year-old white oak barrels used to age Jack Daniel's Tennessee whiskey. For a catalog or orders, call 800-241-8981. (Weber has a grill hotline to answer questions about outdoor cooking: 800-GRILL-OUT.)

"You put family in with the aluminum cans again, Mrs. Price."

The New, Improved, Fully Actualized Me

HOW I SURRENDERED MY MARRIAGE, MY MONEY—AND MY BATTERIES—TO THE HIGHER POWER OF INFOMERCIALS

article by JOE QUEENAN

TWO MONTHS AGO, while gnawing on a bratwurst, I suddenly realized that none of my friends had any respect for my intellect. Although I was highly regarded as a parent, a husband, a journalist and a leader in community recycling programs, I could no longer deny that my friends viewed me as a curmudgeonly old bore who never had anything original or interesting to say. This disturbed me to no end.

That night I stayed up late to watch *Arsenio*. I must have drifted off to sleep during his stimulating interview with Halle Berry, because when I awoke at three A.M., the screen was filled with one of those annoying infomercials that are cleverly camouflaged to look like actual TV programs. Reaching for the remote, I was ready to zap the set and see if there was an Adrienne Barbeau flick on USA cable when my ears pricked up. I was watching something called *A Fire in the Mind*, in which a dapper man was standing in front of a roaring fire pitching the 100 greatest books of world literature. He said that if I tried reading the 100 greatest books of literature at the rate of four a year it would take a quarter-century to reap their rewards, whereas if I listened to just one of these 45-minute tapes every day on my way to and from work, I could have a "functional mastery of the entire library of classics in only weeks." Testimonials from various satisfied customers proclaimed that functional mastery of these 100 great books quickly translated into new friendships, renewed self-confidence and a deeper appreciation of life itself.

Although I am normally not susceptible to the lures of such cunningly packaged TV come-ons, this product definitely piqued my interest. For a while I had been complaining to my wife that I could never find time for serious reading. Twenty years earlier, when we'd met, I used to lace my conversations with allusions to Tolstoy, Sartre, Euripides and Lord Byron. But years of cranking out reviews of trashy novels, ghostwritten autobiographies and snap books knocked off by third-rate journalists had purged all that top-shelf material from my intellect, so that I had become just as likely to quote from the works of Charles Barkley as from those of Charles Baudelaire.

So it isn't hard to see why *A Fire in the Mind* appealed to me. Armed with a blazing intellect and suffused with a daunting command of Western civilization's acknowledged masterpieces, I would no longer stand mouth agape when friends discussed the situation in Bosnia, but would instead burst forth with some oracular insight gleaned from Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*. When business associates lamented the rise of avarice in America, I would array newfound wisdom I had appropriated from Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy*.

That night I reached a momentous decision. Although there was still a part of me that bridled at the thought of spending my hard-earned money for a product pitched on a late-night infomercial, there was something so intellectually seductive about *A Fire in the Mind* that I was powerless to resist. So, swallowing my pride, I dialed the 800 number—where operators were standing by to take my order—and shelled out $268 plus shipping and handling for the astounding collection.

I was sure it was a phone call that would change my life forever.

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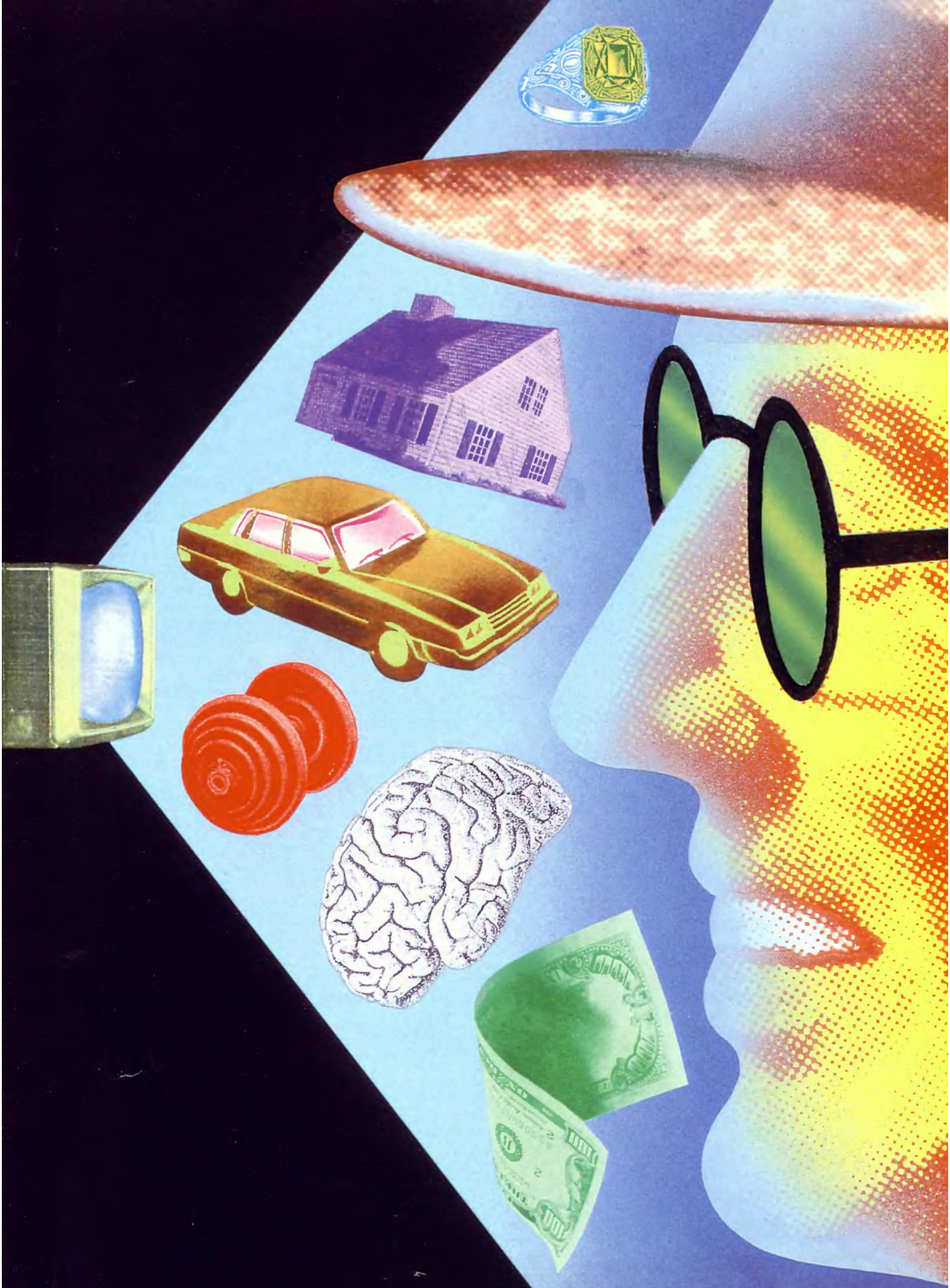
A few days later, the 50 cassettes containing the 100 greatest books of world literature arrived. Overjoyed, I began listening to them immediately. Alas, almost from the beginning, I had problems. Why did the 100 greatest books of world literature have to be so depressing? How was I supposed to start the day on a chipper note by listening to *Hamlet*, which deals with murder, *A Farewell to Arms*, which deals with an army deserter whose wife dies in childbirth, or *Oedipus Rex*, which deals with a man who first sleeps with his own mother, then blinds himself and then acts like it's everybody else's fault? This is no way to get the day rolling.

I decided to listen to the tapes only while I was out jogging in the late afternoon after work. To my dismay, this only made things worse. It's hard enough to get motivated to go jogging

ILLUSTRATION BY GENE GREIF



late in the afternoon under normal circumstances, but when you're staggering around the track on your 39th lap and your ears are filled with the sounds of George killing his retarded friend Lenny in *Of Mice and Men*, you kind of lose whatever joie de vivre you were supposed to be getting from your runner's high. Worse still, the batteries in my Walkman kept running down. Just when things were starting to get interesting in Karl Marx' *Das Kapital*, the damn Walkman would click dead. Infuriated, I came very close to tossing *A Fire in the Mind* into the fire.

That night I stayed up late to watch *Arsenio*. I must have drifted off to sleep during his stimulating tête-à-tête with Downtown Julie Brown, because when I awoke, the veteran shill Dick Clark was on the TV screen, beaming his headlight smile straight through a 30-minute infomercial for something called the Buddy L Super Charger. Although I am normally impervious to the allures of such transparent comeons, I must admit that there was something mesmerizing about watching Dick Clark speak for that long, and with that much passion, about two payments of $24.95 for a deluxe mail-order battery charger.

The most captivating feature of Dick's presentation was his astute observation about the often overlooked role of "battery management" in contemporary American life. Dick said that ordinary people like me inadvertently sundered the tapestry of our lives by constantly going back and forth to the store to buy batteries for our Walkmans, Discmans and Game Boys when we could have been using that time much more productively. He said that through an effective program of battery management, I could potentially save thousands of dollars over the years, and would have more free time to do the things I really wanted to do. Like listen to Karl Marx' *Das Kapital* while jogging.

That night I made a momentous decision. I dialed the 800 number, where operators were standing by to take my order, and forked over my money for the Buddy L Super Charger. I couldn't wait for it to arrive. I was sure it would change my life forever.

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Although my battery charger was not due for several weeks, I now found it virtually impossible to function without it. With all those *Fire in the Mind* cassettes to listen to, I was constantly having to visit Woolworth's or Caldor or Sears to buy new batteries for my Walkman. But then I would lose track of how much life was left in them, and they would wind down at the wrong moment. There I'd be, out in the middle of the woods, miles from anywhere, reveling in the rich prosody of Plato's *Republic* or Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* when the tape player would suddenly click dead. Furious, I would heave the useless cassettes deep into the woods, outraged at having my arcadian reverie interrupted.

That night I stayed up late to watch *Arsenio*. I must have drifted off to sleep during his stimulating interview with Patrick Ewing, because when I awoke, Dionne Warwick was on the screen telling me how I could change my life by calling the Psychic Friends Network. Dionne's program was filled with incredible testimonials from people who had met the loves of their lives through psychic networking. It was also filled with "psychic reenactments" of actual events in people's lives. The astonishing ability of Warwick's psychic network to predict the future was further evidenced by a moving testimonial from a French Canadian actor who couldn't even speak English when he first arrived in America, yet went on to become rich and famous as a soap opera star.

Ordinarily, I am immune to the allures of such tawdry pitches as the Psychic Friends Network, but Warwick's earnest exhortations throughout this captivating infomercial impressed me so much that I jumped up and dialed the 900 number. A recorded message apprised me that the call would set me back $3.99 a minute and that billing would start three seconds after the message concluded. The recording clicked off and a live psychic came on the line. After our formal introductions were completed, I presented her with the one question about my immediate future that I most wanted answered by a trained, professional psychic.

"If you can actually predict the future and can actually see what lies ahead for me, could you please tell me when my Dick Clark Buddy L Super Charger will be arriving in the mail?"

The psychic muttered something about my contacting the manufacturer to inquire about the delay in delivery, but I cut her off.

"I'm not asking you for information about how to deal with the manufacturer. I can handle that myself. All I'm asking you, in your capacity as a psychic, is to tell me when my Dick Clark Buddy L Super Charger will get here."

She could not answer the question, and I hung up in a tizzy.

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By this time my frayed nerves were starting to take a toll on my family. Depressed at the lugubrious contents of *A Fire in the Mind*, worn out by constant trips to the store to replace the batteries in my Walkman and feeling like an idiot for having forked over more than $20 to ask a veteran lounge lizardess' trained psychic if my coveted battery charger was ever getting here, I started to snap at my wife and children as if it were all their fault. More and more, I found myself marooned from my family, barricading myself in the den and staying up brooding about the failure of the infomercial universe to make good on its promise to improve the quality of my life.

One night I stayed up late to watch *Arsenio*. I must have drifted off to sleep during his stimulating interview with Danny Bonaduce, because when I awoke, John Tesh and Connie Sellecca were on the screen, cuddling and giggling like frolicsome love bunnies and talking about how their first marriages had foundered in seas of conjugal miscommunication. Determined to avoid similar mistakes in this marriage, Connie and John set aside lots of time from their busy professional schedules to watch "video seminars" conducted by a charismatic man named Gary Smalley.

Smalley then appeared on the screen and confirmed Connie and John's statements about his tapes. He said that marriages often fall apart because "women tend to feel things several times deeper than men do." He stressed the importance of communication in marriage, the importance of recognizing the differences between men and women and the importance of honoring one's spouse. As he spoke in soft, mellifluous tones, it occurred to me that I had become so wrapped up in my own little universe of self-improvement that I had neglected to pay sufficient attention to my wife. I had not honored her. I had not recognized the differences between us. Worse, I had allowed the lines of communication between us to atrophy. In all likelihood, I was probably suffering from what Gary described as "relationship scurvy." Right then and there I made a momentous decision: I would dial the 800 number and tell the operator who was standing by to take my order to send me Gary Smalley's video *Hidden Keys to Loving Relationships* as quickly as possible. I was certain it would change my life forever.

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A couple of days later, Gary Smalley's first video seminar came in the mail. After my wife and kids were in bed, I ducked into the den and loaded it into

(continued on page 150)

THE SPORTING LIFE

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE FASHION DESIGNERS have figured out what Reebok and Converse have known all along: Guys love sports threads. Donna Karan has warm-up jackets and running pants in her DKNY lineup. Ralph Lauren has gone the cycling route with bike shirts and windbreakers. Even Giorgio Armani has given his classic polo an athletic zip front. But aren't these designer versions purely for posers? Definitely not. In fact, they're made with the same fabrics that toughen traditional athletic wear and keep you cool and dry. Of course, if you still need proof that they're the real deal, check out how Paul Caligiuri, Frank Klopas, Cobi Jones and Chris Henderson of the 1994 U.S. national soccer team put the best of the best to the test.

america's world cup soccer contenders kick and score in the latest athletic sportswear

When it comes to comfort, a warm-up suit beats the hell out of a double-breasted one. Left to right: **Caligiuri** combines a microfiber warm-up jacket by Nautilus, $120; with a cotton T-shirt by DKNY, about $58; a mesh basketball tank top by Converse, $20; and Lycra running leggings by Fila, $56. **Klopas** sports a nylon jogging jacket by Vizor, $60 (including matching pants, not shown); a cotton T-shirt by Reebok, $22; and Fieldsensor leggings by Pearl Izumi, $70. **Jones** matches a cotton sweatshirt by Vizor, $35; a neoprene vest by DKNY, $135; and Supplex strength pants by Nautilus, $80. **Henderson** teams a cotton short-sleeved bike shirt by Polo Ralph Lauren, $95; with a cotton hooded training jacket with contrasting stripes on the sleeves and elastic cuffs, by Adidas, $55; and spandex running leggings by Speedo, $38.

Far left: It's heads-up for **Henderson,** a 23-year-old midfielder from Everett, Washington, who's sporting a nylon water-resistant warm-up jacket, $45, nylon-and-Lycra leggings, $45, and retro-style sneakers, about $55, all by Adidas; plus a Supplex-and-nylon shirt by Zyng, $65. Center: Born in Athens, Greece, and now a Chicagoan, **Klopas** is a 27-year-old forward whose fancy footwork is made easy in spandex leggings by DKNY, $70; a Fieldsensor tank top by Pearl Izumi, $25; a sweatshirt by Discus, $25; a polyester cycling jacket by Descente, $50; and leather sneakers by Massimo, $65; plus sunglasses by Gargoyles, $80. Right: 24-year-old, **Jones** of Detroit gives a hair-raising demonstration of his soccer skills in a microfilament vest by Pearl Izumi, $45; worn over a nylon cycling jacket by Polo Ralph Lauren, $175; a nylon-and-Lycra rock-climbing shirt by Zyng, $65; cotton-polyester-and-Lycra leggings by YMLA, $35; and suede retro-style sneakers by Puma, $55.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE STAMBLER

Caligiuri, a midfielder from Diamond Bar, California, scored the goal against Trinidad and Tobago in 1989 that put the U.S. in the World Cup in 1990 for the first time in 40 years. Getting serious air above, he sports a nylon warm-up jacket with a mesh-lined hood, $325, and nylon-and-spandex running leggings, $70, both by DKNY; with a cotton zip-front polo shirt by A/X Armani, $60; a mesh basketball shirt by Converse, $24; and waterproof synthetic leather sneakers by Nike, $95.

STYLING BY LEE MOORE FOR VISAGES STYLE, LOS ANGELES
MEN'S GROOMING BY MITZI SPALLAS, CLOUTIER, LOS ANGELES

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 145.

DEATH AT THE CLINIC DOOR *(continued from page 108)*

"'I wouldn't do that,' Burt said of the bombings. 'But I don't feel it's wrong, if that's the way God has spoken.'"

were pro-life prisoners of war and that he was their spiritual advisor. "I wouldn't do that myself," Burt said of the bombings. "But I don't feel that it's wrong, if that's the way God has spoken to someone."

From that day in 1985 to the day Dr. Gunn was shot, Burt was a focal point for the Pensacola anti-abortion movement. Connected, but rarely indicted. He had been arrested only twice on serious charges: once for a clinic burglary, and again two years later for breaking his probation by driving past the Ladies Center with a man who was later arrested for having a trunk full of explosives.

As regional director for the Houston-based Rescue America, Burt has made a specialty of talking out of both sides of his mouth. His van carried a bumper sticker that said EXECUTE MURDERERS/ABORTIONISTS. Until Dr. Gunn was assassinated, that is, at which point the bumper sticker disappeared and Burt began claiming he could not condone the taking of life to save the lives of unborn babies.

When asked about his inspirational role in the violence and bloodshed, he did a little Pontius Pilate hand-washing. "We're in a battle of good and evil," he said. "Just as a commander in chief can't be held accountable for every death, neither can I."

About his association with Griffin, Burt said, "I can't help it if something that I do inspires someone to go off the deep end."

•

Michael Griffin met John Burt about two months before the shooting. Griffin's wife, Trish, had volunteered to help at Our Father's House, a shelter for pregnant and troubled girls run by Burt and his wife in Milton, Florida. The girls, mostly teenagers, live under strict house rules that include compulsory church attendance, occasional participation in demonstrations at the local abortion clinics and handing over half the welfare money that Burt has registered them for.

Griffin was already unstable and vulnerable by the time he began work at Burt's house as a handyman, fixing gutters, doing plumbing, installing a security system. He had spent six years in the Navy, including four years as a nuclear-power supervisor on the USS Whale in Groton, Connecticut. He had been raised a Methodist, but joined the fundamentalist Brownsville Assembly of God around the time he mustered out of the Navy in 1987. He had two daughters by then, and a job at Monsanto. He also had a violent temper and his marriage was in trouble because of it.

The pastor of the Brownsville Assembly, the Reverend John Kilpatrick, described him as "real hard on his family . . . abusing all of them . . . slapping them around." Kilpatrick tried for two years to curb what he saw as Griffin's growing religious radicalism. When he couldn't, he asked him to leave the congregation. Shortly after that, Trish moved out with the children, saying that Michael was controlling, jealous and dogmatic in the family relationship. A year later, they reconciled and began attending Charity Chapel, the church through which Trish began her volunteer work at Burt's shelter.

Though Michael Griffin had not been an abortion protester before, his zealotry was naturally and powerfully attracted to the inflammatory message that was everywhere in Our Father's House: in bottles full of dismembered fetuses, on posters with Dr. Gunn's photo above the words WANTED FOR MURDER and even in the garage where an effigy of Gunn was hanging by a noose, with red paint on its hands and a Bible verse across its chest—"If man sheds man's blood, by man shall his be shed."

Trish Griffin cried miserably when Burt played a grisly video called *The Hard Truth* on a big-screen television. Michael watched intently but showed no emotion. Nor was he emotional a week later when Burt and 60 or so others held a burial service for two fetuses on a small plot of land that abuts the Ladies Center clinic.

On Sunday, March 7, 1993, Michael Griffin showed up without his wife at the Whitfield Assembly of God, a church where Burt was a lay preacher. During the service, Griffin stood from his front row pew to offer a public prayer that Dr. Gunn would stop killing babies and give his life to Jesus. After the service, Burt took him back to Our Father's House for pizza and reminded him that on Wednesday, March 10, a demonstration was planned at Pensacola Women's Medical Services, a recently opened abortion clinic in the Cordova Square complex. Griffin said he would be there.

•

During a break on Tuesday, the second day of the trial, David Gunn Jr. found himself in the rest room with Gene Presley, Griffin's father-in-law. The two had seen each other across the aisle in the courtroom. Gunn, 23 years old, had straight brown hair hanging to the middle of his back. The balding Presley, in his early 60s, was wearing a suit and had spectacles on his kind face.

"I want you to know that I am sorry about what happened to your father," said Presley as the two of them washed their hands.

"Sometimes things happen. You just have to deal with them," said Gunn.

"I'll tell you this," said Presley of his daughter's husband. "I don't know if he did it or if he didn't. I just know he isn't the only one who should be on trial."

"Amen to that," said Gunn.

•

Friday morning, the defense called John Burt as a hostile witness, a description he lived up to from the moment he raised his right hand to take the oath. "I do," he said in a voice that is big and Southern and full of the gravel left behind by years of hard drinking and smoking. An intense silence fell over the courtroom as he took the stand, adjusted the microphone and surveyed the room. He is a large man with slick hair, a close-cropped graying beard and a permanent frown—the angry face of an Old Testament prophet.

In fact, Burt likes to portray his life in the biblically melodramatic terms of the sinner turned by the power of the Lord toward redemption, or perhaps martyrdom. He grew up the son of a lawyer in Palatka, Florida and did time in the Marine Corps. He became a Ku Klux Klansman, and an admitted "drinker and doper," which caused his first marriage to founder. Then, sometime in the early Eighties, "Jesus suddenly touched me," he says. After his rebirth he redirected his anger and hatred toward anyone who did not believe that abortion was murder.

He says he quit the Klan, though something he told Pensacola journalist Richard Shackelford makes it sound as if he may merely be on a leave of absence from the night-riding brotherhood. "Fundamental Christians and those people are pretty close," he said. "Scary close, fighting for God and country. Someday we may all be in the

(continued on page 158)

"Hey, you! This is a beer commercial! Stop looking so introspective!"

The First Daughter

a provocative look at ron and nancy's wildest child

text by MICHAEL ANGELI

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

A portfolio of Reagan family values: (clockwise from top left) Ronald and Nancy, the early days, with their daughter, Patti, who was born seven months after their marriage; Ronald Reagan as governor of California, dreaming of a White House Christmas with wife, Nancy, daughter Patti, and son Ron; the first family's 1983 holiday photograph, with (left to right) Patti, her soon-to-be fiancé Paul Grilley, Nancy, Ronald, Ron's wife, Doria, and Ron.

THE PHYSICAL resemblance to her mom and dad is strong. She has the Great Communicator's good hair and Lincolnesque stature along with his happy Buddha peepers, eyes you might encounter in the late stages of a picnic, when the sun sinks and the beer's flat, but, ah, the memories. From her mother, Patti inherited the flowerpot shape of her jaw and her white teeth. She also has Nancy's edgy smile, which her mother—a.k.a. the Dragon Lady—uses to ward off the less cunning.

While the Reagans presided over their conservative Camelot, daughter Patti—born seven months after her folks married—became a personal veto of her parents' button-down credo. Throughout the Reagan years, she openly criticized her father's foreign and domestic policies, remained active in the antinuclear movement, spoke at peace rallies and refused to live in the White House. And she married, then divorced, her yoga instructor.

At one point during Reagan's campaign for reelection in 1984, he was so exasperated with Patti's liberal stands on marijuana use and premarital cohabitation that he remarked, "I'm just sorry that spanking is out of fashion now."

Although Patti adamantly opposed her father's politics, she refused to vote in either of her father's elections. "I didn't have the balls to go against my father. Looking back on it, I should have done it differently. But back then I just chickened out." *(text continued on page 157)*

Openness about sexuality was not part of Patti's upbringing: "We didn't walk around the house nude. My mother was less shy than my father, who was really shy. In fact, my parents were horrified by the free-love generation of the Sixties and early Seventies. My braless stage did not go over well."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

Part of Patti's motivation to do this pictorial was provided by "the nasty little press reports that call me middle-aged. They're latching on to this middle-aged thing. I thought, You know what? Fuck you. This is what middle-aged looks like." (You've seen the photographs—now turn to page 134 to sample Davis' uproarious, incendiary literary style.)

an erotic fantasy

BY PATTI DAVIS

SAFE SEX

the former first daughter artfully proposes that the answer to a woman's fantasies might well be a hot seat

SHE COULDN'T stop thinking about it—John Wayne Bobbitt's penis lying in a field. It haunted her. She wondered what the weather had been like that day. Had it rained? Was the field muddy? Did they have to brush dirt off of it? Pick out stubborn pieces of gravel that had become embedded in the soft flesh? And how soft was it? If it was flaccid when Lorena cut it off, did it get more so as the blood drained out of it?

She preferred to think of it as hard, even though she knew that was physically impossible. But she enjoyed changing the events in her mind—some of them, anyway. She liked to imagine a woman walking along and finding it—an erect penis, with no man attached to it, just lying there, waiting for someone to take it home.

"Oh, how great!" she imagined the woman saying. "I've been looking for one of these. Dildos are so synthetic, and real penises always come with a man attached."

Tamara thought about Lorena once in a while, too, though not as often as she thought about John Wayne's penis. For one thing, she liked Lorena's name and would have traded with her in a second. Tamara's name was the result, according to her mother, of an acid trip her mother took before she became pregnant. But in 1968, it was perfectly logical to see your future mapped out in detail during an acid trip. And that, said her mother, was what happened. She knew she'd soon get pregnant and have a golden-haired daughter, and that her name would be Tamara.

Aside from the name thing, though, Tamara thought about Lorena driving her car after she had cut off John's penis. Did she have to put it in her lap to pull out of the garage or to flick on her turn signal? And if she didn't—if she just kept it in her hand—did she worry about passing drivers? That maybe they'd glance over and then say, "I could swear I just saw a woman driving by with a penis in her hand."

From the time Tamara was a child, her mother told her how beautiful she was. "I knew you would be, too," her mother would say, not explaining about the acid trip until Tamara was older. Then she added, "Don't ever do drugs. They're not like they were in the old days. But I certainly had an accurate vision of you." Tamara knew she was attractive. Even on her bad days she could turn heads. She had thick, wavy blonde hair that fell down her back and a perfectly proportioned body that looked like she exercised religiously. In fact, she was rather lazy. Maybe that was a part of this penis fixation. Because of her looks, she'd been forced to think about penises a lot. Men were always offering her theirs.

She worked in a high-priced jewelry store, with an armed guard and a buzzer on the door. Men came in to buy expensive pieces for their wives, or more likely for their mistresses. The store manager always wanted Tamara to wait on them and once said to her—it would have been sexual harassment if the manager weren't a woman—that Tamara should show some cleavage. "You'll sell more jewelry," she said.

Which was true. As much as she resented it, Tamara knew that a sale had already been made as soon as she leaned over the counter to tell some man what a great deal the $20,000 diamond necklace was. She knew the guy would fuck her if he could and send her diamonds as a payoff.

From an analytical perspective, Tamara thought all of this factored into her obsession with John Wayne Bobbitt's penis. Generally, she didn't like the men who came attached to penises, though she did like sex. One of her friends suggested a vibrator, so she bought one and tried it. But the noise distracted her *(continued on page 154)*

CONSTRUCTION BY DON BAUM

going MOBILE

with four-pound subnotebooks and palm-size pdas, you can take it all with you

modern living by DAVID ELRICH

TODAY'S portable computers have half the weight and double the power of models introduced only two years ago. Features are multiplying, too. Thanks to built-in fax modems, wireless technology and new intuitive software, a portable will enable you to stay on top of the job any time, anywhere. It won't cost a fortune, either, because electronics manufacturers are cutting the prices of computers-to-go, in some cases by more than $1000. That means the same superfast, micromini color portable that would have cost you $3300 a year ago can now be yours for about $2000.

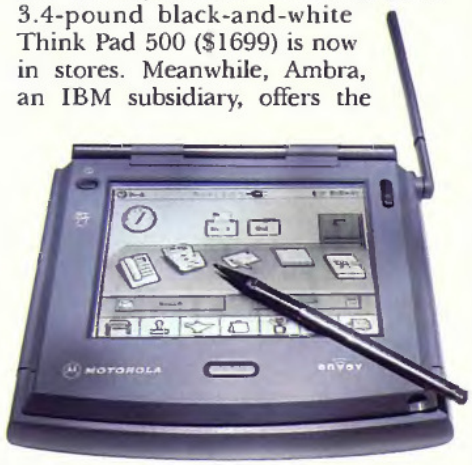
With that in mind, if you're searching for a lightweight laptop, try a subnotebook such as the Toshiba Portégé T3400CT (pictured on facing page). Slightly smaller than 8½″x11″, subs are about an inch thick, weigh less than 4.5 pounds and fit easily into a briefcase or backpack.

But don't be fooled by their size: Subs are potent. In fact, the Portégé and other top subnotebooks use the same 486 microprocessor that's built into some of the fastest desktop systems. What's more, subnotebooks have track balls and pointing devices, large hard drives for storing loads of information and new battery technology that enables them to run longer without added weight. In fact, about the only thing that adds weight to a subnotebook is a color monitor. But what's a few additional ounces when you are staring at a screen from New York to Hong Kong?

In order to slim down to four pounds or so, subnotebooks have compact keyboards that may take some getting used to. They also replace floppy disk drives with a lightweight alternative drive called a PCMCIA, short for Personal Computer Memory Card International Association. PCMCIA slots accept credit-card-size software that can expand memory and provide network compatibility. One of the smartest PCMCIA applications is Compaq's cellular connection Speed Paq 144/P, a $389 card that joins your computer to your cellular phone, allowing you to send and receive e-mail, faxes and computer files. You can also dial up any number of on-line computer services.

If you want to impress your friends, slide a global positioning system PCMCIA card into your computer, place the magnetic mount antenna on your car and start driving. This personal satellite system will enable you to pinpoint your exact location on the computer screen using City Streets for Windows maps software (about $100).

Besides the Portégé, which weighs 4.4 pounds in color ($3999) and 4.4 pounds in black and white ($2599), other top choices for subnotebooks include the smaller and lighter Compaq Contura Aero, weighing 3.5 pounds with a monochrome display (about $1400) and 4.2 pounds with a color one ($2199). A color version of IBM's 3.4-pound black-and-white Think Pad 500 ($1699) is now in stores. Meanwhile, Ambra, an IBM subsidiary, offers the SN425C four-pound color subnotebook for $1899 and a black-and-white SN425 for $1299. Zenith Data Systems' 3.9-pound Z-Lite 425L Model 170 ($1699) comes with a PCMCIA modem card. And AST has introduced the Ascentia line of notebooks, which includes a subnotebook in both monochrome and color models that weigh about four pounds and come loaded with Windows software.



Above: Using two-way wireless technology, a 9600-baud fax-and-data modem and an infrared beam, Motorola's 1.7-pound hand-held Envoy personal communicator lets you send and receive data files, faxes and e-mail while providing a direct link to the Internet and other on-line services. Other features include two PCMCIA Type 2 slots and a rechargeable nicad battery that can run for up to eight hours, about $1500. **Right:** Toshiba's 4.4-pound T3400CT Portégé subnotebook combines a 486SX 33MHz microprocessor, a 120-megabyte hard drive, a 7.8-inch color VGA monitor and a PCMCIA expansion slot, $4000. Shown on the Portégé screen is Playboy's Electronic Datebook, $39.95.

If you're computer-shy, there are other electronic helpers that make great travel partners. Called personal digital assistants, these 21st century secretaries not only enable you to work more efficiently, they can also help organize your life.

The most important PDA innovation is two-way wireless communications technology, which can be found in Motorola's Envoy. This 1.7-pound hand-held computer (pictured at left) is the first PDA device that cuts the phone cord, allowing you to send and receive faxes from across town or across the country without hookups. The Envoy also allows you to send and receive e-mail, alphanumeric pages, computer files and handwritten or typed messages using a virtual keyboard and a penlike model. It provides linkups to the Internet and other on-line networks.

Scheduled to hit stores later this summer for about $1500, the Envoy is the first product to use software called Magic Cap, developed by General Magic. Magic Cap combines all the communications features in a hand-held device and has an easy-to-use interface—a critical concern for anyone frustrated by the compatibility problems of multimedia technology.

Apple's Newton Message Pad, the vanguard of the PDA movement, is already in its second generation in the form of the Message Pad 110. Paraphrasing Apple's ads: It does more and costs less ($599) than the original Newton ($699). It also has more memory and longer battery life. And this one doesn't claim to recognize your handwriting with complete accuracy. In fact, it features "deferred handwriting recognition" as well as letter recognition so you *(concluded on page 144)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 145.

PISA
PASSPORT

MICHAEL MORIARTY

tv's feisty d.a. takes on janet reno, celebrates the symbolic power of violence and explains the basis of a good marriage

When one high-profile prosecutor feuds with another, the dispute makes headlines. Michael Moriarty, who played Assistant District Attorney Ben Stone in NBC's "Law & Order," found himself in a real battle with Attorney General Janet Reno. The issue: television violence. Reno has strongly urged the television industry to curb its representations of mayhem, which, she feels, contribute to the violence plaguing the country today. Moriarty believes that police dramas and action movies do nothing of the kind. And he feels that Reno and some in Congress are proposing nothing less than censorship. He insists that the government will, if it succeeds, have legislated limits on both artistic freedom and the right of individuals to choose their preferred forms of entertainment.

Moriarty holds no law degree, but he boasts impressive credentials: an Ivy League education followed by drama studies in England and 20 years of experience in film, theater and television. He received acclaim for his portrayal of a major league pitcher opposite Robert De Niro's terminally ill character in "Bang the Drum Slowly," and he later appeared with Clint Eastwood in "Pale Rider." He has received a Tony Award for his Broadway work and two Emmys for television appearances. He's written plays and performs both jazz and classical piano.

For the last four years, Moriarty starred in "Law & Order," which deals with issues of prosecution and punishment in New York's overburdened justice system. He has received three Emmy nominations for his portrayal of Ben Stone, the veteran who doggedly prosecutes on behalf of the people, but recently left the show as a result of the controversy surrounding his public battle with Reno.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met with Moriarty to learn what the activist actor had to say about Reno, violence, sex, drugs, alcohol and personal freedom. Reports Kalbacker, "Moriarty is mad as hell. He also seems to enjoy his outspokenness a great deal. He did a whole lot of talking during our session and at one point even remarked, 'I'm engaged in a tirade in the French tradition.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: How did your row with Attorney General Janet Reno start?

MORIARTY: The event was a presentation where we stated our names and our feelings about television and the issue of violent programming. Dick Wolf, the producer of *Law & Order*, asked me to meet the attorney general. I asked, "What is this? Some stupid photo op? The television prosecuting attorney meets the attorney general?" He said Reno had testified before Congress and threatened legislation to censor television. If she got her way, shows like *Law & Order* could go off the air. So we went to this meeting assuming we would let her know we weren't Branch Davidians. A psychiatrist gave his expert opinion: No one knows the effect of programming on children, no one can absolutely say anything for sure about it. Well, Reno was having none of that. She said, "Those of you who do not agree that violent programming contributes to violence in America, write down your thoughts and submit them to me within five days. But I don't want to hear them now." When she said that, I felt I was being treated like a criminal, that my friends and colleagues were part of an industry that contributed to drive-by shootings.

2.

PLAYBOY: You're not a prosecutor, but you played one on TV. Was it Michael Moriarty or Ben Stone who got so steamed at that meeting?

MORIARTY: He's me. We're the same. I've had four years of education in the criminal justice system through rehearsal and performance. The first year Dick Wolf told me to play myself, not to try to do a character. It was hard at first because I'm a character actor. But I stuck with it. My character came from New York University. But I could have been a St. John's law graduate. I constantly state I'm Catholic. The first half of *Law & Order* is a murder mystery. The second half is a moral mystery. When you get into the implications of dealing with the tragedies involved around crime—not just the criminals and the victims, but the families of both sides—it becomes incredibly complex.

3.

PLAYBOY: What is your case against the views of the attorney general?

MORIARTY: I have taken an unequivocal stand. I'm totally unapologetic about the ability of dramatic artists, filmmakers and television people to use violence to tell a story. Dramatic violence is the most effective tool for telling the invisible tale of good and evil. Violent drama has been the hallmark of every major civilization since the Greeks. It goes from Aeschylus to the Elizabethans and William Shakespeare, to Paris in the Twenties with the Grand Guignol, to America in the Sixties with Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*. It is not a disease. It is an immunization against the disease. Infecting you with a bit of the virus allows you to understand your nature. You understand the violence within you and within other people. A good man is well-informed about himself and not afraid of his fantasy life. His angers and the images he has when he gets angry are fantasies. There must be an outlet for them. They are best brought out in art. This branding of the portrayal of violence as a disease is designed to make us ashamed of who we are. The government that would make adults ashamed of what they like is making a people ripe for blackmail, and that's what some senators are doing. That is an outrage.

4.

PLAYBOY: More than a few people suggest that the depiction of violence leads to aggressive behavior. A good lawyer can argue either side of a case. Want to give it a try?

MORIARTY: Well, what is wrong with aggressive behavior? That's what a vibrant life is about. I see a romantic movie, I want to go home and make love to my wife. I see an adventure film, maybe I want to go have a big steak dinner and a few drinks and feel beefy and male and macho and dance, and then go home and make love to my wife. PLAYBOY has gorgeous ladies on the cover. I take all that added spermatozoa and deliver it to my wife with great joy and excitement. Children see programs on television. They provoke aggressive behavior. How are kids going to learn to deal with their energies and their impulses except by dealing with them? Little Johnny, in an excess of aggressive behavior, punches little

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

Joey. Little Joey punches little Johnny back. Little Johnny says, Wait a minute. This is the price for punching someone in the face. Lesson. Education.

5.

PLAYBOY: Can we assume you deal quite well with your fantasy life?

MORIARTY: My fantasy life was a little intimidating to my first wife. The joy and security in my second marriage is my ability to say to my wife anything going on in my head, sexually or otherwise. And that freedom has kept me faithful for 20 years because I don't have restrictions. My imagination can go anywhere it damn pleases. My first marriage was not like that. And I think it's true of a lot of marriages. In most marriages there are secret, dark things the husband is thinking but doesn't want to tell his wife. I edit nothing. Hamlet said he could be bounded in a nutshell and count himself a king of infinite space because of his imagination. He, unfortunately, was confronted with bad dreams. If I have bad dreams, I treat them like thrilling movies. Violent movies.

6.

PLAYBOY: And you're as well-informed about your anger as you are about your fantasy life?

MORIARTY: I think there is some Irish there. It may flare a little more quickly than most but I also know that it's a healthy part of my nature. My grandfather, George Moriarty, was a famous baseball player. He was a third baseman for the Tigers. He later managed the Tigers and was a major-league umpire. And he was fighting Irish from the South Side of Chicago. I have great affinity with him now. He took on five Chicago White Sox under the grandstands when they started calling him names for not calling the balls and strikes right. He broke his fist hitting the first one. He kicked the second one and then he finally went down to their greater numbers. The next day he showed up for work bruised and punched up, but only two of the five White Sox showed up for the game. Five. He took on five. And there in physical violence is a metaphor for the rhetorical violence I'm involved in now. The irony is that my first big successful film was a baseball film. No one doubled for me on that. I threw my arm out. Which I'm not going to whine about.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've called Janet Reno a "mad lady." Isn't that making the debate a little too personal?

MORIARTY: I hope and trust that by the end of my life most people will say that when Michael Moriarty called someone a bitch, she must have been a bitch. But I have to take it away from the personality and show the issue, which is ignorance and power. She put a weapon to the head of network and cable executives. She was saying that if we would make her happy, she wouldn't censor. Dick Wolf played devil's advocate and asked if she would like control over television programming from three to five P.M. She said, "How about three to nine." And she didn't phrase it like a question. Janet Reno says she did it for the children in Waco. Those children were incinerated. Now she's going to storm television for the children. If I had only had the courage to stand up in that room and tell her that she treated us shamefully, but I was with corporate people who take this kind of thing all day. They eat shit. In that situation you maintain a certain decorum, and that's how I behaved. That's how I would be if I were an assistant D.A.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the film and television industries yield too easily when pressed to reduce depictions of sex and violence?

MORIARTY: Yes. They've all turned into wusses. They remain silent or they run an expensive ad in *The Washington Post*, like Norman Lear. They claim they don't want censorship, and at the same time they apologize. Well, they don't have a problem. They're feeding the American public what the American public wants. And if the public doesn't want it anymore, the public won't buy it. People vote with their fingers when they turn on a television set. They vote every half hour on what they want to watch on television, according to the ratings. They vote for alcohol. They vote for guns. They vote for *NYPD Blue* because it includes the ingredients people want in good drama—sex and dramatic violence. They vote for PLAYBOY. I want to tell people to quit being ashamed of themselves and their appetites. Don't let someone make you ashamed because you enjoy your drinks and you enjoy a ripsnorting Clint Eastwood film.

9.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes actors who speak out on social or political issues aren't taken seriously. Do you worry that some might consider you to be naive or self-righteous?

MORIARTY: Have you ever heard of an unrighteous district attorney? Can you think of that? I remember Katie Couric, whose husband is a defense attorney in real life, criticizing my Ben Stone, saying he's righteous. It's a necessity. This experience has ignited me. I don't care what attitudes are about actors. I'm going to stand up and say things. I am a public figure. I do know how to run off at the mouth. I can be entertaining. I'm the only person so far, with the possible exception of Alec Baldwin, who occasionally stands up and says he doesn't apologize for the films he makes.

10.

PLAYBOY: You have named a villain—Janet Reno. Can you cite any heroes in the struggle against censorship?

MORIARTY: Howard Stern is a hero to me. Stern takes the Constitution seriously. He spoke eloquently of the situation when I went on his program. Obviously he's tweaking the sillier inhibitions of this country, and the politically correct hate him because he is not discreet. He is socially embarrassing. No, he didn't ask me the size of my penis. Maybe next time. From what Stern said, everyone's is bigger than his. I make no major claims about the size of my organ. It's nothing to shout about. The size of my lusts, yes. I have large, insatiable, exciting lusts for life. And the Road Runner is a hero of mine. Not only have I laughed but I also have learned a great deal of wisdom from the Road Runner: You shouldn't throw anvils at people unless you're ready to have the anvil come back in your face. The government would like to throw anvils at me, and I'm throwing them back. I think I'm the Road Runner.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do the people in Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau's office regard you as a colleague?

MORIARTY: Hardly. They hold most television programs in contempt. But our advisor from Morgenthau's office passed me in the street a year ago and said I was doing really well. I asked if I got a B-plus. He said, No, better than that. He gave me an A.

12.

PLAYBOY: Given Ben Stone's high marks, why is Michael Moriarty leaving *Law & Order*?

MORIARTY: My leaving the show began with the Reno event and with the desires of the people in that meeting that they not be named. And for a while, I played the game. I didn't mention their names. But it became increasingly stupid and embarrassing. I realized how deeply intimidated these people were. I started seeing how worried Dick Wolf was getting, though he would say, "I'm not against your point of view, but I disagree with the way you're fighting what went on in there." My marriage took a lot of bumps while I was going through this nightmare. My wife and my son know what it is to be politically correct. They know how to slip through this quietly and not create waves. Why the hell Wolf invited me to the meeting, I'll never know. He knows my personality. I hate a bully. He could have taken Jerry Orbach and there would have been no problem. Orbach would have come back with a

few jokes about Janet Reno and the whole thing would have been forgotten.

13.

PLAYBOY: Beavis and Butt-head have been accused of inciting viewers to violent behavior. Could a Ben Stone in private practice take them on as a client?
MORIARTY: No. What I would have to do is face a defense attorney who blames Beavis and Butt-head for his client's condition. You take responsibility for what you do, and the joy of freedom is involved with the responsibilities of freedom. The issue of character has been lost in a nation of victims, where nobody is responsible for anything they do. No one wants to talk about the issues of character and free will and how you learn. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. When you break the law, you go to jail. But until then, you are free to make your own mistakes.

14.

PLAYBOY: It's no secret that you advocate the legalization of drugs. But wouldn't you have to draw the line somewhere?
MORIARTY: It has to be handled by doctors. You don't turn to drug bars. Doctors would have to prescribe cocaine or any of the other substances only to people over the age of enlistment. Prior to that age, you would enforce the laws against selling cigarettes to minors, selling cocaine to minors, selling guns to minors and selling certain pornography to minors. The kids are kept in a kind of womb. Watch over the kids, and let the adults pick their poison.

15.

PLAYBOY: What are Michael Moriarty's poisons?
MORIARTY: Drugs scare me. I don't even take drugs doctors prescribe because I don't like them. I've never tried cocaine. I'd be terrified of trying that shit. I'm learning to love wine and white Lillet. It's an orange aperitif and it's right up my alley. I sit in front of my fireplace with my computer, writing in my journal or reading a book. I'm a caffeine addict. I drink that substance from Colombia and am rather heavily addicted to it. I've tried to withdraw from caffeine and it has symptoms. You get depressed and you have withdrawal.

16.

PLAYBOY: How would you raise kids and teach them to make well-informed decisions about sex, anger and fantasies?
MORIARTY: There is a recipe, but you have to make it up. I don't want the government involved with the excitement and the thrilling, frightening, terrifying joys of parenthood. I want that. I have a son who was exposed to channel 35, the sex channel in Manhattan. My father subscribed to PLAYBOY, and when he and my stepmother went out to dinner, I

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would take it out of his side table and masturbate in the bathroom. But the most thrilling women to me were in the magazine section of *The New York Times*. That's one of the reasons I fell in love with Manhattan. I thought there would be ladies there, just like them, in black lingerie, with this extraordinary elegance and refinement, yet a look in their eye that meant dark adventures. I fell in love the minute I saw Times Square. Boom. I said, "I'm going to that city." And I did.

17.

PLAYBOY: Does the phrase "You'll never work in this town again" mean anything to you?

MORIARTY: That's going to be interesting. I am a very good actor, and there aren't all that many running around. Louis B. Mayer used to say, "You're fired until I need you." I will be hired. So far the blacklist hasn't really rung down because they are ringing my phone and my manager's phone. I'm getting job offers now. The last major blacklist had to do with membership in the Communist Party. I don't think the American public really can buy another witch-hunt like the one in the McCarthy era. Now they say you must be afraid of your television set. I can't imagine a country being stupid enough to buy the politics of fear.

18.

PLAYBOY: After your performance with Robert De Niro in *Bang the Drum Slowly*, critics pegged you, De Niro, Al Pacino and Martin Sheen as rising movie stars. Why didn't you fulfill that prediction?

MORIARTY: I made the decision when I refused to be typecast. Given my promise and awards, it would have made the lives of my friends and my agents a lot easier if I had had a normal career. You make the right moves and the issue is the size of your car. They wanted me to do the James Mason role in *The Verdict*. I said no. And he was nominated for an Oscar. I'm glad I didn't do it. I'm glad I wasn't nominated because once you're nominated that means you're going to get a hundred other roles just like it. I refused to become the in-house James Mason. So I went off and did Larry Cohen shock-schlock B films.

19.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't be thinking of *Q*, by any chance?

MORIARTY: That's one of my best performances. It's a takeoff on *King Kong*. The City of New York is terrorized by a bird. My character is a cross between Huntz Hall from the Bowery Boys and Frankie Machine from *The Man With the Golden Arm*. He's an ex-addict, a would-be tough guy trying to hustle his way through life. He's always on the edge of everything but nothing works out. So I'm a guy who knows what this bird is, and I'm not giving the city the information unless they pay me a million dollars. There's this rather nice scene in the mayor's office in which I take the city for a million bucks in ransom. *Q* showed these ancient rites, that primal mystic thing that Larry loves to put in his films. And the imminent possibility of violence. Violence and nightmares. You have to see it. It's a terrific performance. Steven Spielberg even told me I should do a sequel. That man sees everything. I don't know how he has the time. But he's obsessed with film.

20.

PLAYBOY: A cover charge and two-drink minimum occasionally buys a Michael Moriarty performance. Does playing jazz piano sets in a Manhattan club afford a respite from your tough day job?

MORIARTY: It's my first love. There's a definite primal connection in me between music and happiness. My big idol in my high school years was Miles Davis. To me he represented a sacred insolence, a boundless freedom. I was drawn to him as a sound the way the dog in the RCA logo is drawn to its master's voice. The dog's head tilts in awe and wonder. And that's what happened to me when I heard Miles Davis for the first time. I wanted freedom, and jazz allowed me freedom, and I liked the rhythms and the harmonies a lot. They were richer and more interesting and darker than the classical music my father played. Miles Davis knew what freedom was, and he gave me a sense of it, and I will not give it back. I won't give up a single inch of the freedom I have found through the artists I admire.

"She can't reach orgasm unless she's listening to Rush Limbaugh."

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going MOBILE

(continued from page 136)

can quickly scribble a note, store it and then translate it into text at your leisure. Two-way wireless communication is not yet an option for Newton owners, but it is in the works. Also in the works are Newton-type machines from other electronics manufacturers, including Sharp, which sells its Expert Pad version of the PDA for $899.

Another popular PDA is the Casio Z-7000 PDA ($599), a hand-held computer that uses a pen just as Newton does. You can save notes as "electronic ink" or use handwriting recognition software. The Z-7000 PDA has several programs, including a datebook, an address book and Pocket Quicken, which handles finances and travel expenses. There's also a PCMCIA slot, an optional modem that lets you link up to America Online and a connection to your home PC. Tandy sells the similar Z-PDA Zoomer in its Radio Shack stores for about $500, and AST introduced its own version, called the Grid Pad 2390, for $549. All three of these PDAs, as well as the Newton and the Envoy, share a smart feature: You can beam infrared messages to anyone nearby who has a compatible device.

Since PDAs are still evolving, many new models take on unique shapes and functions. AT&T's pen-based EO 440 and 880 look like large writing tablets with attached cellular phones (prices can hit $2500 for a loaded 880). IBM and Bell South have introduced Simon, an $899 portable cellular telephone/PDA with an LCD touch-screen instead of buttons, a fax modem, a pager and an address book, plus a PCMCIA slot. Hewlett-Packard is working with software companies to design Information Appliances, PDA devices that will help certain professionals, such as doctors and nurses, better navigate the mounds of paperwork and information that are related to their jobs.

Beyond that, plans to incorporate the latest high-powered chip technology into electronics-to-go are already underway. The Power PC microprocessors from IBM, Motorola and Apple, for example, are bringing the ultrafast performance of science workstations to personal computers. The first Apple Power PC Power Book is expected in the near future. While the initial weights of these machines will be in the seven-plus-pounds range, you can bet the trend in downsizing will be in effect here, too.

"Excuse me a moment . . . I'm just going to slip into something a little more comfortable."

Rules of Dating

(continued from page 90)

computers, keep it a secret.

Learn to tell an anecdote that takes less than ten minutes, that isn't about sports and that has a beginning, a middle and an end.

Avoid asking impertinent questions. If you are at a woman's home and find a man's shirt, do not say something stupid like, "Is that yours?" Understand that we have histories that precede you. Sometimes we take prisoners or souvenirs.

(5) Drugs and intoxicants.

Anyone who wants to alter his consciousness when trying to get to know someone else is afraid he won't be liked. And he won't. You will eventually learn that getting high or drunk on a date leads to bad judgment, which leads to really stupid sex. There are exceptions if you're a Deadhead, but presumably you will grow out of this.

(6) The first goodnight kiss.

Besides deciding where to go on a date, this is probably the most tension-filled moment in the whole awkward process. Rest assured that it's as tense for us as it is for you. We're thinking, Will he kiss me? What if he doesn't kiss me? How can I get him to kiss me? How can I get the hell out of here?

If the date went well, kissing goodnight will probably happen naturally. If it doesn't, take it as an omen.

Once you are committed to the kiss, do not lunge at her. If you lunge, she will parry and you will panic. There is no way to recover.

Don't be flashy, keep it simple. Be sure of yourself and know when to stop. It's always good to leave her panting for more. Never stick your tongue down your date's throat unless you want her to throw up all over your shoes.

(7) Second dates.

As the guy, it is your obligation to assess how well the first date went and to decide whether to leave the door open for a second one. What you say at the end of the date is crucial.

Right: "This was fun, let's do it again sometime."

Wrong: "This was fun, let's do it again sometime. How about Tuesday?"

Don't tie us down to a second date if you're not sure whether we enjoyed the first one. We'll let you know if we did or not. On the other hand, women find it hard to tell what you're thinking. Except when we've just given you a hand job.

(8) Other dating tips:

Do not mention your ex-wife, ex-girlfriend, ex-lover or the other woman you are also dating while on a date with a woman you are trying to impress. Sisterhood is powerful, but not that powerful.

If at the end of a date, a woman says, "It's not you, it's me. I'm just not ready to start anything new right now," trust

us. It's you. If you were really good-looking, smart or funny enough we'd be all over you. Sometimes, however, it really is us. We don't want to get stuck with another wombat.

Have a car, don't live with your parents, don't get shitfaced, wear underwear and don't have an ass that is smaller than your date's.

SEX

If you have understood everything so far, then you're past the hard part. Now all you have to do is negotiate the garden path that leads to actual sex. Don't be afraid. Women like to have sex and can be fun and willing partners if you treat them right. But if sex is the entire goal, it's probably wise not to let your date know it.

(1) First-date sex?

Do not expect a woman to have sex with you until at least the third date. If you ask her to have sex on the first date, you are a jerk who is interested only in her body. If you wait until the fourth date, you're a jerk because she will think you're not interested in her body.

First-date corollary: Sometimes it just happens.

(2) How to have fun on a second date.

Guess what? We're probably not going to sleep with you on the second date, either. Most likely, you will have to settle for groping, which Mom refers to as petting. If you have made it into a woman's apartment and have persuaded her to make out with you, follow her lead when proceeding to second base. Groping must be done purely for fun. Enjoy it for what it is: incomplete. We're happy with that. Be good at it. It'll make a third date a lot more realistic.

(3) A meditation on oral sex.

Women will often feel more comfortable letting things get a bit out of hand on the third date. You'll either get laid or you'll get a blow job. Don't push it. Understand that for women, it is often preferable to fuck someone rather than to stick one's nose in the crotch of a person one barely knows. Confused? Just close your eyes and count your blessings.

(4) Disclosing sexual and/or personal history.

Some things are better left a mystery: the details of the psychosexual challenges posed by your three previous girlfriends, for instance. Of course, important medical facts should be discussed. Honesty in this area is an absolute.

(5) Condoms: a primer.

Always carry a condom. Never talk about it.

If things are getting hot and heavy, carefully choose the moment to brandish a condom. Even though it may seem like you're about to get some, you may be about to get nothing. In fact, if you whip out a condom at the wrong moment, she

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 32, 117–121, 136 and 165, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

WIRED

Page 28: "Bid Your Broker Goodbye": **Financial software:** By *Marketbase, Inc.*, 800-735-0700. By *Meca Software Inc.*, 800-820-7457. By *Microsoft*, 800-426-9400. "CD-ROM Rock's on a Roll": **Interactive rock CDs:** By *Interplay Productions, Inc.*, 800-969-GAME, 800-428-8200. By *Philips Interactive Media*, 800-824-2567. By *Chrunch Media*, 310-319-2421. By *Round-Book Publishing*, 800-862-2206. "Wild Things": **Microcassette recorder** by *Sony*, 800-342-5721. **Portable video game system** by *Sega*, 800-USA-SEGA. **Wireless phone jack system** by RCA, 800-437-0101.

STYLE

Page 32: "Dive Time": **Watches:** By *Pulsar*, 800-526-5293. By *Citizen*, 800-321-3173. By *Breitling*, at Henry Kay Jewelers, 835 N. Michigan, Chicago, 312-266-7600. By *Rolex*, at Rolex dealers nationwide. By *Oceanic*, at authorized Oceanic dealers worldwide. By *Timex*, 800-367-8463. "The Long and Short of It": **Ties:** By *Malik Sealy*, 800-SEALY-21. By *Oscar de la Renta*, at Dillard's stores. By *Bolgheri*, at Boyd's, 1818 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. By *Tino Cosma*, 800-847-8437. By *Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott stores. By *Ferrell Reed*, 800-421-6119. "Hot Shopping: Baltimore": *The Big Iguana*, 410-675-3231. *Chat St.*, 410-732-6956. *Reptilian Records*, 410-327-6853. *John's Art and Antiques*, 410-563-1885. *Cat's Eye Pub*, 410-276-9866. "Clothes Line": **Jeans** by *Levi Strauss & Co.*, 800-USA-LEVI. **Leather jacket** by *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York. **Sweatshirt** by *90265*, at Theodore Beach, 23733 W. Malibu Rd., Malibu, CA. **Underwear** by *Jockey*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores. "Tan of the Year": **Self-tanners** at department stores and drugstores.

THE SPORTING LIFE

Page 117: "Caligiuri": **Jacket** by *Nautilus*, 800-599-5886. **T-shirt** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Tank top** by *Converse*, available at department stores. **Running leggings** by *Fila*, 800-787-FILA. "Klopas": **Nylon shell** by *Vizor*, at stores nationwide. **T-shirt** by *Reebok*, 800-843-4444. **Running leggings** by *Pearl Izumi*, 800-877-7080. "Jones": **Sweatshirt** by *Vizor*. **Vest** by *DKNY*, available at I. Magnin, 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. **Strength pants** by *Nautilus*, 800-599-5886. "Henderson": **Bike shirt** by *Polo Ralph Lauren*, at Polo, 880 Madison Ave., NYC and Polo Ralph Lauren, 444 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills. **Hooded jacket** by *Adidas*, 800-4-ADIDAS. **Running leggings** by *Speedo*, 800-547-8770. Page 118: "Henderson": **Jacket, running leggings** and **sneakers** by *Adidas*, 800-4-ADIDAS. **Shirt** by *Zyng*, 800-852-0645. Page 119: "Klopas": **Running leggings** by *DKNY*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Tank top** by *Pearl Izumi*, 800-877-7080. **Sweatshirt** by *Discus*, available at better department and sporting good stores nationwide. **Cycling jacket** by *Descente*, 800-688-8600. **Sneakers** by *Mossimo*, at Macy's. **Sunglasses** by *Gargoyles*, 800-426-6396. "Jones": **Vest** by *Pearl Izumi*, 800-877-7080. **Cycling jacket** by *Polo Ralph Lauren*, available at Polo, 880 Madison Ave., NYC and Polo Ralph Lauren, 444 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills. **Climbing shirt** by *Zyng*, 800-852-0645. **Running leggings** by *YMLA*, 213-629-0078. **Sneakers** by *Puma*, 800-662-PUMA. Page 120: "Caligiuri": **Warm-up jacket** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's. **Running leggings** by *DKNY*, at Barneys New York. **Zip polo shirt** by *A/X Armani Exchange*, at 568 Broadway, NYC. **Shirt** by *Converse*, available at better department stores. **Sneakers** by *Nike*, 503-671-3939.

GOING MOBILE

Page 136: **Computers** and **software:** By *Toshiba*, 800-457-7777. By *Compaq*, 800-243-7623. By *Road Scholar*, 800-367-7080. By *IBM*, 800-772-2227. By *Ambra*, 800-25-AMBRA. By *Zenith Data Systems*, 800-CARE-360. By *Altima Systems, Inc.*, 800-356-9990. By *Epson*, 800-289-3776. By *Motorola*, 800-535-5775. By *Apple*, 800-767-2775. By *General Magic*, at 415-966-6796. By *Sharp*, 800-993-9737. By *Casio*, 800-962-2746. By *Tandy*, 817-390-3011. By *AST Research Inc.*, 800-876-4278. By *AT&T*, 800-458-0880. By *Bell South Cellular Corp.*, 800-746-6672. By *Hewlett-Packard*, 800-443-1254. By *Playboy Enterprises, Inc.*, 800-423-9494.

ON THE SCENE

Page 165: **Sandals:** By *Susan Bennis Warren Edwards*, at Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, 22 W. 57th St., NYC. By *Andrea Getty exclusively for Jandreani*, to order, 800-935-SHOE. By *Maraolo*, at 782 Lexington Ave., NYC, and 954 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills. By *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan stores. By *Kenneth Cole*, call 800-KEN-COLE.

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may sit up and start dressing. We think the best time to take out a condom is immediately after we ask you if you have one. Then, rest assured, you're about to get some.

When using hers, do not complain about the brand. When using yours, refrain from offering her a selection of textures, colors or flavors.

It is better to tie a used condom in a knot and put it in your pocket than to leave it in plain view at the bottom of her wastebasket.

(6) Do not, under any circumstances, refer to your penis by a proper name such as Bill, Junior or the Pupster. Do not refer to it as Mr. Happy or as a pronoun. Example: "Look, he likes you." This is probably what pushed Mrs. Bobbitt over the edge.

(7) Always hold a woman for at least half an hour after sex if you want to ever sleep with her again. It's OK to fall asleep only if she does first.

(8) Always call the day after you've had sex with a woman if you want to sleep with her again.

(9) The morning after: Do you stay or do you go?

If the sex was OK, stay for coffee. If it was good, stay for breakfast. If it was hummin', sit back and read the paper. If you want to sleep with this woman again soon, unclog her bathroom sink or put up a shelf.

Never sit up in bed the next morning, say "Geez, I have a ton of work to do" and beat a hasty retreat. Word gets around and you will be blacklisted. You will experience, firsthand, what the word sisterhood really means.

Know that how you behave in her bathroom the next morning can work for or against you.

Do not ask her about the extra toothbrush in the toothbrush holder unless you want to hear some really depressing stories.

If her bathroom resembles a health club, i.e., it contains plenty of free stuff such as shaving gel, shampoo, deodorant, mouthwash, razors, etc., this probably isn't the woman you want to marry.

If you don't know by now not to leave the toilet seat up, shoot yourself immediately and save yourself the pain later.

If she's staying at your place, it's considered a courtesy to get rid of all personal traces of other women (don't make us spell these out). Have a fresh bar of soap, a fresh toothbrush and plenty of large, clean towels. The sort that do not carry team logos are best.

We hope that you will find these rules helpful in navigating through the new era in dating. If you master them, everyone will be happier and your sex life will be more fulfilling. Keep in mind that almost anything goes if two people feel connected to each other. If there's no chemistry, move on.

Above all, don't lose hope. We may be a lot of trouble, but we do make up for it. It's true that we have the upper hand in this dating thing. But, curiously, we're not all that good at it either. That's why we're on the phone all the time. The best advice we can give is: Play hard, play fair. The next move is yours.

"OK, I'll lend your brother money and clean the basement. Now what was it you asked about your cousin using the Porsche to impress his new girlfriend?"

CLARISSA EXPLAINS IT ALL

(continued from page 84)

angry. He may want to be more powerful.

Let them both be powerful. Although I do think that in many couples there's a dominant personality.

So fierce women should hunt for wimps?

I wouldn't put it quite that way. [*Laughs*] A woman should find a complement to her personality however she sees fit. If that means a man who's supportive of her rather than leading, or if that means a man who's a copartner, an equal, that's fine. A woman must decide her own capacities.

Do you think men are willing to be with a woman who is more powerful and dominant?

Absolutely. There are women who are willing to be with a man who is more powerful and dominant, yes? Psychologically, power and control are also linked to love and sexuality. Put simply, both men and women can feel anything from a sense of security to sexual arousal when someone else is in charge.

Let's get to the big question: What do women really want from men?

Let me paraphrase from Chaucer's *The Wife of Bath's Tale*: One day a knight trespasses on someone's property and as a result his life is threatened. The knight pleads for mercy. So the owner says, "I will spare you if you can solve a riddle within a year. The riddle is, What do women really want?" The knight goes out and collects many answers, but none of them are right. Finally, on the last day, the discouraged knight sees an old hag at the side of the road who says, "I know the answer." The knight responds, "Please tell me. My life's at stake." "It's not that easy," the hag says. "You have to marry me." The knight looks at her—she's loathsome and covered with open sores. But she says, "What have you to lose?" So he marries her. That evening he goes to the wedding chamber, where the bed is swathed in veils. The woman says from inside the bed, "Come here and kiss me." The knight had thought maybe he could escape this part, but when he draws back the veil he sees a lovely woman. "A spell was placed on me," she says, "and I can be either beautiful by day and ugly at night, or the opposite—but only one. Which would you have me be?" So the knight thinks all the thoughts a man can think until he says, "I can't decide." "Ah," the woman says, "you've broken the spell." For he didn't say, I want you to be beautiful in the night so I can have you to myself. He didn't say, I want you to be beautiful in the day so I won't be ashamed to show you to others. He said, You decide. That's what a woman wants—to be allowed to be whomever she wants to be without anyone trying to make her anything else.

What do women want sexually?

The one way I know to answer that is

from my clinical experience: A woman wants a lover who takes pleasure in her pleasure. And the more he's in his own body, the better he can feel the loving ministrations she gives to him. For most men and women the great lie is that all sex is good, that even bad sex is good sex. In truth, each person is seeking that interior person within the other.

My grandmother used to tell me that in order to meet and merge with the interior person, you should never have sex with someone you don't want to be. Because in that moment of merging you truly become the other person. And even after making love you retain the sensation of being that other person, as though some of their atoms are now yours, and yours are theirs.

You've made several tapes about the art of loving, including one called "How to Love a Woman." Is it a list of practical instructions?

No. But that wouldn't be a bad idea. [*Laughs*] I once wrote a poem about love and spirituality for my daughters because I wanted them to know some things that were difficult to say in everyday words. In the poem I talk about different forms of pleasure. I say that the cunt—I'm using the word not as an explicative, but as an endearment—is like a musical instrument; like a flute, it has stops that play different notes. And different parts of the vagina are sensitive in different ways. And I say that some lovers are like a cat walking on a piano. They play some right notes accidentally just because the instrument is so sensitive. I urged my daughters to hold out for a lover who aspires to be a virtuoso.

What else have you told your daughters?

I told them the old wives' tale that men who eat oysters and other juicy foods probably like cunnilingus a great deal. It's a joke, but we have a ritual in my family where the man who comes courting is given a test by the old men: whether he can eat hot peppers all day without stopping. He lurches from one relative's house to the next, from sunrise to sunset, eating peppers till he sweats. Also he has to drink several kinds of beer and green wine without becoming wretchedly sick.

And if he survives?

He is considered a bull. He can go all night long. [*Laughs*] It's been remarkable to watch young men go through that routine. My first husband took Pepto-Bismol beforehand to try to protect himself. Didn't work. Either you have it or you don't.

Do parents take enough responsibility for teaching their children about sexuality?

No. There's a real failure today in teaching the sexual life. This always was, and should be, the role of the parent, not the school. As one of my aunts said, you strike the fire from the flint of your own sexuality and you light that of your child when you see the time is right. You don't create their sexuality, but when your children are ready to blossom sexually you tell them how to tend this fire.

When I was young, girls were married at 17 and 18 years old—you were considered slow if you didn't have a husband and two children by the time you were 20. And the grandparents took the young people aside before the wedding and went over the details of lovemaking. The gist of what they said to the young man was: This woman you'll be with tonight will be in a way she'll never be again. Stay awake because you're going to see a miracle. She's going to open her arms and her legs to you in a way that she may never again. She'll be so in love with you and her heart will be so open that whatever you do tonight she'll remember the rest of her life. You have the opportunity to make her fall so deeply in love with you that she'll never leave you or be disloyal. She'll fight with you, but she will always forgive you.

And to the young woman they'd say: Tonight he is giving you himself in a way you will never see again. This is a glimpse into the divinity of this man. You'll see it in all the fullness of his love, so keep your eyes open and look into his and you'll see who lives inside. Because tonight he'll show you. He'll show you that soulful, spiritual person you'll never see again. And if you see this you'll understand that, no matter what he does, he'll be faithful to you. He will love you, never betray you and always forgive you, because you have truly seen him.

Then they exhort both the man and the woman: Don't injure your mate in this condition. Do nothing to hurt or ridicule or humiliate him or her, because these two beings without skin are going to merge and create a bond that will remain—but it will never be visible again. Only on this night.

When did you first use fairy tales in your work?

In 1971. That's the year I began practicing therapy and realized my training wasn't adequate to deal with the issues people were bringing to me.

What sorts of issues?

Those of women struggling with faith. Women who had been widowed. Lesbians who were coming out. Women who had had mastectomies. Women who chose not to marry. Women who had given up children for adoption. Women who had been bounced out of work because they had grown old or were considered ugly by someone's foolish sights. There was nothing about these women in the classical psychological literature. So it became clear to me that the theory of personality as laid out by Freud wasn't enough. That's when I began to write.

"Newsweek" said your book spawned a new movement. Was that part of your plan?

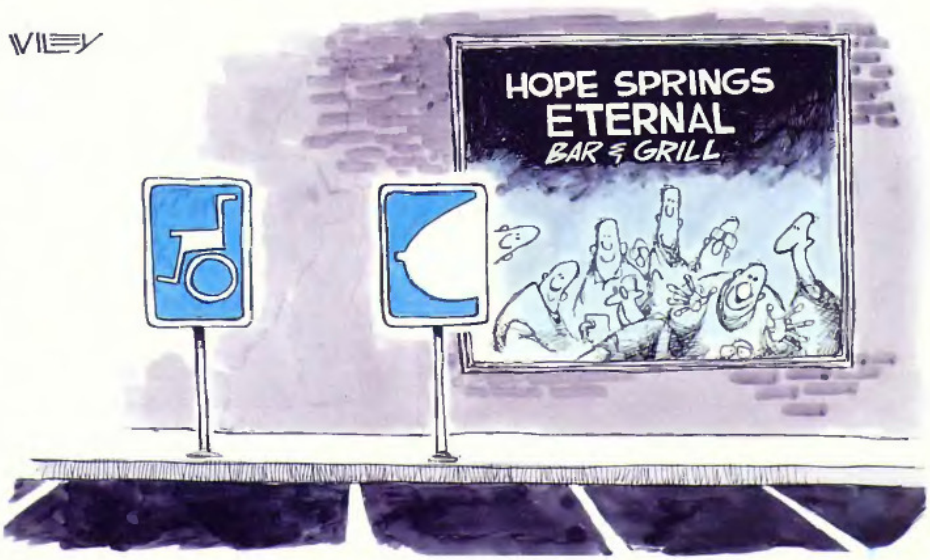
I'm not sure what movement the magazine meant. But I know for certain from the letters I've received that the book has been a strike for the inner life. Still, it's hard to say that anything I did was new. The teaching stories are ages old. There's a saying in my family: "God was so lonely he created stories. He was still lonely, so he created humans to tell them."

What do your readers write to tell you?

The most extraordinary letters come from women in their 70s and 80s who say, "This is the work I've been waiting for all my life." I've also gotten many from people with terminal diseases who've been strengthened by the book. I get letters from men who ask me why I don't write a book for them. So I write back and say, "I would if I were a man." They write again and say, "Well, do it anyway."

One of your more controversial themes is that feminine nature exists apart from masculine nature. But there's a powerful feminist doctrine that insists men and woman are alike and——

Let me cut through what you are asking. I come from the working class, and what feminism meant to us differs from what you're talking about. For us,



growing up in deeply ethnic families, living and working in the rural Midwest—how can I put this?—our world was one of unions, lettuce workers, ironworkers, sheet-metal workers. We were just trying to create safe jobs for anyone. I think it's misleading when the media say, "feminists think this or that." Within that group are many tribes, and each has different beliefs and goals. There are also independent thinkers and wild cards and lone wolves who belong to no one but themselves. To me, feminism means a commitment to issues that concern women, like health, community, education, relationships, men, children, parents, the elderly and so on. I don't understand feminism as being about women only. Mediawise, most of us Latinos—and the other immigrants I grew up with—never had much of a voice in these matters. We were struggling and fighting day-to-day battles, marching, demonstrating, rallying—but mostly in the church, the neighborhood and the workplace. *The New York Times* never asked us what we thought.

Why were you ignored?

It's hard to respond to that, because I want to give honor to Betty Friedan, Gloria Steinem and the others who've worked so hard. But I also want to honor the fact that women from other classes haven't yet spoken.

Have you met any well-known feminist leaders?

I spoke with Gloria Steinem just recently. She was very gracious. One of the things I love about her is that, like myself, she used to be a gang member—she belonged to the Sluts of East Toledo. So I told her I wanted to be an honorary member of the Sluts. She said she'd do that only if I made her an honorary member of the gang I came from, Las Machismas—the State Line Fierce Ones.

Let's talk about another feminist thinker and writer, Camille Paglia.

I find her creativity dazzling. I agree when she says that beauty drives many things. I dovetail it with my theory that whenever there is beauty the predator shows up. You have to be prepared to deal with that.

Many feminists have branded Paglia a traitor for her more outrageous views.

Her mind works quickly, and sometimes people like that say things before they've completely thought them out. But thinking tends to evolve over time. What you think now isn't what you thought five years ago. So I don't know if you can hold people to everything they've written as though it were calcified.

Will the next book be similar to "Wolves"?

It's 20 tales that delineate the archetype of the wise old woman. She's the keeper of the culture, the one who tests the young and brings new life into life. The book is about the relationship women have with this wisdom and how it's a relationship women should start when they're young. Unfortunately, few do.

Why not?

The culture doesn't want us to. It doesn't want us to identify with what is older, in part because much of the culture eroticizes only one kind of woman.

Does something have to be eroticized for us to learn about it?

Apparently. As a culture we're a little frail in our attention, but we need to teach people to recognize the beauty of many things. Eros is not just the god of love in Greek mythology, he is also the god of acute and loving insight into all things. When we call something erotic we mean a loving awareness of its beauty. In this sense an artist is someone who's aware, aroused. You're aroused as a writer when you write something you really want to write about. So the issue isn't too much eroticization of our culture but too little.

You're about 50 yourself, approaching the age of the wise old woman. Do you consider yourself one? And what's your message?

So you would like me to sum up 2200 pages of work in a few sentences? All right, I will: I teach that the archetypal unconscious is a psychic fact for all humans and that it funds all of life—the personal unconscious as well as one's outer vitality. In secular terms this means the quality of one's inner life causes the outer life to be robust and strong. That is, one's power, strength, insight, endurance, creative life, sexuality—everything. Without this people become *sombras*, shadows of themselves. As we moderns live harder and faster, something in the psyche looks toward itself for solutions and strength. We look to the inner world to find things that don't grow above ground.

Your first book is a success and you're on your way to publishing another. Is there something you still want?

Oh, yes. I'd like one of those low-rider pickup trucks. They're so beautiful, chopped and channeled. Mine would have baby moons, blue-dot taillights, flame painting on the fenders and the hood, Guadalupe on the dashboard. Some low riders are slung in the front and raked in the back. They have glasspack mufflers that never quit and they're sleek. Someone has loved them so much. They're an art form. I think it's just what my neighborhood needs, don't you? An author with a low rider.

"I've just had a rather tempting offer and I wondered if the order would consider matching it?"

 (continued from page 82)

"We embraced and began our glorious journey together, moaning in unison, 'Yum, yum, yum.'"

it takes a lot of effort to get rid of him." She shifted her weight forward and looked down at the floor. "And if I sleep with a man I actually care about, and I tell him how much I care, he runs the other way. It's a cruel, childish game."

"But it doesn't have to be that way," I said, moving closer. "Not all men are like that."

I stroked her back and she touched my knee with her hand. I put my arm around her shoulders and hugged her. She turned and hugged me back, and it was a good, long hug. I closed my eyes for a few moments and smelled the heavy fragrance of her dusting powder. I think it was Tabu. When I opened my eyes all I could see was the glowing ooze of the lava lamp.

It was late and Prudence insisted I spend the night, on her couch. She brought me a pillow and a blanket and, when she kissed me goodnight, she hugged me and purred like a cat.

At about one A.M. I awoke to muffled sounds coming from another room. "Yum, yum, yum. Yum, yum, yum." I stumbled into the kitchen and found Prudence seated at the table facedown in a bucket of double Dutch chocolate ice cream. I rubbed my eyes.

"My God," I muttered, still half asleep. "You need help. Where are the spoons?"

"I didn't mean to wake you," she said, grinning. "I just had this incredible craving."

"I know exactly how that feels," I said. I pulled a tablespoon and a bowl from the dish rack and turned to face Chopper, who was sitting on the floor beneath Prudence, wagging her stubby tail and drooling. I scooped some ice cream from the bucket and motioned to the dog. "Is this OK?"

Prudence nodded her approval. I set the bowl on the floor and Chopper went to work. Prudence leaned down and rubbed Chopper's back with long, tender strokes. Prudence looked up at me and smiled, and her teeth shone white against the dark chocolate smudged across her lips, chin and cheeks. She scooted over on the breakfast bench.

"Chopper's usually afraid of men," she said, smiling and patting the seat next to her. "But I think that she really likes you."

"Well," I said, sitting on the bench, moving close to her, "I know I like you."

I gazed into the dreamy invitation of her beautiful blue-green eyes. She ran her tongue gently across the puffy fullness of her upper lip and whispered softly, "Kiss me." And I kissed her.

We kissed slowly and deeply. And we laughed. We stuck our fingers in the bucket and smeared ice cream across our lips and faces and licked each other from nose to chin and from ear to ear. Our lips and tongues explored the depths of an ice-cream fantasy. We embraced and began our glorious journey together, moaning in unison, "Yum, yum, yum." This was more than passion mixed with double Dutch chocolate. This was the ultimate kiss, hot enough to melt a hundred Valentine candies and just as sweet. Our passion melted into a celebration of trust and understanding, a revel of love that began with an innocent snack in the kitchen and ended with a fabulous feast in the bedroom. A feast of recognition and discovery and joy, a feast of laughter during which I could think of nothing except satisfying Prudence. And my thoughts were rewarded in the most wonderful, sticky ways.

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New, Improved Me (continued from page 116)

"Susan Powter prances around in her high-energy infomercial like a cheerleader from Chemotherapy U."

the VCR. Relations between my wife and me had reached a new low because I'd come home from my afternoon jog in a foul mood after my batteries ran down halfway through *Othello*, which is, after all, a story about a disgruntled middle-aged guy who murders his wife. So I was counting on Gary to come through for me big-time.

The video seminar depicted Gary, a bland, middle-aged corporate type, yakking in front of a bunch of festively attired couples who looked like they were trapped on a cruise ship in the middle of Lake Superior in December. Gary was rattling on about some weird right-brain–left-brain distinctions between men and women, and claiming that men are interested in maps, whereas women aren't. He also insisted, though I doubt he had much experience in the matter, that women make out much better in concentration camps than men do.

But Connie and John said Gary had it all figured out. He understood, as only an infomercial king could, what really goes on in a marriage. It's just too bad it wasn't my marriage. Contrary to what Gary claims, my wife is always dragging maps out of the glove compartment to study the street plans of Hartford, Connecticut, whereas I never go near the damn things. And while it was true that I hadn't survived a concentration camp, I had survived Catholic schools and growing up in North Philadelphia.

He also argued that women don't like to use facts in their conversations, preferring the universal language of emotion. My wife is a certified public accountant—guess again, Gary. Then Gary started talking to a houseplant that symbolized his wife—whose name is Ivy—and started plucking off its leaves to provide the audience with a visual metaphor for a relationship that's coming apart at the seams. I realized then and there that Gary and his houseplant named Ivy and his video seminars simply weren't going to work for me. Gary ended up convincing me of only one thing: that John and Connie's marriage will last only slightly longer than Shannen Doherty and Ashley Hamilton's did.

•

I guess that could have been the end of my attempts to improve my life the infomercial way. *A Fire in the Mind* had proved to be a colossal downer, my Dick Clark Buddy L Super Charger still hadn't come, my chats with Dionne Warwick's bush-league psychics had been fruitless, and spending about $130 on Gary Smalley's video seminar had driven a larger wedge between my wife and me. Seeking respite from my disappointment, I turned on *Arsenio*, but I must have drifted off to sleep in the middle of his stimulating chat with Spike Lee, because when I awoke, the screen was filled with the image of an effervescent young man named Don Lapre, who was appearing in his very own infomercial entitled *Making Money*.

Although I am usually impervious to the enticements of video hucksters like Don Lapre, something about the young man's quiet confidence sparked my interest. Don, who described himself as "America's most exciting entrepreneur," even though he looks like the guy who parks your car whenever you dine at a restaurant with the word trattoria in its name, said that moneymaking opportunities were staring ordinary Americans such as myself right in the face, yet we inexplicably chose to ignore them.

"There's a gold mine slipping through your fingers every morning," said Lapre, who never even graduated from high school and had actually declared bankruptcy at the age of 23. He said that his program could teach me hundreds of ways to make millions of dollars without ever leaving the comfort of my home. He vowed that he could teach me eight different ways to buy and sell, assured me that I wouldn't need any money to get started and promised that I could build the first part of my fortune by placing inexpensive classified ads in newspapers throughout the country, and the rest by setting up my own 900 line.

This got me to thinking. I was already down around $600 for the various infomercial products I had purchased, and if there was even a smidgen of truth in what Don was saying, I could earn back that money in no time. Then and there I reached a momentous decision. I would call the operator who was standing by to take my order and purchase Don Lapre's *Making Money*. For calling now I would also receive Lapre's *Eleven Secrets of Success*. This time, I assured myself, I was ordering a product that would change my life forever. This time I'd make that final breakthrough.

•

A few days later I finally hit bottom. No sooner had I inserted Don Lapre's videotape into my VCR than I realized that the plastic siding on the videocassette had fallen apart inside the packaging. As I tried to play it, I discovered to my alarm that the videotape was now stuck inside my VCR, which now had various pieces of plastic sprinkled throughout its electronic innards. What's more, the reels of videotape themselves had come loose inside the VCR, so now I not only could not watch Don Lapre in action, and thus lay claim to the elusive secrets of his awesome success, but I couldn't even get the tape out so that I could use my VCR to watch reruns of *Arsenio* or Gary Smalley's video seminars.

Turning to the stack of manuals that accompanied the videotape—the reading materials describing the various ways I could make my fortune overnight, like holding a yard sale—I found these pearls of wisdom from Lapre staring up at me:

"Don't buy anything that could break, malfunction or go wrong in any way."

"Watch out for gimmicks."

Thanks a lot, Don.

•

At this point my life had completely fallen apart. I was tortured by the failure of Gary Smalley's video seminars to improve my marriage. I worried that my wife would now pack up the kids and divorce me, claiming that I had emotionally and financially impoverished the family by becoming an infomercial junkie. Her argument would not be entirely without merit, for, sad to say, I could no longer control my addiction to infomercial products, convinced as I was that somewhere out there was a device or instructional video that could fill my life with meaning and purpose.

Since jogging had now become such a depressing experience, what with my batteries constantly going dead in the middle of *Das Kapital*, I had stopped exercising and started stuffing my face with junk food. In an effort to control my junk-food binges, which had added five pounds to my abdomen, I ordered *Stop the Insanity*, the electrifying program by Susan Powter. Susan Powter is a thin, bald, hyperactive Annie Lennox impersonator who prances around in her high-energy infomercial like a perky cheerleader from Chemotherapy U. Joking that she used to be a 260-pound lard-bucket, she regales an audience full of active lard-butts with exhortations that they don't need to starve in order to lose weight, they need only to stop the insanity.

Determined to stop my own insanity, I ordered her tapes, booklets, videos, dietary guides and fat-measuring devices, but in the meantime I also sent away for *Kevin Trudeau's Megamemory* from the

American Memory Institute. I found out about the American Memory Institute by watching a snappy infomercial called *The Andy Anderson Show*, which has a set designed to look like *Larry King Live*. Andy, who even dresses like King, has a cheesy Errol Flynn mustache that makes him look like a Forties-era lush, while his one and only guest, Kevin Trudeau, is a good-looking smoothy who performs astonishing feats of memory throughout the infomercial. I figured I could use this breathtaking course in memory improvement, because I could no longer keep track of which infomercial products I had sent away for and which ones had not yet arrived.

Unluckily for me, these programs introduced more havoc into my life. My wife absolutely, positively refused to watch any video that featured a woman who looked like a survivor of the Bataan Death March. So it was impossible for me to get our household diet under control. And Kevin Trudeau of the American Memory Institute said that I should never use sugar or white flour while trying to improve my memory. Unfortunately, my wife is a terrific baker and bitterly resented my refusal to eat her pies and cakes on the basis of advice proffered by some television megamemory entrepreneur. I criticized her vociferously, telling her that sugar and white flour were making us all hazy and dopey, and that her behavior was a classic example of what Trudeau calls unconscious incompetence. I also told her that it was about time she stopped the insanity. She stormed out of the kitchen, doubtless still suffering from relationship scurvy.

Desperate to stop both the insanity and the scurvy, I sent away for Barbara De Angelis' inspirational tapes *Making Love Work*. De Angelis is an OK-looking babe with a nice figure shoehorned into a flamingo-colored suit, and she struts up and down on a stage during her 30-minute infomercial claiming to have brought innumerable couples back from the brink of divorce. Divorce, she argues, can come about for all kinds of reasons: marital infidelity, changes in physical appearance or job-related stress. It can even come about because one of the spouses would rather stay up all night watching infomercials than go to bed.

"When you're love-starved, what do you end up doing?" De Angelis asks the crowd at one critical juncture. "Filling yourself up with other things. Like what? Food, drugs, alcohol, work, shopping."

That was my problem, all right. But that wasn't all. No, relationships could also disintegrate because, as one man in her infomercial put it, "I was very blamey."

These words were like a dagger through my heart. I was an unbelievably blamey guy. I had always been an unbelievably blamey guy. I blamed my wife for everything: the stress and strain in our marriage, my intellectual shortcomings, the negative attitudes of my children, the delay in getting my Dick Clark Buddy L Super Charger. I was blamey, blamey, blamey.

I sent for the tapes that very instant.

•

Sending away for Barbara De Angelis' tapes did not change my life. As soon as it became apparent that there was a holdup in the pipeline, I turned to *Kebrina's Psychic Answer*. In this 30-minute infomercial, Kebrina Kinkade, "original psychic to the stars," has convened a celestial powwow of her most talented psychic colleagues in Sedona, Arizona, where they plan to tap into some of the most powerful energy vortexes known to man. Whereas Dionne Warwick had no real pretensions to psychic expertise, Kebrina Kinkade had received official recognition from the state of California, the FBI and even Scotland Yard. What's more, she had predicted Erik Estrada's big comeback: an ongoing role in a Spanish-language soap opera and his own Taco Bell commercial. As if that weren't enough, one of her psychic employees had predicted the World Trade Center disaster, telling his client to take an early lunch on the last three Fridays of the month. That advice had certainly paid off.

I called Psychic Answer that evening and told my psychic interfacer that I was desperate to find out if my Barbara De Angelis tape would arrive in the mail any time soon.

"Something was promised to you in the mail and you're sure it's coming?" the psychic asked.

"Yes. It's that powerful Barbara De Angelis program, *Making Love Work*. And

"My client prefers not to incur the stigma of being called insane, Your Honor. With the court's permission, he wishes to enter a plea of stupidity."

I just know it's going to change my life and sort out all my relationships."

"Well, I don't see anything in the mail."

"Nothing at all?

"Not today."

•

Right then and there I could have lost my last remaining shreds of sanity. But just then I had an experience that would change my life forever. Clicking on the TV, right below the VCR where Don Lapre's video was still lodged, I found my eyes riveted upon a dynamic young man with a powerful jaw pitching his revolutionary new life-affirming program. The young man's name was Tony Robbins, and he was the creator of a program called *Personal Power*.

Initially, I had problems with this aggressive super-motivator. For one, he looked like a big galoot who didn't have two brain cells to rub together. Second, his infomercial featured endorsements from Casey Kasem, easily the worst person who ever lived, and from Fran Tarkenton, the worst quarterback ever elected to the Football Hall of Fame. But Robbins was so positive, so assertive, so dynamic and so vivacious that I found myself entranced. Besides, at this point, I was ordering anything that appeared on the TV screen anyway. So, yanking out my credit card and dialing the 800 number emblazoned on the TV, I placed my order and prepared to tap into all that amazing energy.

It was a decision that would change my life forever.

•

"The only way our life gets greater is if we become more," Tony Robbins announces in the first audiotape of *Personal Power*. He also says, "Get absolutely clear on what it is you want out of life."

I did, I did. Yes, almost from the moment I launched myself into Tony Robbins' ambitious program, I could feel my life improve in dramatic ways. By using the dynamic breakthrough techniques of Tony's trademarked program, Neuro-associative Conditioning, I began to strengthen my mental fortitude and rid myself of negative anchors. Every morning, as soon as I rose from bed, I would listen to one of Tony's holophonic, subliminal cassettes and unleash my personal power while Tony and a female colleague whispered powerful, albeit inaudible, subliminal affirmations such as "I feel the joyful pulse of life as I take consistent action to shape and achieve my destiny."

True, the subliminal cassettes did sound a bit like dentist's-office music—sort of a cross between Toto and Art Garfunkel—but as I listened to the tapes each day, committing to memory such messages as "I feel strong and powerful as I take consistent action to accomplish my purpose," I could sense that my life was taking on new purpose and meaning. Yes, at long last, I felt my life beginning to change.

And change dramatically. Some time earlier, the Dick Clark Buddy L Super Charger had finally arrived in the mail, but I'd been too depressed to use it. Now I could go jogging in peace, no longer worried that my run would be interrupted by a trip to the store for fresh batteries. "You don't want to run out of gas when you're climbing the mountain of success," Tony says. You got that right, big fella.

Within days, Tony Robbins had changed the way I looked at life. For the first time in memory I had control over my emotions. For the first time in my life I had a high level of personal energy. For the first time in my life, I was absolutely clear on what it is I want out of life. For the first time in my life, I could take Tony's words and make them my own, shaking my fist at an indifferent universe and proclaiming: "I handle and invest my money wisely, and I profit daily."

Or could I? That Don Lapre video deal still had me kind of ticked off. After all, it set me back almost a hundred bucks, and then the goddamn videotape didn't even work. Jesus, was I peeved.

But then, just as I felt myself being dragged under by the remorseless tug of all those negative anchors that threatened to disempower me, I pulled myself together and knocked that big chip off my shoulder. Instead of bellyaching, I decided to roll up my sleeves and and go back and have another crack at Don Lapre's *Making Money*.

OK, the tape was still lodged in the VCR because the videotape was already busted when it arrived, with the plastic in pieces, and when I put it into my VCR it jammed up the machine. A week ago, before I had mastered the art of Neuro-associative Conditioning, I would have just moped like a big crybaby, whining about how much I was going to have to pay a VCR repairman. But now that I had cut myself loose from all those negative anchors, I simply yanked out my screwdriver and got cracking on the VCR. Dragging the tangled reels of tape from the spools and vacuuming out the fragments of plastic still lodged in my machine, I actually managed to repair the VCR all by myself in 15 minutes.

True, my experience with the tape was still a dud, and I would never be able to learn Don Lapre's 11 secrets of success. But somehow that no longer mattered. Indeed, just as I was poised at the edge of the emotional abyss, prepared to descend into another quagmire of moping, I opened one of Don Lapre's inelegant manuals and read the part where he talks about the fabulous sums of money that can be made by placing classified ads for—of course!—VCR repair shops. Now that I knew how to repair VCRs, I could go into business for myself, repairing VCRs that went on the fritz after all those other infomercial fans sent for videocassettes. Better still, I could make a fortune by taking Don's advice and setting up my own 900 line. Then it hit me: I could set up a 900 line and charge people $3.99 a minute to get information about how to get their VCRs repaired after videos busted inside them, gumming up the works.

More and more, I started to look at my experience as a blessing in disguise. Even if videos arrive in unusable conditions, it should encourage thousands of Americans like me to get off our fat butts and seize the opportunity lying right there in front of our eyes—by making millions of dollars running 900 lines for people with queries about defective infomercial videos.

Obviously, I could never have achieved any of this without Tony. And in the weeks to come, I would achieve much, much more as I learned to use the extraordinary techniques of *Personal Power* to get my life completely under control. Little by little, my willpower returned, as I could now watch dozens of infomercials yet blithely ignore such negative anchors as *The Video Professor*, *The Komputer Tutor* and *Hooked on Phonics*. Thanks to Tony Robbins, I was now impervious to the enticements of the Nu-Hart Hair clinics, the *Mystery Power of T'ai Chi*, the *Skewdriver* and that insane guy with the ponytail. Thanks to Tony, I could now liberate myself from personally disempowering relationships such as the ones I already had with Dionne Warwick, Kebrina Kinkade and Gary Smalley, and the ones I was almost certain to have with Carleton Sheets, the Edgar Morris Skin Care people, Vanna White and Ron Popeil.

Today, like Tony Robbins, I can declare, without fear of being contradicted: "My Mondays are better than most people's Christmases." Gone are the days when my wife would accuse me of relationship scurvy and I would accuse her of unconscious incompetence and insanity. And gone is all that dieting madness. Today, like Tony, I can boldly proclaim: "I respect my body's healing wisdom and its energy." Today, like Tony, I can jubilantly declare: "I am a giver and what I give comes back to me multiplied manyfold." And today, just like Tony, I can boldly declare: "I was born to share freely in the abundance of life." Finally, today, just like Tony, I can shout from the highest rooftop: "I am aware of the priceless value of my life and the lives of everyone I meet."

With the possible exception of that bitch Barbara De Angelis, who's taking forever to send me those goddamn videotapes.

BILL GATES

(continued from page 68)

highway, I'll put it out there. Everybody who wants to pay, I don't know, one cent, can see what movies I'm watching and what books I'm reading and certain other information. If I'm still interesting, I'll rack up dollars as people access that part of the highway.

PLAYBOY: How many buildings are on this campus? Have you visited them all?

GATES: Twenty-five. Yeah, I've been to all of them, but there are a few I've been to only once.

PLAYBOY: Do you wander around here late at night?

GATES: Actually, I'll do that tonight. It's Friday and I have no plans.

PLAYBOY: Do you look in people's offices?

GATES: I see if people are around, see what they put up on the walls. I want a little sense of what the feeling is, how lively, how much people personalize things. They put industry articles up on the walls, ones that are particularly rude to us or particularly nice to us. They put up their progress—their number of bugs or new things that work. And you run into people. Even on a Friday night there'll be a bunch of people here, and I'll get a chance to ask what they're thinking.

PLAYBOY: Let's start to wrap up with a more global perspective. What should our attitude be toward the Japanese?

GATES: This Japanese-bashing stuff is so out of control. It's almost racist the way people have these stereotyped views of why Japanese companies are successful, without gathering many facts.

PLAYBOY: Even though they're in a slump now, why have the Japanese been so successful?

GATES: For good reasons. Great products. A long-term approach. Focus on engineering and what it takes to turn products around quickly. Being able to adapt to what's necessary to sell effectively in markets around the world. Believe me, they have some challenges ahead. But what they did with no natural resources and, essentially, no world power is a miracle.

PLAYBOY: And we did none of the above? What were our mistakes?

GATES: Actually, America has also done pretty well during this period. Some American companies made mistakes, and there are things we could do to improve our products. For instance, we could improve our education system. Also, get rid of short-term thinking. Focus on product engineering instead of financial engineering. We could fine-tune. But we've contributed a lot, too. America and Japan are the two leading world economies in terms of technology and innovative products. And in software, information-age technology and biotechnology—our second most important business—the U.S. has an amazing lead.

PLAYBOY: Our auto business is recovering. We're finally focused on making better cars instead of on holding down Japanese imports. But what in the American psyche let our lead slip away?

GATES: I don't think it's the American psyche. We don't have to dig that deep to find rot. The way those car companies managed their engineering process and their manufacturing process was wrong. It was out of date, and it took an unbelievable amount of time to get those processes reformed. It really took Ford to set the pace.

PLAYBOY: Does Microsoft follow the Japanese model?

GATES: There are aspects. Look, our workers are all Americans, so we don't sing company songs and things like that. The idea of taking a long-term approach, taking a global approach—many fine American companies have done that, and have that in common with the Japanese. But in no sense would I say we're following some broad set of Japanese approaches.

PLAYBOY: How should our society think about the future?

GATES: More optimistically. As there is progress, which is partly advances in technology, in a certain sense the world gets richer. That is, the things we do that use a lot of resources and time can be done more efficiently. So people wonder, Will there be jobs? Will there be things to do? Until we're educating every kid in a fantastic way, until every inner city is cleaned up, there is no shortage of things to do. And as society gets richer, we can choose to allocate the resources in a way that gives people the incentive to go out and do those unfinished jobs.

PLAYBOY: One story about you suggested that if Microsoft manages to write and deliver the software running inside the box it will, on the most basic levels, influence how we interact with the information highway. How does it feel to know you can have the same impact in the next 20 years as you had in the first 20?

GATES: Because we've had leadership products, we've had an opportunity to have a role. But this would have happened without us. Somebody would have done a standard operating system and promoted a graphics interface. We may have made it happen a little sooner. Likewise, the information highway is going to happen. If we play a major role it'll be because we were a little bit better a little bit sooner than others were.

PLAYBOY: If you don't take the next step, are you concerned about falling from the heights you've achieved?

GATES: There may be a better way to put it. If we weren't still hiring great people and pushing ahead at full speed, it would be easy to fall behind and become a mediocre company. Fear should guide you, but it should be latent. I have some

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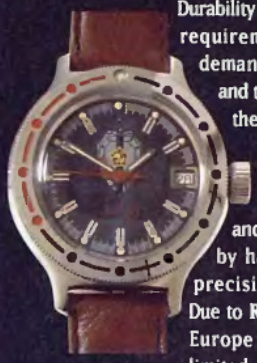

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latent fear. I consider failure on a regular basis.

PLAYBOY: Personally, are you slowing down any?

GATES: I used to take no vacations. I used to stay up two nights in a row. I don't do that anymore.

PLAYBOY: What about keeping up with the technology? Overwhelming?

GATES: No. But it's harder than when I was young.

PLAYBOY: What's the last thing you didn't understand?

GATES: The quantum theory of gravity. [*Laughs*] Look at this office. Who can read all this stuff? Maybe tomorrow I'll return the hundreds of e-mail messages that are in my in-box right now.

PLAYBOY: People might find it hard to believe that you just barely keep up.

GATES: How would they know? I can tell them that's the truth. The same with the degree of success I have had. I never would have predicted it. I didn't set out to achieve some level of wealth or size of company. I remember in 1980 or 1981 looking at a list of people who had made a lot of money in the computer industry and thinking, Wow, that's amazing. But I never thought I'd be on that list. It's clear I was wrong. I'm on the list, at least temporarily.

PLAYBOY: Temporarily?

GATES: I'm waiting for the anticlimax. I hate anticlimax. In terms of being able to do new and interesting things, I would hate to lose that. That's partly why I work as hard as I do trying to stay on top of things.

PLAYBOY: Is the one success of Microsoft enough for you?

GATES: Microsoft has had many, many successful products. It's like saying to somebody who's been married 50 years, "Well, hell, you've had only one wife. What's wrong with you? You think you can do only one?" I mean, I'm committed to one company. This is the industry I've decided to work in.

PLAYBOY: An interesting metaphor you choose, the wife thing.

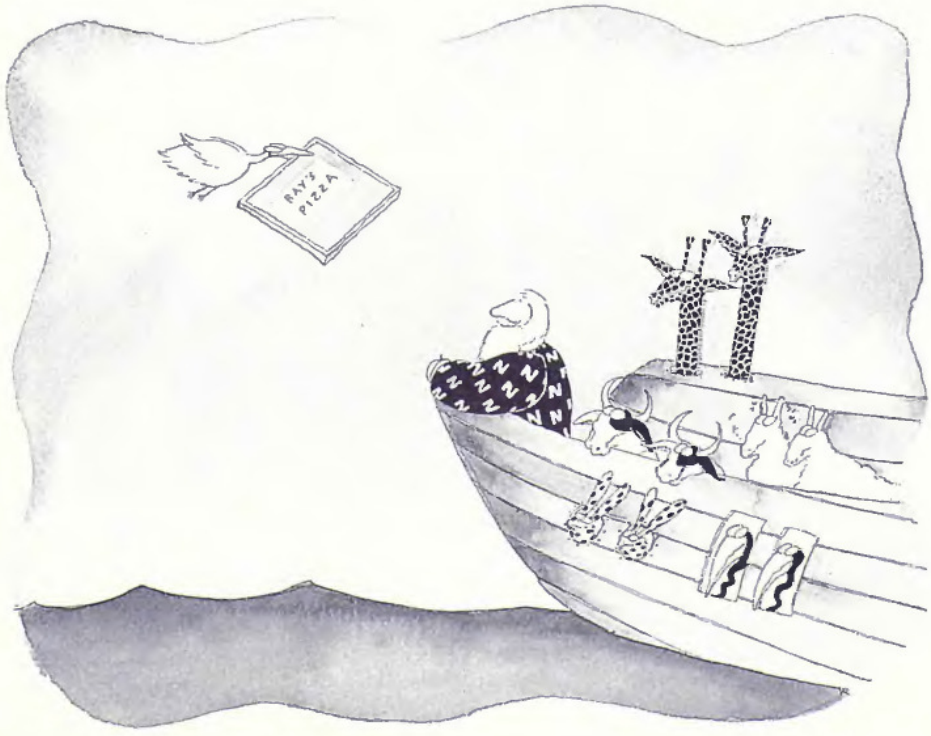
GATES: You're welcome to print it.

PLAYBOY: Put it this way: You're 38, a billionaire, you co-founded the world's largest software company and transformed the industry. What do you want to do for an encore—if there is one?

GATES: Encore implies that life is not a continuous process, that there's some sort of finite number of achievements that defines your life. For me, there are a lot of exciting things in front of me at Microsoft, things that we want to see if we can make happen with technology. There are great people here who are fun to work with. And in the next decade the most interesting industry by far will be information technology, broadly defined. We have a chance to make a major contribution to that. It's very competitive. We won't know until late in that period whether we did it right or not. I'm excited about that. And we're still on a pretty steep curve in terms of making even better word processors or figuring out how an electronic encyclopedia or movie guide should work, figuring out what sort of tools for collaboration we should offer to people. That will be my focus for the foreseeable future.

PLAYBOY: What about tomorrow? Any plans for Saturday?

GATES: [*Smiles*] Work.



SAFE SEX

(continued from page 134)

and she realized she was spending a lot of money on batteries.

She wasn't dating anyone during the vibrator phase, but now she was, and that posed another problem. She started to look at her boyfriend's penis and imagine it on its own, marching to its own drummer, as it were. It wasn't that she didn't like Derek or that she was angry at him. She just couldn't stop her mind from thinking that way. There were, however, times when he annoyed her. Now that they'd been together for a few months, his lovemaking was a bit on the selfish side. There were times—too many times—when he came and didn't wait for her, didn't even seem to notice that she had a ways to go. Wasn't that one of Lorena's complaints—that John never waited for her? Women across America were nodding along with that, understanding perfectly that after a few years of that selfishness, with abuse thrown in on top of it, kitchen knives could start looking very attractive.

"What are you thinking about?" Derek asked her one night after he'd rolled off her and they were lying side by side. He seemed not to have noticed that she hadn't been anywhere close to coming.

"I was thinking about your cock—about what it would be like on its own."

Derek took her hand and put it there. "He'd still be glad to see you even on his own," he said, clearly not grasping her meaning and slipping into the vernacular that seems so common to men. They frequently, Tamara had noticed, refer to their penises as he—as if a penis were a person, a Siamese twin of sorts. Which brought up another question. Did John Wayne Bobbitt feel like he'd lost his twin? His best buddy? His soul mate? She decided not to pursue the conversation with Derek right then. He was falling asleep anyway.

"I need to find a good therapist," she said just as he was dozing off.

"I think you're perfect," he mumbled.

If you only knew, she thought.

•

She made an appointment with the psychologist that one of her friends used to see. Her only requirement was that the doctor be a woman, because how could she sit across from a man and say, "Well, I keep having these fantasies about detached penises"? A woman could handle this information more gracefully, Tamara thought.

"When did these fantasies start?" Dr. Berman asked, keeping her professional demeanor and giving the impression that she heard this all the time.

"About the time the Bobbitt case became the top news story."

"Uh-huh. And would you say these

thoughts have been increasing?"

"Oh, definitely," Tamara told her. "I can't look at a man now without thinking of removing his penis and seeing what it would be like on its own. It just seems that it would be much more convenient if penises had snaps on them, or Velcro. You know, you could take it off of your date at the end of the evening, send the rest home, keep his penis overnight and then send it back to him by messenger the following morning. If you think about it, it's sort of another version of safe sex. I mean, you wouldn't be exposed to all the emotional germs that might otherwise be a factor."

Dr. Berman blinked at her over the top of her reading glasses. She had blonde hair made dull by a frosting of gray, and while she probably needed the reading glasses to see what she was writing, she was apparently too distracted to write. At the moment, she was just staring and blinking.

"Tell me," the doctor said, "is the appeal of this fantasy the idea of getting to know a man without the pressure of sex? In other words, would it feel less threatening to get acquainted with a man who had no genitals?"

"Oh, no, no, no. It's the other way around. I'm not really interested in the man. I'm interested in the penis."

Dr. Berman looked confused for a second, then regained her composure. "What is it you think you want?" she asked.

Tamara took a deep breath. "I want a chair with a dildo in the center of it."

"Excuse me?"

"They have them at the Pleasure Chest. At least I think they do. Someone told me about them. See, the chair has a button that you press and a dildo comes up through the center of the seat. That way, I could have sex whenever I wanted, for as long as I wanted—and sitting down might be nice. But I wouldn't have to talk with a man and worry about his moods or if he was going to stop before I wanted him to. I think this could be the answer to my problem. Now we're really talking about safe sex."

"Can you come in twice a week?" the doctor asked.

•

Tamara thought that maybe she'd found the solution for herself. After all, how could costly conversations with a therapist compare with a sex chair that would be there whenever she wanted it?

She left Dr. Berman's office, drove straight to the Pleasure Chest and walked in exuding a confidence she didn't really feel.

"I want one of those chairs with a dildo in it," she said to the leather-clad man behind the counter. He had a tiny gold nose ring and four holes pierced in one earlobe. Tamara wondered what other body parts had been pierced.

"For yourself?" he asked, looking her up and down. She was suddenly self-conscious about her conservative black blazer and straight skirt.

"Well . . . yes."

She hadn't thought about it before—the chair being gender specific. Maybe it hadn't been designed with women in mind. She noticed another man staring at her from over in the corner. His arms were completely tattooed, and his neck, above his T-shirt, blazed with color and wild designs. Was everything tattooed? She had to stop thinking like this.

"Is there a problem with my buying the chair?" Tamara asked indignantly, trying to act like an attorney who was seriously considering a discrimination suit.

"No, not at all," the man said, shrugging and smiling a secretive smile, which pissed her off. But she decided to remain calm. "I think we have a couple in the back," he offered. "Did you want only one, or were you planning to have a party?"

"One will be fine," Tamara answered, wishing she had begun this whole thing with a British accent. It would have made her feel that much more haughty and upper-crusty.

The man moved away from the counter and opened a door behind him.

"One more thing," she said, stopping him in his tracks. "Do you deliver?"

"For a fee."

"Fine, fine. I don't care about the cost. But do you have a plain truck? I mean, it doesn't have Pleasure Chest painted across the side, does it?"

"Actually, it's wrapped in brown paper," the man said, and ducked through the doorway.

The man with the tattoos chuckled behind her and she thought—just to get back at him—If your cock is tattooed, I wouldn't want it even if it did come off.

•

There was a small attic room in the house she rented. Her landlord called it a meditation room, and Tamara had attempted to use it as that. She'd even bought some books on meditation so that she would know what she was doing. It just seemed that she shouldn't break the chain in terms of what the room had been used for. But she had no other place to put the chair. She didn't want Derek to know about it, and there were nights when he stayed over. She also had to consider her cleaning lady, as well as the occasional repairman. She could just imagine, if the chair were in the living room, Roy the plumber sitting down on it to write out her bill and accidentally pushing the button. Either his life would be changed forever, or she'd be looking for a new plumber.

A week went by and Tamara had to admit that her outlook was improving. The chair was her secret. The nights she didn't see Derek, she lit candles, poured a glass of wine and explored a variety of new positions with her partner who never got into a snit, never turned moody, existed solely for her pleasure and never talked back. She got off on the silence, broken only by her own moans. The quiet, and the eternal erection that she now owned, had cost her a lot of money, but she didn't care.

When Derek was there and she had to readjust to a human partner, she found it easier just knowing the chair was upstairs, locked away in a world that belonged only to the two of them.

"You're very passionate these days," Derek said to her one night, as if he

"So whom do you prefer screwing in front of—David, Jay, Conan or Arsenio?"

didn't quite know what to do with all that heat. As if it scared him.

"I am?"

But actually, once she thought about it, she knew he was right. She had climbed on top of him, taken command, used every trick she knew to keep him just on the edge of coming, until he was pleading with her. Judging by the fact that he was already sound asleep, she must have worn him out.

Tamara noticed that at work she no longer looked at each male customer with the fantasy of dismantling him. She didn't immediately think of liberating his penis, setting it free to live an unencumbered life. She was able—finally—to relate to a whole man, as God made him, without thinking of altering the design.

•

Then a strange thing happened. Tamara was sitting on her chair one night. Having mounted it backward, she was facing the leather back, her hands gripping the sides, when she began talking to it. At first, it was just lost-in-fantasy sex talk, like telling the chair how good it felt, telling it that she was about to come, whispering "yes" a lot.

But a couple of nights later, Tamara curled up against its leather back—after she was finished, after she'd pushed the button, turning it back into an ordinary chair—and started telling it about her day at work. She told it about the woman who almost bought an outrageously expensive pair of earrings, which would have provided Tamara with an outrageously exciting commission. But after taking up nearly an hour of Tamara's time, the woman said, "Oh, I don't know. This isn't a good day to make a decision. I felt it when I left home this morning."

"Probably read it in her horoscope," Tamara complained to the chair.

And then she twisted around and sat on it backward—a position she'd come to like, though this time it wasn't for sex—and put her arms as far around its leather back as they would go. She pressed her chest against the leather.

"When I was a little girl," she told the chair, "I used to lie on my stomach in bed at night and feel my heart beat against the mattress. But if I thought about it long enough, I could convince myself that it wasn't my heartbeat, it was the heartbeat of a man who lived under my bed. I pictured him lying on his back with the mattress springs touching his chest. I knew he wouldn't hurt me. He just wanted me to feel his heartbeat and know he was there—in case I felt lonely and wanted company."

She shut her eyes and tried to pretend that the chair had a heartbeat. But it didn't work. There was only the beating of her own heart, like some lonely drummer playing out the sadness against a backdrop of black leather.

She climbed off the chair and stood in front of it, listening to the silence around her. Candlelight flickered across her bare legs. This was what she'd wanted—sex in a world of silence, with an inanimate partner, where all the emotional messiness that comes with humans could be left outside the door like the neighbor's cat. She'd shopped for this, put down money for it. But the thing about silence is, after a while you start to disappear inside of it. It yawns around you and then you start to fill it up with your own voice. Then it becomes the sound of loneliness—one voice bouncing off the walls, one heart thumping along to its own rhythm. One breath that could stop suddenly, in the middle of the night, and who would notice? She'd heard about things like that—people dying in the night and rotting away for weeks before anyone thought to knock on the door. There was a man she had heard about on the news, in Brooklyn or the Bronx, she couldn't remember which, but by the time they'd found him he was almost a skeleton.

"You wouldn't help me, would you?" she asked the chair. The movement of her breath in the tiny attic made one of the candle flames jump.

Then she thought about Derek. So he had some flaws. That was part of the package, part of the emotional messiness that she'd been leaving outside the door and that was now scratching to get in.

She looked around the attic and then back to the chair. No heartbeat, no breath, no voice. OK, it did have a great erection, but Derek's wasn't bad, just a little inconsistent. Maybe she had to work with that, be more encouraging.

She whispered his phone number, testing herself to make sure she still had it memorized. Of course, he might not answer, she thought as she pulled on her robe. Derek was one of those people who thought phone machines were God's way of protecting selective individuals from the nastiness of incoming calls. Sort of an electronic moat. But maybe she'd get lucky this time.

"Hello?"

"Derek, it's me."

"Me who?"

She hesitated and saw herself at the crossroads. I might as well plunge ahead, she thought. The road I've been on is too quiet and full of burned-down candles. "Can you come over?" she asked.

•

Their lovemaking felt like a dark rumor—something Tamara had known before but had locked away where the light couldn't reach it.

"I knew you a long time ago," she whispered to Derek. "You used to live under my bed. I'd lie there and listen to your heartbeat. I like you in my bed much better."

He took her hand and rested it on his heart.

"I think my husband may be on to us—he's teaching me to drive."

"Davis didn't tell her parents about the Playboy shoot. 'Why stir up something? They're not going to like it.'"

Still, she didn't let her dad's job get in the way of her private life. She dated Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys, actor Timothy Hutton and musician Kris Kristofferson. She was also on a two-term test drive through the *Physicians' Desk Reference* (cocaine, diet pills, Valium, Quaaludes). As if that weren't enough, Patti next took her insurrection to print. In the span of five years, she wrote a pair of romans à clef—*Home Front* and *A House of Secrets*—excoriating her father's politics and her dysfunctional family.

Then Patti took off the gloves. Abandoning fiction altogether, she wrote her autobiography in 1992. Compared with the malevolent worldview of *The Way I See It*, the novels were in a league with *The Jungle Book*. And while the former first daddy took a few shots, it was Nancy who was most often in Patti's crosshairs, pinned down by accounts of drug abuse, corporal punishment and psychological torture. (Her mother has denied the allegations.)

Davis wrote that a tubal ligation she had at 24 was prompted by fear that she had inherited some of her mother's negative qualities. "My fear was that if I became a mother I would become her. I wasn't totally wrong in my thinking. That is how these patterns get continued. But I didn't have to be quite that dramatic in my way of dealing with it. I realized that to the degree we try not to be like our parents, we end up being like them. Trying not to be like them isn't where your work is supposed to be," she explains, her conversation sweetened with therapyspeak. "Once I learned to forgive my parents, I didn't have as much of an investment there. I didn't have the fear that I would be like them and, if I did find little moments where I had been imprinted or something was coming up, I was more forgiving of myself."

In her quest to avoid the parental pattern, she is seeking help from a salad bar of philosophies. Ask her where the joy is, for example, and she drifts into a long pause.

"Well, I don't know," she muses (perhaps needing her mother to whisper into her ear, "We're doing what we can"), "I guess doing good work as a writer makes me happy. I always felt that that was what I was meant to do."

Somewhere in the healing process, Patti traded her poison pen for a stab at literary eroticism. Her latest novel, *Bondage*, is the fictional account of "bondage on several levels," says Patti, scooping the froth from the surface of her cappuccino. "It's about sexual, psychological, emotional and spiritual bondage. It started as a short story where I was writing about trust and intimacy in relationships. Control and surrender—all that stuff. In a sadomasochistic relationship, people think that the turn-on is the danger, the fear. But I think it's the trust. You're playing with danger and yet you know that the other person won't hurt you."

She professes to having always wanted to write erotica (see her short story, *Safe Sex*, on page 134) and to having a great appreciation for people who do it well. The publication of *Bondage*, which tasted the lash from book reviewers, illustrates just how, er, bound Davis is to the abiding folklore of her parents. She recounts a radio interview she recently did in Washington while promoting *Bondage*.

"I was asked by the disc jockey if writing a book such as this, with these really hot, steamy scenes, got me excited. I said, 'Well, yeah. If I don't get turned on writing it, how would I expect anyone else to?' It seemed like a fairly silly question to ask, really. But then this went out on the national news wire: 'Former President Ronald Reagan's daughter admits that she got excited,' or something like that. People from Republican families aren't supposed to get turned on. Or they're not supposed to talk about it." Then Patti slips into her dead-on Nancy impersonation: "'You can do it, dear, just don't talk about it.'"

Just how did her mother tell Patti about sex? "She gave me one of these little personal books and said, 'Now, you read this, then we'll talk.' The book started with the mating habits of salmon, then went up the evolutionary ladder. They showed you how salmon do it, swimming upstream, laying eggs. Then you got to rodents, then cows, then they eased you into the primates and finally human beings. That's when the pictures stopped and the book relied more on description. I remember the book said something like, 'Human beings do it different from primates. They do it by lying facing each other.' My first question to my mother was, 'Wouldn't that hurt?' She said, 'Oh, no, no. It's wonderful and you'll love each other.'"

Patti has come a long way from that discussion to her uninhibited display in PLAYBOY. Part of that comes from her continuing devotion to bodybuilding. Every day for the past seven years she's worked out with a trainer, sculpting abdominals and pectorals. With her toned-up, hardened limbs, she looks as if she could walk through a wall.

"I'm really proud of the work I've put into my body," Davis says, fondling a cross that dangles between her breasts. "I'm 41. When I was 21, I didn't look like this. In fact, when I was 21, I was warned by a doctor that if I didn't stop doing drugs and all the shit I'd been doing, I would be dead by the time I was 30. I like the way I look and feel, but it also really helps my head. If I run five miles, it really clears out my head."

Patti still finds time to remain politically active despite her busy schedule. She is presently involved with People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, to whom she has donated half of her fee for her PLAYBOY pictorial. The big question is whether or not PETA would give the money back if they saw her as she is now, wearing a leather watchband, a leather belt and leather tennis shoes—accessorized in moo material.

"Look, as soon as they come up with a suitable replacement for leather, I'll get it," she promises. "I just don't think plastic shoes are a decent alternative. I tried wearing those rubber sandals and they're awful—your feet can't breathe. How healthy is that?"

How about all the leather straps and violent posing in her novel?

"In *Bondage* the main character usually gets tied up with chiffon scarves, not leather."

Davis didn't tell her parents about the PLAYBOY shoot. "Why stir up something? I mean, they're not going to like it. 'Hi. I'm calling you up to tell you something that I know you're going to hate. It's not coming out for a few months but I just wanted to give you these few months to get really pissed off.' That's stupid, you know? Besides, my parents are never going to approve of what I do anyway."

That doesn't keep her from explaining her father's recent assessment of President Clinton's State of the Union address (he called it "grand larceny" of ideas), which Patti insists was not in keeping with his character. "I think someone suggested that and he went with it. But that's not him. He's more gracious than that. I'm beginning to realize the good things that I got from my father."

Asked if she's seen him lately, Patti's face takes on a glow. The two met the night before when an acquaintance

canceled dinner plans at the last minute and Davis found herself in Los Angeles with nothing to do.

"I thought, OK, I'm not going to get depressed. I went and got my nails done. I got something to eat, and then I thought, Well, I should call my parents to see if they're back from Washington. I had a birthday card for my dad and I really wanted to see him. I called and my father answered the phone, which meant my mother wasn't even there, since she always answers. I asked him if I could run over right then and he said sure.

"I gave him this New Age card and I wrote inside, 'Thank you for the gift of faith that you've given me.' I told him that the most valuable gift he ever gave me was teaching me how to talk to God when I was a little girl. I reminded him of things he told me when I was younger, about praying and talking to God and the miracles in his life. It was profound. He looked at me and he said, 'I always wondered what your faith was, what your relationship to God was.' We stood at the front door saying goodbye and he said, 'Well, you know, God is always listening and I think he's listening right now.'"

Patti grows quiet, pausing in the enclosing arms of her father's reach, letting the memory of the previous night pass on its own accord. After gathering herself, she will have an early dinner, then turn in.

"I'm training at Gold's Gym at seven A.M. We're doing legs," Patti groans. Because tomorrow is a new morning in America.

"If I had to do it all over again, I'd do it sooner, longer and oftener."

DEATH AT THE CLINIC DOOR

(continued from page 122)

trenches together in the fight against the slaughter of unborn children."

"Life begins at conception. Abortion is murder," said Burt early in his testimony. "If this were a Christian country, David Gunn would have stood trial and been executed." Asked how far he would go to stop abortions, he said, "I would take saving the lives of innocent babies to any extent short of taking a life."

He spent most of the rest of his two hours on the stand denying the testimony of witnesses who had preceded him. He had not said to Dr. Gunn, "Don't you know how dangerous it is for you to be traveling these roads alone?" He had not stalked Gunn's girlfriend, Paula Leonard. He had not followed her and photographed her as she delivered her kids to school. He admitted that he had once picketed her house when Gunn was staying there. And yes, he had yelled at her, "Why don't you find a real daddy for your kids instead of a butcher?"

Burt did his best to downplay his relationship with Griffin: They had spent a total of ten minutes in conversation in the four or five times they were together, he said.

As Burt offered his testimony, Griffin watched him from his place at the defense table. Griffin's face betrayed an intensity he had directed toward no other witness. His hands were folded piously in front of him, as they had been throughout the trial. But now he was leaning slightly forward, fixing Burt in a gaze that for the first time revealed some of what was smoldering beneath the pale anonymity of his unremarkable face. Burt rarely glanced in his direction.

•

The morning of the shooting, Burt, Donnie Gratton and several others were picketing in front of Women's Medical Services. While Burt and his people marched back and forth in front of the two-story clinic, Griffin was lurking among parked cars in an area behind the building. In the right-hand pocket of his blue suit coat he was carrying a .38-caliber pistol loaded with five hollow-point bullets.

About 9:30, Dr. Gunn arrived and parked at the back of the clinic. He was locking the car door when Griffin swept up behind him and fired three times at close range. The first shot hit Dr. Gunn in the right shoulder. The second hit him in the left shoulder blade as he staggered. The third and fatal shot entered below the left shoulder and exited through the right breastbone.

Moments later, Griffin walked calmly up to two cops monitoring the demonstration in front of the clinic and told them, "I just shot someone, and he's

lying behind the building."

A half-dozen witnesses testified that they saw Griffin just before or just after the shooting, and one said she saw him fire the final two shots. Two witnesses heard him confess to the ambush. All of which would have made it a clean, open-and-shut lone-gunman case if it hadn't been for the single spookiest piece of testimony of the trial. A witness who worked in the clinic said that immediately after she heard the shots, she looked out the front window of the building and saw John Burt and Donnie Gratton shaking hands.

"That's a lie," barked Burt from the witness stand. Asked about a fax that went out an hour after the shooting, soliciting donations for a Griffin defense fund, Burt said he didn't remember much about it.

Several days after the shooting, the state's attorney had attempted to interrogate Burt. He refused to answer questions until, finally, he was offered immunity for what he would say in that interview and on the witness stand at Griffin's trial.

Meanwhile, Griffin had decided to represent himself using the Bible as his law book. Finally, Robert Kerrigan, a friend of Griffin's father, took the case on a pro bono basis.

In his opening argument, Kerrigan outlined a confusing two-headed theory of innocence. In theory number one, the defense would prove that Griffin had not been the triggerman, that Griffin was a patsy who had taken the rap out of zealous loyalty to the fundamentalist leaders of his cause. The second theory was hung like a safety net below the first, and said that even if Griffin had been the shooter, it was only because he had become deranged under Burt's powerful sway. It was a desperate gambit with too many witnesses and too much physical evidence against it, and finally, all it accomplished was the weakening of Burt's support for Griffin.

Just before the lunch recess on Friday, Burt described showing a bottled fetus to the Griffins: "It was kind of cloudy, so I held it up to the light." At that moment, Griffin, who had shown no reaction to any other testimony, grabbed his head in his hands, slumped over the defense table and began to weep uncontrollably.

Judge John Parnham, who had been adamant in his warnings about melodrama or emotional displays, called a recess as quickly as if he were emptying a burning building. Griffin's first sobs were barely out of his throat when plainclothes officers hustled him to his feet and out a nearby doorway. Bailiffs ushered the jurors into the jury room while uniformed officers stood to face the spectators, many of whom were asking each other what had happened.

Following a 20-minute break, Burt responded to a gentle cross-examination by the prosecutor and was dismissed. That's when he and Gratton headed for lunch at the Piccadilly.

David Gunn Jr. and his family took a long table at a restaurant called the Seville Quarter. Gunn, an English major at the University of Alabama in Birmingham, has become a spokesman for the National Coalition of Abortion Providers. He is also working with the Feminist Majority and others toward passage of a federal bill called Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances.

Despite Burt's denials, Gunn is convinced that the murder of his father was the product of a conspiracy. "Donald Treshman, the national director of Rescue America, came out two hours after the shooting to say that Griffin was just a lone protester, that Rescue America didn't know anything about him, had no idea who he was—but hey, we have a legal defense fund organized for him, so if you want to send him some money you can send it to us. I think it needs to be investigated at the federal level."

In fact, most local and national prolife organizations condemned the shooting and saw it as a setback for their movement. As a result, the protests expected around the courthouse during the trial did not materialize. There was, however, one man who each day carried a sign, sat in the courtroom and pursued the press with a message that made Burt look like a moderate.

Asked about the lone protester, Gunn named him immediately. "Paul Hill. I know him. He's as crazy as the rest of them, if not crazier. Actually, calling them crazy isn't right. It misses the point. There's something quite logical about what they do. They draw their righteousness from the Bible. If you believe abortion is murder, then are you not a hero for doing something truly violent to stop it? It's the logic of it that's scary."

•

Paul Hill and I talked for an hour one afternoon in a small park adjacent to the courthouse. He's a choirboy blond, the perfect image of the Presbyterian minister he used to be until that denomination defrocked him for his fundamentalist thuggery. He and his anti-abortion ministry emerged in Pensacola shortly after Dr. Gunn was murdered. And while John Burt and most of the rest of the pro-life radicals were trying to distance themselves from the act, Hill saw Gunn's murder as the death of a guilty man carried out in defense of the innocent. That made it a righteous stroke, authorized by the Bible and perpetrated by a man of courage and holiness.

"We assert that if Michael Griffin did, in fact, kill David Gunn, his use of lethal force was justifiable provided it was carried out for the purpose of defending

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the lives of unborn children," Hill wrote in a statement that was signed by 30 other anti-abortion radicals. "Therefore, he ought to be acquitted of the charges against him."

As Hill and I talked, he swung through the Bible like a monkey through the trees, grabbing only those Old Testament branches that supported his wrathful fundamentalism. When I chased him into the New Testament and asked where Jesus had preached murder for any reason, he told me that not everything Jesus said was written down.

He said the only truth was in the Bible. He counted on the Holy Spirit to lead him to his own true and personal interpretation of what God wanted from his children. In this case, in this godless country, God wanted the killing of abortion doctors. Dr. Gunn's death was "long overdue," he told me. "Any force necessary to stop the killing of unborn children is justified. God's righteous indignation has been expressed."

When I asked him if that meant he would be assassinating abortion doctors, he said no. "I feel that I am much better equipped to preach than to take up the sword and the spear," he told me.

When I suggested that his sounded like a ministry of cowardice, he said, "I know in my heart I am not a coward. I honestly believe that I can save more children by not taking up a weapon, though it may be necessary for others to do as Michael Griffin has done."

In fact, at least one other Christian had already attempted to follow Griffin's example. On August 19, 1993, Shelley Shannon of Grants Pass, Oregon, shot Dr. George Tiller in both arms outside an abortion clinic in Wichita, Kansas. Shannon had sent several letters to Griffin as he awaited trial in the Escambia County Jail. "I know you did the right thing," she wrote. "It was not murder. You shot a murderer. It was more like antimurder."

•

Closing arguments began Saturday morning. Assistant State's Attorney Jim Murray began by saying, "This is not a case about abortion. What this case is about is first-degree murder that involves assassination." He then recapped the facts, which he suggested were woven together like the fabric of Dr. Gunn's shirt: "There's one important difference," Murray said. "It doesn't have three holes in the back of it put there by the defendant who shot him." He then recalled the statement Griffin had made to his wife in front of a jail guard shortly after he was arrested: "I did not do this for notoriety. I did it out of my personal convictions. And if I have to spend the rest of my life in jail to save the life of one unborn child, it will be worth it."

The jury was out for two hours and 40 minutes before delivering a verdict of guilty in the first degree. Judge Parnham thanked the jurors and called a ten-minute recess. He then returned to the bench, looked straight at Griffin and sentenced him to spend the rest of his natural life in prison with no possibility of parole for 25 years.

•

After Michael Griffin had been taken away and court was adjourned, a press conference came together before a thicket of cameras and microphones in the courthouse plaza.

David Gunn Jr. said that although it was in some ways the end of a year of suffering and doubt for his family, it was by no means the end of the danger. He called for the passage of Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances legislation and said he would remain a spokesman for choice as long as he was wanted.

Then Paul Hill invited himself to the microphones to deliver his warning. "What Michael Griffin has done stands," he said. "And the apparent justice of what he's done remains, regardless of the verdict, which was to be expected from a system that uses force to support the killing of unborn children."

He was asked if he thought the verdict would discourage violence against doctors. "Christ has always had numerous followers who would obey him regardless of the consequences. Mike will suffer consequences for what he has done, but it is just and godly nonetheless."

John Burt did not go before the network microphones. But he was there, as usual, with a plastic fetus in a bottle poking out of the pocket of his jeans. When I asked him if he thought the verdict would have an effect on anti-abortion violence he said, "No. But let me tell you this. Since Dr. Gunn's killing you have the government using racketeering laws against the pro-life movement. You have the FACE bill coming down that's going to create a buffer zone around clinics, and I think Michael's action caused both those things. So the final effect is that what Michael did is going to drive the moderates away. All you're going to have out there are the bombers and the shooters, and that's going to be a hell of a mess."

"Not only that," said Donnie Gratton, who was standing with several pregnant teenagers from Our Father's House. "It's not the pro-lifers or the loudmouths like me and John that you ought to be worrying about. It's the ones in the shadows like Mike Griffin and the kids who bombed the clinic in 1984. They come out of nowhere. Nobody knows who they are."

Nobody, that is, except perhaps their spiritual advisor, John Burt, whose ministry of hate casts the shadows out of which the assassins creep.

"Tell us again how you made up lawyers!"

DAY AT THE RACES

(continued from page 92)

he's not long for this world."

"Wishful thinking, Barbara," I say, laughing. I am watering the palm tree in the entryway.

We took out a second mortgage to redesign the entryway to the house. It now looks like the interior of Brazil. The palm tree was imported from the banks of the Amazon. One of my father's friends sent it to us.

"You want my father dead," I say. "You want his money."

"That is a terrible thing to say," Barbara scolds me. "Besides, we don't really know what he has in his portfolio, do we?"

"Schmidt's not talking," I say.

"Your father could die any day now, and you don't know what he's got? His own son, a banker in his own right?" Barbara asks. She checks the answering machine and turns off the sprinklers.

"Schmidt assures me it's all taken care of, and Schmidt is the best probate attorney in San Diego," I say.

Sometimes Barbara is so aggressive. But then again, so am I. We have acquisitive instincts.

"I wish your mother were still alive," Barbara calls to me from the indoor swimming pool, where the filtration system is on the blink. "Your mother used to tell me things."

"Such as?" I ask. There is a centipede on the diving board. I flick it into the chlorinated water and watch it struggle. I am amused. Yes, there is a cruel streak in me.

"Hundreds of bars of gold buried in a salt mine in the Urals. A Rembrandt stored in a basement in Istanbul. A silk Tabriz carpet in a trunk in Vienna. Precious things, Harry. Your father has many hidden, precious things. Your mother told me so. She thought we should have them appraised."

"My mother was crazy," I say with a smile. "When she died, she had a backyard filled with 200 plaster statues of German shepherds. She wrote poems to a mountain in Bavaria. She yodeled for an hour on her deathbed. You can't believe a thing she said."

I make sure the blinds in the bedroom are down.

Suddenly, Barbara is standing beside me. "Your mother was a saint," she says. "She put up with your father, didn't she?"

"You knew my mother for only a week," I say. "She died while we were on our honeymoon."

"That may be, but women talk," Barbara says, nodding knowingly.

"Sometimes I think that's all they do," I mutter. As soon as I say it, I know it is a tactical error.

"That is a very sexist thing to say."

"Yes, dear," I say with a nod.

"You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Yes, dear, I am," I say. I lock the wall safe and turn the combination. I do not want to fight with Barbara. When I do, I never win.

"Shame on you for that attitude. You think all that women do is gossip? Is that the implication? You are a grown man, Harry, but I have yet to see an ounce of maturity in you."

"I'm working on it," I note.

Barbara stares at me for a long minute.

We check the house again. I confess: Our house does define us. It is a reflection of our values, and we have put an incredible amount of time and money into it.

We have wonderful possessions, and these are tough times in southern California, which is why we are so careful about security. Just the other day, our neighbors down the hill were robbed for the fifth time in two years.

"Ready?" Barbara asks.

"Let's do it," I say.

Strange, but what I like best about our house is the drive away from it. Such a view. The valley and the horse farm stretch below us, and hot-air balloons float like fat butterflies. The Pacific Ocean shines in the distance like aluminum foil, and the cypress trees with their ever-peeling bark line the road like graceful sentinels. As we navigate the twists and turns in our new Mercedes, our bodies seem to remember the movements. A downhill dance toward the water, you might call it.

My father's condo in Solana Beach overlooks the water. Today, as on so many days, he stands on the sun porch with one hand on his hip and the other in the air. He mouths words from his speeches to the wind.

There on the coastline, on a small cliff covered with ice plant, my father relives his life. He rallies the sea gulls and woos the dolphins. Sometimes at night he waves a tiki torch while he talks as if he were signaling all the ships at sea. Like so many old people, my father lives in his memories.

And what an interesting life he has led. Do not believe what you read about him, by the way. There is a lot of filthy propaganda in the world. My father was an outstanding chief executive officer of a powerful industrial state. That is how I see him. He was a brilliant organizer and a great strategist. If he were beginning his career today, who knows how far he would go. Why, he might even be teaching at Harvard Business School, or perhaps he would be a topflight management consultant. He certainly fits those profiles.

"Hi, Dad!" Barbara and I say as we walk into his sun porch. We speak loudly because his hearing was damaged years ago, as you know. And yes, he still walks with a limp, but it doesn't hurt

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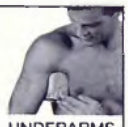

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his golf game.

He turns to look at us, and I can see that he is confused. He does not like to be startled, and he seems to have forgotten that we have the keys to his front door. His focus is unsteady, his face pale. The smile he wears is that of the hypochondriac or the paranoiac.

"Children," he says at last. For a moment there are tears in his eyes as he cries softly. In spite of everything that has happened to him, my father remains a sentimental man.

I think that is miraculous.

"Happy birthday, Dad!"

We sing to him with joy:

"Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, dear Father,
Happy birthday to you."

"Children, I thank you," he says in a quivering voice. A tear runs down his nose and onto his little white mustache. He wipes his eyes with a handkerchief. His fabled forelock falls onto his forehead. "I can't tell you how much I love all of my children."

"We know, Dad," Barbara says. She puts down the cake that we brought and gives him a hug. She can be such a hypocrite.

"I wish you two would have children," my father remarks absentmindedly to Barbara.

"Maybe one day we'll adopt," she says, smiling. Only for a second, though, because adoption is a painful subject that runs counter to my father's philosophy of life.

"Never!" my father shouts. "You must never adopt!" He clutches his chest and sinks onto the sofa.

Barbara freezes in surprise. "Oh, God, I forgot, Harry. He's an ethnic-cleansing kind of guy, isn't he? I'm so sorry to mention something that upsets him."

"Nice going, Barb," I say. I search for his pills, find them, help him raise a glass of water to his lips. "Relax, Dad," I say to him.

He grabs my sleeve. "You must never adopt. The bloodline must remain pure," he whispers. "Do not contaminate the bloodline."

"Yes, Dad," I say with a nod. "A pure bloodline. Absolutely."

He calms down as I reassure him.

We share the German chocolate cake and a bottle of Bernkasteler Doktor Moselle. We give him a new recording of Schubert's *Lieder* on a Deutsche Grammophon compact disc. We sing marching songs from Bavaria, and his eyes light up in fond remembrance.

I am moved to make a little speech, and I stand with my wineglass extended. "You know, Dad," I say, "I can remember the day we arrived here in California. You were driving that yellow Volkswagen we had in Mexico. All our worldly possessions were tied to the roof. We looked like refugees from the Great Depression. But it was 1951.

"I was five years old, and all I had ever seen was our house and garden in Cuernavaca. You never left that place, and you never let me leave it, either. Then one day you ordered Mom and me into the VW and we drove to the border and crossed into San Diego without any trouble.

"Remember how we buzzed north along old U.S. 101? We swam in the Pacific Ocean for the first time. When you got out and ran into the surf, I followed you, and you picked me up, spun me around and yelled, 'Eva! Harry! We've made it! No one knows us. This will be our new start. This will be heaven on earth.'"

"I thought the car was a Volvo," Barbara says.

Dad laughs. "It was a VW," he says.

"Last time I heard that story from Harry, it was a Volvo," Barbara says, shrugging.

"It was a 1949 VW Beetle!" I yell angrily. I should probably explain that I do have a temper at times.

"All right already," Barbara says. "But I never could figure out what you guys were doing in Cuernavaca in the first place."

"Just call it an extended vacation," my father says. He smiles fiercely at her.

"Hey, whatever you say, Pops," Barbara says.

My father looks at her warily. "'All right already'?" he leans over and whispers to me. "She's talking like a Jew. She's Irish, right?"

"Absolutely, Dad. Purebred Irish," I say. To distract him, I suddenly clap my hands. "Let's hit the track!" I yell. My father, the spry old goat, is the first one out the door.

Chula Vista Racetrack: The sun is as bright as gold, the heat makes the pavement shimmer. All the bookies and kooks are taking their *Racing Form*s into the grandstand. It may be 1994, but it is also *Pal Joey* time. There are little old ladies in tennis shoes and retired dry cleaners from Chicago and landlords from Orange County and computer freaks with their laptops and their dreams of glory. There are young women in sunsuits and surfers in wetsuits and sharks from Las Vegas in silk suits and Panama hats. Hollywood is here, but so are Mexico and Japan and eastern Europe.

"How many years have we been coming here?" I ask, laughing.

"More than I can count," my father says with a sigh.

As we walk through the crowd, people look at my father as if they have seen him before. It is something we have learned to live with.

They do not stare, exactly. It is more like a double take. You can see their thoughts working: He looks familiar, I think I've seen him before, he's very old, I don't believe it, they say he's dead, they say the Russians found his body in his bunker in Berlin. It couldn't be him, forget it, why should I bother myself with such a thought?

As I say, we have grown used to it.

After we are seated in the clubhouse and Barbara has headed to the paddock to study the horses, my father asks me again, "Harry, your wife, you promise me she's purebred Irish?"

"Barbara is 100 percent Irish, Dad," I say, smiling. "Racially speaking, she's as clean as a hound's tooth."

He taps his *Racing Form* on my chest. "People are like horses, Harry. Breeding counts. I shouldn't have to tell you that."

"Genetics *über alles*?" I ask.

"Don't mock me," my father says quietly.

"I'm not mocking you, Dad."

"You study bloodlines and you win," he says softly. He is holding the front of my shirt with his fists. His face is turning red. "You ignore them and you lose. Never forget that."

"Easy, Dad," I say. I smile carefully as I pry his hands from my clothes. I pat his face. "Relax. Everything is OK."

I shift the mood. I buy my father a tonic and lime. I bring him an avocado salad in keeping with his vegetarian ways. I use my *Racing Form* as a fan to keep the cigarette smoke away from him. As always, when I am with him I am his servant.

"Looks like Dancer's Delight in the fourth," Barbara says as she returns from the paddock. She has brought us two large cups of lemonade and two vegetarian burritos. "I like his looks. And I like the jockey. Best bet of the day, if you ask me."

"Dancer's Delight?" my father asks.

"In the fourth," Barbara answers, nodding.

"I don't think so," my father says after studying the *Racing Form*.

Barbara looks at me, then at him. "I've seen the horse. I was just down there. He's a beautiful animal."

"He's a mutt," my father says. "He comes from nothing." He shoves the *Racing Form* at Barbara. "Read it yourself. He's a nobody out of nothing. He has no bloodline. He's a Gypsy."

"A what?" Barbara asks with a laugh.

"A Gypsy," my father repeats.

"That is the first time I've heard a horse called that," Barbara says. "What do you mean?"

"Gypsies have no breeding, no purity, no clean inheritance," my father says loudly. "They contaminate the world. They are ethnically sordid. They should be destroyed. All of them!"

"Hey," Barbara talks back at the same level, "Dancer's Delight has a good trainer and a good record, and I like the jock. That horse won his races the last two times out, and he had good splits in his

last workout. What more do you need?"

"More!" my father shouts. "Much more!"

He rises from his chair. He looks like he looks in the newsreels, only older. Charlie Chaplin with white hair and a white mustache, you might say. A little emperor on Social Security who is having a sudden temper tantrum at the racetrack in Chula Vista.

"Everything OK here?" one of the ushers asks me.

"We're fine," I say. I pull on my father's shoulder, but he has amazing strength at this moment.

"Yes, we are fine," my father lectures the usher. "But you, sir, are part of an establishment that is organizing its own destruction. You are befouling the system." He shakes the *Racing Form* at him. "I hold the evidence in my hands. You are permitting slime to race here. You are ignoring nature's rules."

"Is he going to croak?" the usher asks me.

"He'll be fine," I say. "Look, my wife and I will handle this. We'll take him home. He's a little excited."

"He looks familiar. What's his name?" the usher asks.

That one always throws me. "Never mind," I say.

"It is all here!" my father bellows. His voice is somewhat high-pitched, hysterical. While standing in front of his chair, he stamps his foot, shakes his head, raises his arm in a grand salute. He could be back in the Bürgerbräukeller in München or the stadium in Nürnberg.

"All the proof we need is here. Look at these people. They are as ill-bred as the horses. We have genetic impurity here. We have social unrest. We have economic chaos. We have a people who have lost all faith in themselves, who have no sense of identity because they have lost their ethnic purity. They live in fear, profound fear. One day soon it will be my time again. Through me, they will learn who they are. I will give them an identity. I will weed out the impurities."

"Harry?" Barbara asks with a worried look.

"He's lost it," I say.

"Fuck you and the horse you rode in on," a man yells at my father as we start to lead him away.

"Yes! A horse! A purebred horse. A horse descended directly from the gods," my father yells in return. "I will ride on that horse and you will worship me. You will thank me for saving you. I will purify you and give you a sense of yourself."

"Fuck you all over again," the man calls.

"Arrest him!" my father shouts at me.

"That's enough, Dad," I say. I have him in a bear hug and am pulling him through the crowd.

"To the camps with him!" my father screams.

"Shut up, Dad," I say through my gritted teeth.

"No one can defy me!" he shrieks.

It is quite a scuffle. I wrestle my father through the gate and into the parking lot. He is muttering to himself, scolding me, kicking at Barbara.

"I've never seen him like this," she says. "Does it run in the family?"

"No!" I say.

"Yes!" my father says, nodding vigorously. "Yes, it runs in the family! All things run in the family!"

"I should hope it doesn't," Barbara says in a huff.

"You are not really Irish, Barbara," my father says, panting, as we push him into the car. "I know that now. You are not a purebred."

"My maiden name is O'Connor," Barbara says.

"You were probably adopted. You are a Gypsy," my father says, laughing harshly. "Yes, a Gypsy. Just like that horse of yours. Do you know what I did to the Gypsies? I eliminated them. I gassed them and burned them as if they were lice on the skin of the earth."

He begins to calm down as the air conditioning kicks in, and we ride quietly. He does not speak until we are driving up the hill toward his condo in Solana Beach.

"Barbara," my father says from the backseat, "I must tell you that if you and Harry were to have children, you would defile the family lineage. Forever."

"Dad," I say. "I'm 48. Barbara is 40. We're very career-oriented, and the biological clock is winding down. I don't think we're going to have any kids. I'm the end of the line."

"It is just as well," my father says quietly.

"I'll say," Barbara replies.

"Me, too," I add.

"Well, good. That's settled," my father says to no one in particular.

It is a small moment. But powerful.

By the time we reach my father's condo, he is asleep. Rather than wake him, I carry him up the steps and into his bedroom. He seems so frail now, so vulnerable.

While Barbara waits in the living room, I tuck him in, turn on his nightlight and write a brief note for the night nurse.

"Happy birthday, Dad," I say again.

He moans once, softly, as if he were dreaming.

"See you later, birthday boy," I say.

He moans again and turns onto his side.

Not for the first time, I wonder: Does my father dream? And if he dreams, what does he remember?

"Ten to one you got a rubber in your wallet and it's been there a long time."

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Also available at your local video and music stores.

—SANDALS THAT MEAN BUSINESS—

With casual-Friday policies becoming increasingly popular (see our May issue), it's no surprise that the laid-back approach to dressing has reached the feet. In fact, this summer, the top choice in footwear for the office and the streets is the ultracomfortable fisherman sandal. Closed at the toe and sporting a side buckle, this strapped style is considered dressy enough for the latest linen suits—even when worn without socks. Consider sandals that are fully lined in leather and feature either flat or lug-type soles, such as the ones shown below by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards and by Maraolo. Or, if going barefoot isn't your bag, wear white sport socks. Just be sure to lose the socks when you switch to shorts.

Clockwise from top left: Brown calfskin fisherman sandal with off-white stitching, thick rubber sole and a burnished buckle, by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, $455. Black calfskin model with hand-crafted leather sole and lining, by Andrea Getty exclusively for Jandreani New York, $88. Brown leather sandal with a heel strap and lug sole, by Maraolo, $90. Brown hand-burnished English calfskin with leather lining, handwoven straps and an antique brass buckle, by Cole-Haan, $125. Leather sandal with a burnished metal buckle and leather lining and sole, by Kenneth Cole, $120.

Where & How to Buy
on page 145.

RICHARD IZUI

A Kiss Is Still a Kiss

On the hooves of the opening of *City Slickers II*, BILLY CRYSTAL horsed around with a New York City version of the real thing. Although Billy took a pass on the Oscars this year, last year his hosting performance won an American Comedy Award for funniest guy on a TV special. No neighs from us.

Singin' in the Grain

What's the sound of one hand strumming? SHAWN CAMP knows. His self-titled debut album hit the country charts and a new one's in the works.

Beverly's Breast Fest

BEVERLY D'ANGELO burst into song and out of her bra at Dweezil and Ahmet Zappa's concert at the Hollywood Palace. For more Beverly, catch her in *Lightning Jack* with Paul Hogan and on TV's *Deadly Games*, in which she plays Kitty Menendez.

Good Golly, Ms. Holly

Actress HOLLY HUNTER does it all—from portraying real women on TV to her movie double whammy last year in *The Piano* and *The Firm*. Here, Holly's up in arms. Lucky for us.

© KELLY JORDAN/CELEBRITY PHOTO

By Dawn's Early Light

Captain of the Texas Bikini Team, DAWN WAGGONER leads the 24-member squad to promotional events, trade shows, TV appearances and auto shows. Team members also pose for posters, calendars and magazine stories. Could a movie be next? Yee haw!

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Who Could Ask for Anything More?

Former child actor and Mouseketeer JOHNNY CRAWFORD croons chestnuts from the Thirties backed by the 1928 Society Dance Orchestra, Thursdays at L.A.'s Atlas Bar & Grill. Get out the glad rags, baby, because he's the top.

PATTY BEAUDET

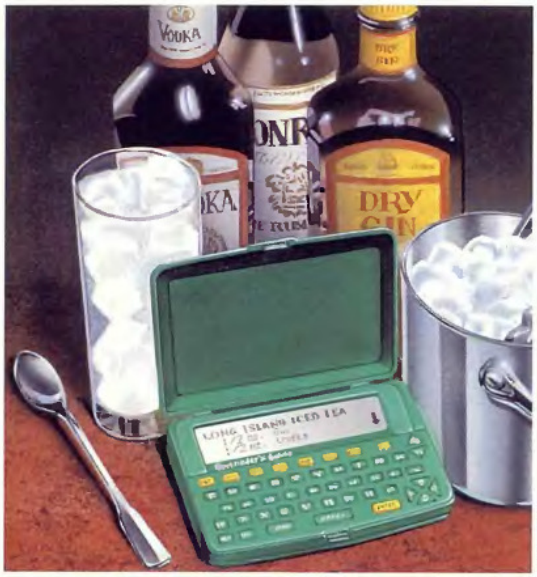
ANTHONY SAVIGNANO/GALELLA LTD.

A Few Good Men

DR. RUTH called out the Marines at a Toys for Tots benefit last winter and they came. Semper fi.

NEW TWIST ON DRINKS

Want electronic access to the recipes for about 2200 drinks that range from an Ålborg sour to a zorro? Call 800-762-5382 for the address of the nearest store that sells the Bartender's Guide, a battery-powered bibber's Baedeker with a screen that displays cocktails by name or ingredient. Plus, you can scroll through how-to hints, bartenders' secrets and info on liquor types. Franklin Electronic Publishing sells the gizmo for $59.95. Cheers.



GLENN ARMSTRONG

ONE GIANT STEP FOR VIDEO

Ever since Alan Shepard's Freedom 7 flight, NASA has documented its space program with amazing footage of mankind's greatest adventure. Now these films are available in a set of 30 VHS videocassettes with such provocative titles as *The Eagle Has Landed*, *On the Shoulders of Giants* and *Who's Out There?* for about $525. (Five- and ten-volume sets are available for $95 and $185.) Call Talas Enterprises at 800-701-NASA to order and for a list of space subjects.

PROPHYLACTIC PROPULSION

"Don't screw around with imitations that peter out after a few shots" is how Renegade Entertainment, P.O. Box 151493, Altamonte Springs, Florida 32715, markets its Condom Cannon. Yes, cannon is the right word. When fitted with a condom, the world's first prophylactic slingshot fires soft pellets at a velocity that's "slower than a speeding bullet, less powerful than a locomotive but easily able to shoot over the tallest house on the block." The price: $8 for a slingshot in either bright green, pink or orange, three condoms, a packet of color-coordinated ammunition and instructions that warn you not to shoot at people or pets. Just good clean fun. (Jumbo packets of additional ammo and condoms are also available.)

STEVE BOSWICK

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD POSTERS

An original *Frankenstein* movie poster sold not long ago for $198,000, and if that isn't enough to get you rummaging through your attic, a mint-condition *Dracula* recently fetched $165,000. Vintage movie posters are hot, and now there's a monthly magazine that tracks the values: *Hollywood Collectibles*, 2900 North Meade Street, Suite 4, Appleton, Wisconsin 54911. The magazine contains a price guide that's updated monthly, articles on stars of the past, a poster and dozens of ads from dealers and collectors who are as anxious to buy Hollywood memorabilia, such as Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe ephemera, as they are to sell it. Subscriptions cost $22 a year.

WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU, SPAM

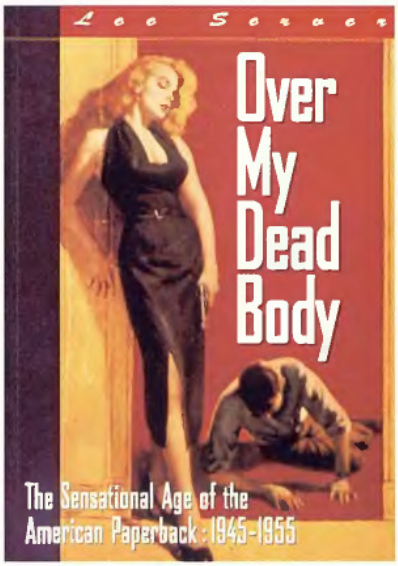
In Hormel's new gift catalog, devotees of America's favorite mystery meat—Spam—can now go hog-wild ordering products that include an international T-shirt (Spam in four languages), sweat suits, golf balls, a Walkman-type radio and—for serious porkers—a license-plate holder that proclaims I'M A SPAM FAN. The catalog is free: 507-437-5801.

MENU MANIA

Lou Greenstein has made a lifetime obsession of collecting elegant menus from restaurants, hotels, railway cars, private clubs and ocean liners. Now the best from his accumulation is included in *À La Carte*, a softcover "tour of dining history" from 1860 to 1960, published by PBC International for $24.95. Pictured here: a 1939 menu from Mike Lyman's Grill. To order: 800-527-2826.

HARD PULP

The Brass Cupcake, by John D. MacDonald, first appeared as a Gold Medal Books softcover during that pocket of publishing history from 1945 to 1955 known as "the sensational age of the American paperback." So did Mickey Spillane's *Kiss Me Deadly*, James M. Cain's *Root of His Evil* and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, along with such lesser literary endeavors as *White Slave Racket*, *Hitch-Hike Hussy*, *A Swell-Looking Babe* and *The Sin Shouter of Cabin Road*. It's all in Chronicle Books' *Over My Dead Body*, which is available in a hardcover edition for $29.95 or for $16.95 in a paperback version.



THE GOLDEN AGE OF MOTOR RACING

From 1936 to 1974 the photographer Louis Klemantaski hung out at the great racetracks of the world, shooting more than 55,000 black-and-white and color photos of famous drivers and their machines. Now 25 of Klemantaski's finest images have been included in *The Eye of Klemantaski*, a $16.50 catalog from which you can order prints of individual shots priced from $55 to $175. For more info, call the Klemantaski Collection: 203-968-2970.

BANDITO COUNTRY

For anyone who has ever fantasized about becoming a Jivaro Indian, there's the Bandito blowgun, a three-foot-long plastic yellow tube with a foam grip and a one-way mouthpiece that prevents the shooter from inhaling the safety-engineered suction-cup darts. The price: $9.95 for the blowgun, four darts, a dart quiver that clips to the tube and a target to help perfect your aim. Sporting goods shops nationwide stock the Bandito; call 813-920-2241 for information on the location of a store near you. Barnett International, the Bandito's manufacturer, offers a $2 catalog of other target-oriented products.

NEXT MONTH

MILANESE MODELS

I SPY

DR. DEATH

SEXUAL TEMPEST

THE JOE SHOW—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A VOYEUR FROM CYBERSPACE WANTS A PRIVATE SHOWING OF YOUR VICTORIA'S SECRET COLLECTION? IS HE ALONE? ARE YOU?—FICTION BY **TERRY BISSON**

HOW SPIES DIE—ALDRICH AMES IS CHARGED WITH SELLING POTENTIALLY LETHAL SECRETS TO MOSCOW FOR NEARLY A DECADE. BUT WAS HE THE ONLY MOLE INSIDE THE CIA?—BY **JEFF STEIN**

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THE NUTTIER SIDE OF DR. DEATH—AS THE CRUSADER WHO MADE DEATH A POPULAR MOVEMENT, **DR. JACK KEVORKIAN** IS OBSESSED WITH LIFE'S CURTAIN CALL. A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **MARK JANNOT**

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PLUS: DESIGNER **LAURA WHITCOMB** SIZES UP THE BUNNY AS AN EMBLEM OF POSTFEMINIST FASHION, **JON KRAKAUER** ON STRETCHING, SILVER SCREEN SEDUCTRESS **JEAN HARLOW,** AND THE MODELS OF MILAN. *BELLISSIMA!*

Nothing fake on this page, fellas.

(yes, it's real gold.)

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